THE ILIAD OF HOMER, WITH NOTES.

BY

Madam DACIER.

Done from the *French* by

Mr. OLDISWORTH,

And by him compared with the *Greek*.

Illuſtrated with Twenty-Six CUTS, by the beſt Gravers, from the *Paris* Plates, deſign'd by *COYPEL*.

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M.DCC.XXXIV.

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Argument of the Sixteenth Book.

PATROCLUS, *afflicted at the Misfortune of the* Greeks, *preſents himſelf before* Achilles *with Eyes drown'd in Tears, to endeavour to ſoften him; begging that he wou'd ſend him in his ſtead, and lend him his Arms and Troops.* Achilles, *who ſees the Enemy's Fire already approaching towards his Ships, grants his Requeſt, and gives him his Orders; which are, to content himſelf with ſaving the Ships, and not to puſh his Advantages further.* Patroclus *arms himſelf, whilſt* Automedon *prepares* Achilles's *Chariot for him, and whilſt* Achilles *himſelf preſſes his Troops to arm themſelves. This done, and they being ranged under their Chieftains,* Achilles *makes to them a ſhort and lively Speech, and before he ſends them, he makes Libations to* Jupiter, *and accompanies his Libations with a Prayer.* Patroclus, *at the Head of the* Theſſalian *Bands, pours upon the* Trojans; *who, taking him for* Achilles, *are preſently put into Diſ-*

order. Hector's *Horses run away with him:* Sarpedon, *General of the* Lycians, *is kill'd by* Patroclus, *and his Death is attended by a Shower of Blood. Great struggling between the* Trojans *and* Greeks *for that Hero's Body. The* Trojans *are at length put to flight.* Patroclus, *forgetting* Achilles's *Orders, pursues them to their very Walls, which he wou'd have forc'd, had not* Apollo *himself repuls'd him.* Hector, *re-animated by that God, marches against* Patroclus. *The Battle begins again with fresh Fury.* Patroclus *thrice charges the* Trojans *with horrible Execution. The fourth time he is disarm'd by* Apollo, *wounded by* Euphorbus, *and at last kill'd by* Hector, *who insults him with opprobrious Language.* Patroclus, *dying, returns the Affronts with a Haughtiness and Grandeur of Spirit worthy of* Achilles's *Friend, and foretels the Death of his Enemy, who laughs at his Prophecy.*

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Patrochus Mov'd with ye Misfortunes of ye Greeks & having Obtain[d] l
of Achilles to go to their relief, puts on ye armour of that Pri
who makes Libations to Jupiter for his happy Return.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

Book XVI.

WHILST *Greeks* and *Trojans* fought with equal Rage, Around the Ship of fam'd *Protesilas*, *Patroclus* to *Achilles* weeping came; His Eyes a Torrent pour'd of gushing Tears Down his wet Cheeks: as when some Fountain sheds Continual Riv'lets (*a*) from a shelving Rock. Touch'd

(*a*) *From a shelving Rock.*] 'Tis the large Stature of *Patroclus* gave *Homer* this Idea.

with the Sight, *Achilles*, the Gods Off-ſpring, Preventing, thus beſpake his mournful Friend. " Deareſt *Patroclus!* whence theſe childiſh " Tears? (*b*) So weeps the tender Infant, " ſo purſues Her Mother, hanging on her " Gown, and begs Safe Refuge in her Arms " with ſoft Intreaty, And humid Eyes. Doſt " thou ſome Meſſage bring, Of fatal Iſſue to " my Troops or me? Haſt thou ſome ſecret " News from *Phthia* heard? Surely *Menœtius* " lives, and my great Sire *Peleus*, tho' aged, " ſways his Realm in Safety. (*c*) A Loſs " like this would melt me too to Tears. Or " doſt thou weep becauſe the perjur'd *Greeks* " Are juſtly ſlain, and to their Ships retire? " Speak freely, let thy Friend thy Sorrows " ſhare. (*d*) Then generous *Patroclus* thus reply'd: " *Achilles*, Son of *Peleus*, Flow'r of " *Greece*, (*e*) Reproach me not: my Coun-

(*b*) *So weeps the tender Infant, &c.*] This Compariſon naturally repreſents the Poſture of *Patroclus*, who ſtanding near *Achilles*, with his Eyes fix'd upon him, weeps, without daring to tell the Occaſion of his Tears. This is what furniſh'd *Homer* with the Idea of a young Girl, who follows her Mother, &c.

(*c*) *A Loſs like this would melt me too to Tears.*] *Achilles*, as much a Hero and Goddeſs's Son as he is, does not fail to ſhew the Tenderneſs he has for his Father, who was only a mortal Man.

(*d*) *Then generous* Patroclus.] This Apoſtrophe does very well here; it ſhews the Sentiments *Homer* has of *Patroclus*, and makes appear, that thoſe great Men, after their Deaths, were look'd upon as living. We have elſewhere ſpoke of this.

(*e*) *Reproach me not.*] *Achilles* has juſt ſaid to *Patroclus*, *Weep you to ſee the* Greeks *upon their Ships deſtroy'd?* And as that is the only true Reaſon of his Tears, *Patroclus* begins his Diſcourſe by it; *Reproach not my Tears.* This is what μὴ

" try

" try claims my Tears; For all her braveſt
" Heroes are retreated; (f) Prudent *Ulyſſes*,
" *Agamemnon*, *Diomed*, Droop with their
" Wounds: *Eurypylus* was ſmit Deep in the
" Thigh, and bleeds afreſh beneath The Ar-
" tiſt's Hand; whilſt you inexorable Indulge a
" Paſſion that ne'er reach'd my Breaſt.
" (g) Why is your Rage ſpent in your Country's
" Wrong? For whom, if not for *Greece*, do
" you reſerve Your Fury and your Strength?
" relentleſs Man! 'Twas not a Goddeſs, nor
" the Hero *Peleus* That gave you Birth: your
" Parent was the Ocean, Untam'd and raging,
" and the Rocks your Nurſes, From whom
" you learn'd that Fierceneſs in your Mind.
" If Omens, or Predictions keep you back, Or
" if your Mother, in the Name of *Jove*, Has
" warn'd you from the Combat, let me fill
" Your Station, and command your Troops to

μίαν ſignifies, and not, *preſerve no Reſentment againſt the* Greeks. *Patroclus* was not ſo imprudent as to begin in that manner; there was need of ſomething more inſinuating. This Speech is very cunning and very pathetick.

(f) *Prudent* Ulyſſes, Agamemnon.] *Patroclus*, in ſpeaking of the Wounded, takes care not to name *Agamemnon* firſt, leſt that odious Name ſtriking *Achilles*'s Ear on a ſudden, ſhou'd ſhut it againſt the reſt of his Diſcourſe: neither does he put it laſt, for fear *Achilles*, dwelling upon it, ſhou'd fall into a Paſſion; but he ſlides it into the middle, mixing and confounding it, if I may ſo ſay, with the reſt, ſo that it may roll on without being taken too much notice of, and that the Names which precede and follow it, may diminiſh the Hatred it might excite. Wherefore he does not ſo much as accompany it with an Epithet.

(g) *Why is your Rage ſpent in your Country's Wrong?*] The *Greek* ſays all this in one Word, *viz.* ἀνατέτη. Ἀνατέτης is a Term compos'd of

" follow, Where I ſhall lead them; I perhaps
" may bring (*b*) A Ray of Comfort to the
" *Greeks* diſtreſs'd. Lend me your Arms, and
" the victorious *Trojans*, Miſtaking the Diſ-
" guiſe, may think *Achilles* Is to the Field re-
" turn'd, and ſo retire, And give ſome Re-
" ſpite to our weary'd Men, Spent with Fa-
" tigue, and wanting time to breathe. I and
" your *Myrmidons*, a freſh Reſerve, With eaſe
" may drive them from our Fleet and Camp.

Thus ſpake *Patroclus*, and with warm Intreaty Inſiſted on the Grant. Vain headleſs Youth! Who asks for Death, and pleads his own Deſtruction. To him *Achilles*, with a Sigh, reply'd: " My dear *Patroclus*, with
" your Words you wound me. No Omens
" nor Predictions keep me back; Nor has my
" Mother, by Command from *Jove*, With-held
" me from the Combat, but Reſentment Con-
" ceiv'd at him, who haughty as he is, A-
" buſing his juſt Pow'r, has raviſh'd from me
" The ſweet Reward of all my Toils in
" War; Hence all the Grief and Rage that
" rend my Soul: That Princeſs, whom the
" *Greeks*, to crown my Valour, Allotted me,
" the Purchaſe of my Arms, And a long

Praiſe and Blame, as if we ſhou'd ſay *unhappily Great*. There is nothing more horrible than being great only by the Misfortunes of Mankind.

(*b*) *A Ray of Comfort to the Greeks diſtreſs'd.*] *Patroclus* ſpeaks here of himſelf with a Modeſty natural to him, and which *Neſtor* had taught him in the eleventh Book: He ſays, *One Ray of Light*; for there is none but *Achilles* who can be truly the Light of the *Greeks*.

" Siege,

" Siege, (*i*) this tyrannizing Man Detains,
" (*k*) and treats me like a Vagabond: But I
" paſs o'er my Wrongs, nor think it juſt To
" harbour endleſs Anger and Revenge: E'er
" this I had relented, and appear'd In Arms,
" if to my Ships the Foe had puſh'd Their Bat-
" tle, and provok'd me to the War. (*l*) Mean
" time, take you mine Arms, and lead my
" Men Forth to the Field; the *Trojans*,
" like a Cloud Hover around our Fleet; the
" winding Shore Hems in our *Greeks*, nor
" gives them room to fight: The City pours
" its numerous Forces out, All confident of
" Victory, (*m*) becauſe They do not ſee my
" ſhining Creſt erect, As once it glitter'd.
" Would the haughty King Relent, and treat

(*i*) *This .. Man.*] He calls *Agamemnon*, *This Man*; he could not reſolve to utter his Name, till he had ſhewn his Contempt of him.

(*k*) *And treats me like a Vagabond.*] The *Greek* ſays ὡστέ πν' ἀτίμητον μετανάστην· Μετανάστης is a Man who has left his Country, and who wanders from Town to Town. This ſort of People was very much diſdain'd; they were look'd upon as Wretches who cou'd not endure their Country, or whom their Country cou'd not endure. See what is remark'd on the IXth Book, where *Achilles* has already us'd the ſame Compariſon.

(*l*) *Mean time take you mine Arms.*] *Achilles* very well preſerves his Character of Inexorable, even when he lets himſelf be prevail'd upon; and when he yields to what is deſir'd of him, he takes care to ſhew, that he does not ſurrender himſelf to Prayers; he yields becauſe Wrath cannot be eternal, and becauſe he promis'd to renounce it when Danger ſhou'd approach.

(*m*) *Becauſe they do not ſee my ſhining Creſt.*] As if the ſole Brightneſs of his Arms wou'd put the *Trojans* to flight. This great Idea which *Achilles* thereby gives of himſelf, is not ill-founded, ſince

" me decently, e'er this, (*n*) I would have
" fill'd the Rivers with the Slain, And ſoon
" diſpers'd the Troops that now encompaſs
" Our vanquiſh'd *Greeks*. I look in vain to
" find Brave *Diomed* amidſt the Rout, (*o*)
" whoſe Spear Succours our Men, and deals
" Deſtruction round: (*p*) Nor do I hear the
" moſt diſtreſſed Voice Of *Atreus*' Son, whilſt
" *Hector* calls aloud, And bids his Soldiers
" follow to the Slaughter: They ſhout, and
" drive our Armies o'er the Plain. (*q*) Haſte
" then, *Patroclus*, ſave our Ships from Fire;
" Preſerve our Fleet, nor let us loſe the
" Hope Of ſeeing *Greece* again: Take my
" Advice, Attempt not *Hector*'s Valour; on

what he ſays will ſoon come to paſs.

(*n*) *I wou'd have fill'd the Rivers*, &c.] This too will ſoon happen; you need only ſee the XXIſt Book, where *Xanthus* ſays to *Achilles*, *My Bed is ſo filled with dead Bodies, that my Current is no longer free*, &c.

(*o*) *Whoſe Spear ſuccours our Men, and deals Deſtruction round.*] Why does *Achilles* ſpeak thus of *Diomed*, and only to ſhew that with all his Valour he is not capable of ſaving the *Greeks*? 'Tis to revenge himſelf for the contemptuous Speeches *Diomed* had made of him, in ſaying to *Agamemnon* after the Embaſſy, at the end of the IXth Book; *I wiſh to God that you had never proſtituted to* Peleus' *haughty Son your Prayers and Gifts.* *Achilles* was inform'd of it, and remembers it.

(*p*) *Nor do I hear the moſt diſtreſſed Voice*, &c.] This is a bitter Invective againſt *Agamemnon*, whom he accuſes of Cowardice, becauſe he does not come to animate the Troops. But he is wounded: no matter; the General, in the Extremity to which the *Greeks* were reduc'd, ought to die at their Head.

(*q*) *Haſte then*, Patroclus, *ſave our Ships from Fire.*] 'Tis not to ſave the *Greeks* that *Achilles* ſends *Patroclus* to the Battle with his Arms; 'tis for fear the *Trojans* ſhou'd burn his Ships, and ſo cut off his Return.

" the

" the reſt Thou may'ſt without Diſtinction
" deal thy Courage. Thus ſhalt thou win
" new Glory for thy Friend, Amongſt the
" *Grecian* Chiefs, and force the King (*r*) To
" yield my lovely Prize, and bring me Pre-
" ſents: Only obſerve my Orders, (*s*) and
" retire, When you have forc'd the *Trojans*
" from our Fleet; And if great *Jove* ſhou'd
" crown you with Succeſs Uncommon and
" ſurprizing, yet be temp'rate, Nor without
" me preſume to lead the Troops, Leſt with
" ſome raſh Attempt, (*t*) you ſhame your
" Friend. Beware how with the Victory
" elate, And fluſh'd with Slaughter, you pur-
" ſue the Foe Quite to their Walls: perhaps
" ſome God deſcending, May bring them Aid;
" *Apollo* is their Friend. But when the Fleet is
" ſafe, retreat in time, And leave both ſides
" to skirmiſh on the Plain. Ye Gods, *Jove*,
" *Pallas*, and *Apollo*, grant, That neither
" *Greeks* nor *Trojans* may this Day, Protected

(*r*) *To yield my lovely Prize.*———] But this is what the *Greeks* have already offered to do, and which he has refuſed: This then is an Inequality in *Achilles*'s Manner? Not at all; *Achilles* is ſtill ambitious: when he refus'd theſe ſame Preſents, the *Greeks* were not low enough, he wou'd not receive them till they were reduc'd to the laſt Extremity, and till he was ſufficiently reveng'd by their Loſſes.

(*s*) *And retire*, &c.] *Achilles* wou'd neither have *Patroclus* gain too great a Victory, nor periſh in the Battle, as he fear'd it wou'd happen, if he ſhou'd give the *Trojans* time to know that it was not *Achilles* that fought, but *Patroclus* in *Achilles*'s Armour.

(*t*) *You ſhame your Friend.*] *Achilles* ſays to *Patroclus*,

" by your Pow'r, be ſav'd from Death, (*u*)
" But both together undiſtinguiſh'd fall; Only
" permit *Patroclus* and *Achilles* To live, till
" they lay waſte the Walls of *Troy*.

With Words like theſe the Friends each other greeted: Mean while, unable to ſuſtain the Combat, *Ajax* grew faint, oppreſs'd with Show'rs of Darts; *Jove* had declar'd againſt him, and inforc'd The *Trojans*, preſſing on him from all ſides. His glitt'ring Helmet rung at every Blow, Nor could its well-wrought Frame endure the Shock Of thick redoubled Strokes: His manly Shoulders Sunk underneath his pond'rous Shield: yet ſtill He kept his Ground, nor could the *Trojans* move him: Still he maintain'd the Fight, tho' with ſhort Breath His valiant Boſom heav'd, and down his Limbs The trickling Sweat deſcended; no

You ſhame your Friend, whether you be Victor or Vanquiſh'd: By the former, you will cauſe, that the *Greeks*, having no more need of my Arm, will not render me my Captive, nor try any more to appeaſe me, by Preſents: By the latter, you will leave my Arms in the Enemy's hands, and I ſhall be upbraided with your Death.

(*u*) *But both together undiſtinguiſh'd fall.*] This is a Sentiment worthy of *Achilles*; he hates the *Greeks* as much as the *Trojans*, and he alone wou'd have the Glory of ſacking *Troy*. We thereby ſee, as I have already ſaid, that it is not neceſſary for the Hero of a Poem to be a Moral good Man, for ſuch a Man wou'd never be guilty of a Wiſh of that nature. *Achilles* is a vicious Hero; but one whoſe Vices are hid under the Brightneſs of an extraordinary Valour. Some antient Criticks, who were for retrenching theſe Imprecations, as too violent, ſhew'd plainly, that they did not in the leaſt underſtand either *Achilles*'s Manners, or *Ho-*

Relief

Relief No Reſpite could he find, whilſt Foes on Foes Preſs'd on him, and refus'd him Time to breathe. Ye Muſes, Offspring of the Gods, inſpire me To tell how firſt the *Trojan* Flames aſſaulted The *Grecian* Fleet. *Hector*, who much diſdain'd To meet ſuch ſtout Reſiſtance, with his Sword Struck *Ajax*' Spear, and cut the well-made Point From the ſmooth Staff, which yet the Hero brandiſh'd Uſeleſs, unfit for War; its better Part Lay on the Ground: at length (*w*) he ſaw, and own'd The partial Gods; for *Jove* oppos'd his Valour, And gave the Victʼry to the *Trojan* Side; Then from thʼ unequal Fight, in time, withdrew. Mean while the *Trojans* to the Ship apply'd Their hoſtile Fires, which ſpread their wild Contagion, And gain'd the Deck; which when *Achilles* ſaw, He ſmote his Knees, and calling to *Patroclus*, Thus urg'd him to the War: "(*x*) Make haſte, my Friend, For ſee the "*Trojan* Fires ſurround our Fleet, And leave "us in Deſpair of ſeeing *Greece*: Arm inſtant"ly, whilſt I the Troops aſſemble.

mer's Wit. See *Euſtathius*'s Remark, p. 1047.

(*w*) *He ſaw and own'd the partial Gods.*] How well is this Character of *Ajax* ſuſtain'd! That Hero has the *Trojans* and *Jupiter* againſt him; nevertheleſs he does not give way, till his Spear is broken: and even in this Condition, *Homer*, to favour him, weighs his Words, and does not ſay, *he retired, he flew*; but *he remov'd himſelf from the Shafts*; χάζετο δ' ἐκ βελέων

(*x*) *Make haſte, my Friend.*] The Sight of the Flames does more with *Achilles* than all the Prayers and Supplications of his Friends. This Event is prepar'd with a great deal of Art and Probability.

He

He ſpake, and ſoon *Patroclus* clad himſelf
In ſhining Braſs, (*y*) about his Legs he ty'd
His well-ſhap'd Buskins, with bright Silver
button'd: His Breaſt-plate was (*z*) with va-
rious Colours painted, And ſtuck with Stars of
Gold: his Shoulders bore, Hung in a Belt,
his Sword, with Silver ſtudded: His Shield
was Braſs, ſolid and ponderous; And on his
Head he fix'd the maſſy Helmet, Creſted with
Horſe-Hair, waving terribly. Two Javelins,
fitted to his Strength, he bore, (*a*) Unable
well to poiſe *Achilles'* Spear, Strong, large,
and heavy, which no other *Greek*, Beſides its
Maſter, could preſume to wield: Old *Chiron*
cut it from the Top of *Pelion*, And gave it to
his Pupil, who ſhould dye The maſſy Point
in many a Hero's Blood.

Mean while *Automedon*, by his Command,
Whom more than all the *Myrmidons* he lov'd,

(*y*) *About his Legs he ty'd his well-ſhap'd Buskins.*] *Homer* does not amuſe himſelf here to deſcribe theſe Arms of *Achilles* at length; for, beſides that the Time permits it not, he reſerves this Deſcription for the new Arms which *Thetis* ſhall bring that Hero; a Deſcription that he will place in a more quiet Moment, and which will give him all the Leiſure of making it, without forcing any thing.

(*z*) *With various Colours painted*, &c.] The two *Greek* Words, ποικίλον, ἀστερόεντα, may admit another Signification; ποικίλον may ſignify, *on which divers Figures were graved*; and ἀστερόεντα may ſimply be put for *ſhining as the Stars*; and ſo *Euſtathius* has explain'd it.

(*a*) *Unable well to poiſe* Achilles' *Spear.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that if *Vulcan* cou'd have made a Spear, as he did the other Arms of *Achilles*, *Homer* would not have fail'd to have given it *Patroclus*; but *Vulcan*, being only a Smith, cou'd not give *A-*

Next

Next to *Achilles'* ſelf, for much he priz'd His Courage, which in Battle ne'er drew back, Nor left his Friends expos'd, the Chariot harneſs'd, And join'd the Warlike Steeds, *Xanthus* and *Belius*, Whoſe nimble Heels out-ran the fleeting Winds; (*b*) A Harpye was their Parent, nam'd *Podarge*, Bred near the Ocean, and their Sire was *Zephyr*: (*c*) Then to the Spring-Tree Bar put *Pedaſus*, Made Captive when *Achilles* ſlew *Eſtion*, Who tho' of mortal Race, was not unequal To thoſe deſcended of a Heav'nly Breed.

Nor was *Achilles* unemploy'd, but march'd From Tent to Tent, and rous'd his *Myrmidons* To Arms: (*d*) As when the Wolves have chas'd a Stag, And ſlain him on the

chilles another Spear; wherefore the Poet finds a likely Reaſon for reſerving this, and keeping it for *Achilles*.

(*b*) *A Harpye was their Parent, nam'd* Podarge, &c.] *Homer* having juſt ſaid, that theſe Horſes were as ſwift as the Winds, it brought in this Idea, that they were born of *Zephyr*, and an Harpye call'd *Podarge*, that is to ſay, of a ſort of Mares famous for their Swiftneſs, and which ran as if they had Wings; for the Antients call'd certain winged Monſters *Harpyes*, and from thence that Name has been given to every thing that flies or runs with an extreme Rapidity. Tempeſts and Whirlwinds have been called *Harpyes*.

(*c*) *Then to the Spring-tree Bar put* Pedaſus.] Here is a Chariot drawn by 3 Horſes; but it muſt be remember'd, that in theſe Chariots of the Antients, the additional Horſes were not before the Wheel-Horſes, as now-a-days, but ſideways, on the ſame Line.

(*d*) *As when the Wolves have chas'd a Stag, and ſlain him*, &c.] One wou'd think that the Soldiers of *Achilles*, who for ſeveral Days had done nothing but figh after Combats, ought rather to be compar'd to hungry Wolves, than to Wolves

Moun-

Mountains, gorg'd with Blood, They form a Troop, and to the Springs repair To quench their Heat, then from their ſparkling Eyes Emit freſh Flames, the Marks of inward Fury: In ſuch Array, all eager for the Fight, The *Myrmidons* embattled by their Chiefs, Aſſembled, with *Patroclus* at their Head. *Achilles* view'd them, and his Orders gave, And Horſe and Foot encourag'd in their March. When firſt to *Troy* he came, with *Jove*'s Protection, His Fleet was fifty Ships, each Veſſel mann'd With fifty Soldiers, (*e*) led by five Commanders, Of moſt approv'd Fidelity and Courage.

Valiant *Meneſtheus*, with a Breaſt-plate arm'd Of divers Colours, led the firſt Battalions: The River *Sperchius* was his Sire, deſcended From *Jove* himſelf: His Mother *Polydora* From *Peleus* ſprung, and by a God admir'd; This was his Real Lineage, (*f*) but he paſs'd For *Borus*' Son, who with large Preſents won, And publickly eſpous'd that lovely Princeſs.

that had already aſſuag'd their Hunger: But *Homer* means to render the Compariſon more new, more remarkable, and even more ſtrong: For it's ſaid, that Wolves can with more eaſe bear Hunger than Thirſt; the Prey they have devour'd only encreaſes their Droughts, and they run with more Ardor to the Springs to quench it. This renders the Image livelier.

(*e*) *Led by five Commanders.*] Each Body had 500 Men in it.

(*f*) *But he paſs'd for* Borus' *Son.*] Several have been deceiv'd in this Paſſage by taking *Sperchius* and *Borus* for the ſame. *Paſſerat* has made the ſame Miſtake, in the third Book of *Apollodorus*. *Peleus*, ſays he, *marry'd* Antigona, Eurytion's *Daughter, by whom he had* Polydora, *whom the River* Sperchius, *firnam'd* Borus, *Son of* Perieres, *took to Wife, of whom was*

Renown'd

Renown'd *Eudorus* led the ſecond Troop,
Fair *Polymele*'s Son, expert in Dancing: Whom
as ſhe ſported at *Diana*'s Feaſt, Swift *Mercury* beheld, and ſeeing lov'd; Then when the
Sports were done, (g) up to her Chamber
He went, and won her to his Bed: The Goddeſs *Illithya*, who preſides o'er teeming Matrons, Aſſiſted her, and brought *Eudorus* forth,
Swift in the Race, and Valiant in the Combat; Not knowing this, *Echecles Actor*'s Son
Eſpous'd her, rich in Nuptial Gifts and Preſents, Whilſt *Polymele*'s Father, good old
Phylas, Receiv'd her Son *Eudorus* to his Care,
And brought him up, and lov'd him as his own.

The third Troop was commanded by *Piſander*, The valiant Son of *Maimalus*, renown'd For wielding well the Lance; no *Myrmidon*, Except *Patroclus*, match'd him at that Weapon.

Old *Phœnix* was Commander of the fourth,
Than whom the Age no better Horſeman knew.

Alcimedon, *Laerces*' valiant Offspring, Headed
the fifth, and led them to the Field.

born Meneſthius. He ſhou'd have ſaid, Polydora, *whom the River* Sperchius *lov'd ſecretly, convers'd with, and by whom he had* Meneſthius, *who paſs'd for the Son of* Borus, Perieres' *Son*. Who ever ſaid, that the River *Sperchius* was Son of *Perieres*?

(g) *Up to her Chamber, &c.* In *Greece*, the Apartment of the Virgins was always at the top of the Houſe, that they might be the further from all Commerce; but that did not always ſucceed, as is ſeen by this Example. The *Lacedemonians* call'd

These

Theſe when *Achilles* had ſurvey'd, and form'd
The Order of the Battle: He beſpake His
Troops, and thus encourag'd to the Fight:

" (*b*) Ye *Myrmidons!* remember how you
" threaten'd The *Trojans*, when on Ship-board
" ſafe you lay, Detain'd by my Reſentment
" from the Battle: How often you reproach'd
" me, angry Man, Sure you were fed with
" your own Mother's Gall! Implacable *A-*
" *chilles!* to forbid Your willing Troops the
" Field. Remit your Anger, Or let us in our
" Ships return to *Greece*. Theſe were your
" Words, and your Deſires are heard: The
" Day is come that calls you forth to fight;
" See an Occaſion offers, as you wiſh'd, To
" try your Courage, and convince the *Trojans*,
" What Dangers they have ſhunn'd whilſt you
" were idle.

With Words like theſe he rous'd his Soldiers Valour: And, as he ſpake, the Ranks to hear him clos'd, And wedg'd each other in: (*i*) As when the Builder Cements the fitted Stones, compact and ſolid, Defenſive againſt Winds and Storms; ſo cloſe The firm Battalions knit themſelves together, And joining

theſe high Apartments ὦα, and as this Word alſo ſignifies *Eggs*, it is likely that it was this that gave occaſion to the Fable of *Helen*'s Birth, who is ſaid to be born of an Egg.

(*b*) *Ye* Myrmidons, *remember how you threaten'd*, &c.] This Speech of *Achilles* is very eloquent and nervous. It is a military Harangue worthy of *Achilles*.

(*i*) *As when the Builder*, &c.] *Homer* compares theſe well-compacted Battalions to a great Edifice, whoſe Stones are ſo well faſten'd, that it eaſily reſiſts both Tempeſts and Torrents. And

Shield

Shield to Shield, Helmet to Helmet, And Man to Man, one warlike Body form'd; So thick they ſtood, their Plumes each other met, And like a Foreſt wav'd before the Wind.

Among the reſt, *Patroclus* and his faithful *Automedon* appear'd in Arms, both eager To lead the *Myrmidons*, with equal Courage, Forth to the Field: *Achilles* to his Tent Withdrew, and from a Cheſt of curious Work, Preſented him by *Thetis*, when he firſt Took Shipping, (*k*) fill'd with Tapeſtry and Cloathing Of divers Sorts, to anſwer every Seaſon, He took a Cup, moſt exquiſitely wrought, Which never Man had fill'd with Wine, nor offer'd Libations to the Gods, but only *Jove*: (*l*) With Sulphur firſt he purg'd the maſſy Veſſel, Then waſh'd it at the Spring, and having cleans'd His Hands, he fill'd the Wine, and ſtood erect Forth in the midſt, then pour'd the Draught to *Jove*, And with up-lifted Eyes to Heav'n, thus pray'd:

this Compariſon is ſo much the more juſt, as in the military Arts of the *Greeks* the greateſt part of the Terms, which were uſed to expreſs the different Orders of Battle, were borrowed from Building.

(*k*) *Fill'd with Tapeſtry and Cloathing.*] *Homer* here well deſcribes the Affection of a Mother, who ſeeing her Son ſetting out for the War, takes care to put in his Equipage all that ſhe thinks he will have need of.

(*l*) *With Sulphur firſt he purg'd the maſſy Veſſel.*] *Homer* gives *Achilles* the Sentiments of a common Piety, which are compatible enough with the Character of a fierce and implacable Man.

" Almighty

" Almighty *Jove!* who far above us Mor-
" tals, Sway'ſt the high Heav'ns, (*m*) upon
" *Dodona* worſhipp'd, On whoſe cold Top
" thy Subjects, the *Pelaſgians*, Have built a
" ſtately Temple, where the *Selli*, (*n*) The

(*m*) *Upon* Dodona *worſhip'd, on whoſe cold Top thy Subjects, the* Pelaſgians, *have built a ſtately Temple, where the* Selli.] At *Dodona*, in the Country of the *Moloſſi*, between *Theſſaly* and *Epirus*, there was a Temple of *Jupiter*, founded by the *Pelaſgians*, and whoſe Prieſts, call'd the *Selli*, led a very auſtere Life. I ſhall not enter here into the Criticiſm, whether theſe Prieſts are call'd *Selli*, or *Helli*, ſince *Heſiod* has call'd *Dodona Hellopia*, and not *Sellopia*. See thereupon *Strabo*.

(*n*) *The Prieſts who on thy Oracles attend.*] *Homer* here uſes a Word which I think Singular and Remarkable, ὑποφῆται; I cannot believe that it was put ſimply for προφῆται, but I am perſuaded, that this Term includes ſome particular Senſe, and ſhews ſome Cuſtom but little known, and this is what I will try to diſcover. In the *Scholia* of *Didymus*, we read this Remark; ὑποφήτας, &c. *They call'd thoſe who ſerv'd in the Temple, and who explain'd the Oracles render'd by the Prieſts*, Hypophets, *Under-Prophets*. It is certain that there were in the Temples Servitors, or Subaltern Miniſters; who, without doubt to gain Money, undertook to explain the Oracles which were obſcure. This Cuſtom ſeems very well eſtabliſh'd in the *Ion* of *Euripides*, where that Young Child, after having ſaid that the Prieſteſs is ſeated on the Tripod, and renders the Oracles which *Apollo* diſtates to her, addreſſes himſelf to thoſe who ſerve in that Temple, and bids them go and waſh in the *Caſtalian* Fountain, to come again into the Temple, and to explain the Oracles to thoſe who ſhou'd demand the Explication of them. *Homer* therefore means to ſhew, that theſe *Selli* were, in the Temple of *Dodona*, thoſe Subaltern Miniſters, that interpreted the Oracles. But this does not appear to me to agree in this Paſſage; for, beſides that this Cuſtom was not yet eſtabliſhed in *Homer*'s time, and that there is no Footſtep of it found in that

" Prieſts,

"Priests, who on thy Oracles attend, (o)

early Age, these *Selli* of whom *Homer* speaks, are not here Ministers Subordinate to others, they are the Chief Priests. The Explication of this Word therefore must be elsewhere sought; and this is my Conjecture, which I found upon the Nature itself of this Oracle of *Dodona*, which was very different from all the other Oracles: in all other Temples, the Priests deliver'd the Oracle, which they had received from their Gods immediately; but in the Temple of *Dodona*, *Jupiter* did not render his Oracles to his Priests, to his *Selli*; he render'd them to the *Oaks*, and the wonderful *Oaks* render'd them to the Priests, who render'd them to those who had consulted them. Thus these Priests were not properly προφῆται, *Prophets*, since they did not receive those Answers from the Mouth of their Gods immediately, but they were ὑποφῆται, *Under-Prophets*, because they receiv'd them from the Mouth of *Oaks*, if I may so say. The *Oaks*, properly speaking, were the *Prophets*, the first Interpreters of *Jupiter*'s Oracles; and the *Selli* were ὑποφῆται, *Under-Prophets*, because they pronounced what the *Oaks* had said. Thus *Homer*, in one single Word, includes a very curious piece of Antiquity.

(o) *With holy Discipline thy Pity move.*] *Homer* seems to me to say here clearly enough, that these Priests lay on the Ground, and forbore the Bath, to honour, by these Austerities, the God they serv'd; for he says, σοὶ ναιοῦσι ἀνιπτόποδες; and this σοὶ can, in my Opinion, only signify, *for you*, that is to say, *to please you, and for your Honour*. This Example is remarkable, but I do not think it singular; and the earliest Antiquity may furnish us with the like of *Pagans*, who, by an austere Life, try'd to please their Gods: nevertheless, I am oblig'd to say, that *Strabo*, who speaks very much at length of these *Selli*, in his 7th Book, has not taken this Austerity of Life for an Effect of their Devotion, as I have explain'd it, but for a Remain of the Grossness of their Ancestors; who being Barbarians, and straying from Country to Country, had no Bed but the Earth, and never used a Bath. But nothing hinders, that what was in the first *Pelasgians* only Custom and Use, might be continu'd in these Priests, thro' Devotion. How many things do we at this day see, which were in their Original only

"With

" With holy Diſcipline thy Pity move, (*p*)

antient Manner, and which are continu'd thro Zeal and a Spirit of Religion! It is very likely that theſe Prieſts, by this hard living, had a mind to attract the Admiration and Confidence of a People who lov'd Luxury and Delicacy ſo much. I was willing to ſearch in Antiquity for the Original of theſe *Selli*, Prieſts of *Jupiter*, but found nothing ſo antient as *Homer*. *Herodotus* writes, in his XIth Book, that the Oracle of *Dodona* was the antienteſt in *Greece*, and that it even was a long time the only one; but what he adds, that it was founded by an *Egyptian* Woman, who was the Prieſteſs of it, is contradicted by this Paſſage of *Homer*, who ſhews, that in the Time of the *Trojan* War, this Temple was ſerv'd by Men call'd *Selli*, and not by Women. *Strabo* informs us of a very curious antient Tradition, importing, that this Temple was at firſt built in *Theſſaly*, that from thence it was carry'd into *Dodona*, (God knows how:) that ſeveral Women who had placed their Devotion there, follow'd it; and that, in proceſs of time, the Prieſteſſes therein ſettled, us'd to be choſen among the Deſcendants of thoſe Women. To return to theſe *Selli*; *Sophocles*, who of all the *Greek* Poets, is he who has moſt imitated *Homer*, ſpeaks in like manner of theſe Prieſts, in one of his Plays, where *Hercules* ſays to his Son *Hillus*; *I will declare to thee a new Oracle, which perfectly agrees with this antient one; myſelf being entred into the Sacred Wood, inhabited by the auſtere* Selli, *who lie on the Ground, writ this Anſwer of the Oak, which is conſecrated to my Father* Jupiter, *which renders his Oracles in all Languages.* But this Subject ſhall be treated on more at length, in my Remarks on the XIVth Book of the *Odyſſey*.

(*p*) *Their Feet unwaſh'd, &c.*] I am very ſenſible that Auſterity of Life is meritorious, when it is choſe thro' a good Motive, for Mortification. But I could never comprehend that any one cou'd imagine that they honour'd God by Naſtineſs; God, I ſay, who has given Water, Linnen, Oil, Baths, and who has ordered us to perfume ourſelves even in our Feaſts. I think *Pythagoras* very wiſe for having order'd his Scholars to uſe themſelves to a way of living that was neat, tho' not luxurious.

" Their

" Their Feet unwaſh'd, their Bedding on the
" Ground, and burn continual Incenſe on
" thy Shrine: Already thou haſt deign'd to
" hear my Pray'rs, And giv'n me Honour on
" the vanquiſh'd *Greeks*, Expos'd to my Re-
" ſentment, as I wiſh'd. Hear me once more;
" thou ſeeſt I am detain'd Here in my Tent,
" but my good Troops are march'd To Battle,
" and *Patroclus*, my dear Friend, (*q*) And
" Servant, leads them; bleſs him with Suc-
" ceſs: Let *Hector* know, that he can fight
" alone, Unaided ev'n by me, and that he owes
" His Fame in War not all to my Aſſiſtance:
" When he has ſav'd the Fleet, repuls'd the
" *Trojans*, Then bring him back in Safety to
" my Tent, Nor let him loſe his Armour or
" his Men.

This was his Pray'r; *Jove* heard it, and aſ-
ſented To part of what he ask'd, the reſt de-
ny'd: 'Twas granted that *Patroclus* ſhould
repulſe The *Trojan* Troops, but not return in
Safety. *Achilles*, when his Prayer and Liba-
tion Were done, return'd the Veſſel to its
place; And to the Entrance of his Tent re-
pair'd, Where he might ſee the *Greeks* and *Tro-
jans* combat.

Mean while the Troops, by brave *Patroclus*
led, In order march'd, and ruſh'd upon the
Trojans: As when a Neſt of (*r*) angry Bees,

(*q*) *And Servant.*] Tho' *Achilles* has *call'd Patroclus his dear Friend*, he does however call him *his Servant*, ἑταῖρος θεράπων, as indeed he was. *Achilles* always preſerves his Rank and Superiority.

(*r*) *Of angry* Bees.] It is in the Text, *Waſps*; but I have

whoſe

whoſe Manſion Is near the Road, are by the ſporting Boys, Rous'd from their Hive, or unawares diſturb'd By Travellers; they gather all their Rage, Fly out in Troops, and all defend their Young: Juſt ſo enrag'd, and eager for the Fight, The ſhouting *Myrmidons* march'd on; to whom *Patroclus* ſpake, and cheer'd his brave Companions.

" Ye *Myrmidons*, Companions of *Achilles!*
" Recall your wonted Courage and Renown,
" And add new Glory to the Son of *Peleus*;
" That *Agamemnon*'s ſelf may know he has
" not Honour'd enough the braveſt of the
" *Greeks*.

With Words like theſe, he ſtirr'd the Soldiers Valour, Who with impetuous Shock ruſh'd on the *Trojans*, All in a Body rang'd, with mighty Shouts, That echo'd from the Fleet and neighb'ring Hills.

The *Trojans*, when they ſaw *Menætius'* Son, And brave *Eurymedon* in ſhining Armour, Rebated in their Courage, and their Troops Gave back; for they imagin'd Great *Achilles*, Forgetful of his Wrath, was reconcil'd To *Agamemnon*; therefore all diſmay'd, Look'd round, and ſought their Safety in their Flight. *Patroclus* firſt his ſhining Jav'lin darted Amidſt the Throng and Croud, that preſs'd in Numbers (s) Near to *Proteſilas*'s Ship's large Poop,

but *Bees*, becauſe this Image is more agreable in our Language, and becauſe I think it more ſuitable to diſciplin'd Troops.

(s) *Near to* Proteſilas's *Ship's large Poop.*] It muſt be remember'd, that this Ship was in the ſecond Line, and that the Battle is fought between the

And

And ſmote *Pyræchme*, the *Paonian* Chief, (Who led his Men from *Axius'* winding Stream) In the right Shoulder; down he fell to Earth, And with a Groan expir'd: His Troops affrighted Fled o'er the Plain, when they beheld their Captain, The moſt renown'd in all their Army, ſlain. *Patroclus'* Valour ſoon diſpers'd the reſt, And quench'd the Fire: The *Trojans* in Confuſion Quitted the half-burnt Veſſel, and retir'd; The *Greeks* from ev'ry ſide croud to their Ships, And as they preſs redouble the Diſorder. (*t*) As when the Thund'rer downward darts his Bolts, And diſſipates ſome pitchy Cloud, that ſhades A Mountain's Top, the craggy Cliffs appear, The Woods, the Vales, for all the Airy Region Is purg'd, and made

two Lines. Wherefore he mentions here the Poop of *Proteſilas's* Ship, for the Prow was turn'd towards the Sea.

(*t*) *As when the Thund'rer downward darts his Bolts*, &c.] In the Speech which *Patroclus* made to *Achilles*, he pray'd him to lend him his Arms, to ſee if he cou'd not caſt ſome Ray of Light on the *Greeks*. *Homer* has reſpect to theſe Words in this Compariſon, and he has drawn from thence this Idea of *Patroclus* under the Image of *Jupiter*, who ſuddenly cleaving the Air with a Flaſh of Lightning, covers with a Gleam of Light a high Mountain which a black Cloud held as it were bury'd in obſcurity. The Image in its natural State is this: As when *Jupiter* darts his Lightning from the Top of Heaven, preſently what was drown'd in Darkneſs, is plainly diſcover'd; ſo *Patroclus* pouring, upon the *Trojans* at the Head of his Troops, draws the *Greeks* out of the Obſcurity wherein they were plung'd, and makes a Ray of Light to ſhine upon them; that is to ſay, he gives them ſome Reſpite, and makes them breathe again. And this Compariſon is ſo much the more juſt, as this Ray of Light is as tranſient as real Lightning, and is extinguiſh'd at the ſame time that it breaks out.

tranſparent: So the *Grecians* After ſome Reſpite ſhew'd themſelves, exerting Their wonted Valour, when the hoſtile Fires Were from the Fleet diſpell'd: Yet ſtill the *Trojans* Maintain'd the War, tho' beaten from the Ships. Each *Grecian* Captain in the Slaughter ſhar'd, Contributing to Conqueſt: Firſt *Patroclus* (*u*) Smote *Areïlycus*, and with his Javelin Tranſfix'd his Thigh, and broke the maſſy Bone, Juſt as he turn'd to fly; but down he fell. Next *Thoas* dy'd by *Menelaus'* Hand, For near his Shield he ſtabb'd him in the Breaſt. *Meges* the Son of *Phyleus*, as he ſaw *Amphiclus* ruſhing to the Fight, prevented His Haſte, and ſtruck him in the brawny Calve: His Nerves were cut, and Darkneſs clos'd his Eyes. *Antilochus*, old *Neſtor's* Offspring, flung His Lance, and fell'd *Arymnius* at his Feet, Piercing his Side. His Brother *Maris* try'd T'avenge his Fall, and ſtanding o'er his Body, Struck at the Victor, but ſtout *Thraſymedes* Ran timely to his Brother's Aid, and wounded The fierce Aſſailant with his Spear, whoſe Point Went thro' his Arm, quite where it joins the Shoulder, And cut the Muſcles, cruſh'd the hardy

(*u*) *Smote* Areilycus.] This is a Picture very well vary'd. It is wonderful that *Homer*, after having deſcrib'd ſo many Battles, ſhould yet find ſuch a great Diverſity, not only in Wounds, and the Falls of the Dead, and thoſe that were dying, but likewiſe in the Expreſſion: nothing is repeated in theſe Deſcriptions, and even the Verb *to die*, is diverſify'd a thouſand and a thouſand ways. Τοιαύτη τις καν ταῦτα τῷ Ὁμηρικῷ πέπλῳ ποικίλια, ἐμπάσσεται, ſays *Euſtathius*, καὶ ὰ μόνον κατὰ τὰς τρόπας τῶν πληγῶντε καὶ τραυμάτων, ἀλλὰ καὶ κατὰ Φρασιν τὴν ἀυτὸ τὸ ἔθανον.

Bone,

Bone, Whilſt on the Ground, his rattling Arms reſounding, The Hero fell, and ſhut his Eyes in Darkneſs: And thus two Brothers by two Brothers ſlain, Were ſent to *Styx*, both Friends to ſtout *Sarpedon*,, Both skilful in the Bow, (*w*) renown'd *Amiſodar* Begot them, who the fam'd *Chimæra* fed, A Monſter juſtly dreaded by Mankind.

Ajax, the Son of *Oïleus*, took captive The brave *Cleobulus* without a Wound, Surrounded by the Throng; but ſoon he plung'd His Sword into his Throat, the reaking Blade Was follow'd by his Blood and generous Soul.

Lycon and *Peneleus* their Javelins threw With equal Fury, but without Succeſs: Then drew their Swords, and ruſh'd on one another, Alike enrag'd; *Lycon* diſcharg'd a Blow Upon the floating Creſt of *Peneleus*, But the weak Sword, unequal to the Stroke, Broke near the Hilts: his Foe th' Advantage ſaw, And ſmote him in the Neck with ſo much Fury, The Head was parted from the Trunk, and hung But by a Piece of Skin, ſo down he tumbled.

Merion through the Field purſu'd on foot Retreating *Neamas*, and as he try'd To mount

(*w*) *Renown'd* Amiſodar *begot them, who the fam'd* Chimæra *fed.*] *Amiſodar* was King of *Caria*; *Bellerophon* marry'd his Daughter. The Antients gueſs'd from this Paſſage that the *Chimæra* was not a Fiction, ſince *Homer* marks the time wherein ſhe liv'd, and the Prince with whom ſhe liv'd: they thought it was ſome Beaſt of that Prince's Herds, who being grown furious and mad, had done a great deal of miſchief, like the *Calydonian* Boar.

his Chariot, ſmote him on the Shoulder, Brought him to Earth, and ſhut his Eyes in Death.

Idomeneus on *Erymas* diſcharg'd A dreadful Stroke, the Iron pierc'd his Mouth, And Head, and Brains; his Teeth forſook his Gums, His Mouth, and Eyes, and Noſtrils guſh'd with Blood, And endleſs Night with a thick Cloud o'erwhelm'd him.

With ſuch Exploits and Slaughter of the *Trojans* The *Grecian* Captains ſignaliz'd their Valour. As when a Troop of Wolves eſpy ſome Flock Neglected by the fooliſh careleſs Shepherd, They ruſh upon the tender Kids and Lambs, And chace them to the Mountains, and devour The unreſiſting Prey, and ſtanch their Hunger: So ruſh'd the *Grecians* on their ſcatter'd Foes, Who fled, unmindful of their former Valour.

But *Ajax*, covetous of *Hector*'s Blood, With his ſharp Spear redoubled Blow on Blow: Whilſt he, experienc'd in the Art of War, Obſerv'd each Lance and Arrow as they flew, And caught their Points upon his maſſy Shield; He ſaw the Victʼry to the *Greeks* inclin'd, Yet ſtill he kept the Field, maintain'd his Ground, (x) And often turn'd about to ſave his Troops:

(x) *And often turn'd about to ſave his Troops.*] *Homer* here repreſents *Hector*, who, as he retires, ſtands from time to time to ſave his Troops: and he expreſſes it by this ſingle word ἀνέμιμνε; for ἀναμίμνειν does not only ſignify to *ſtay*, but likewiſe in retiring to ſtop and ſtay from time to time: for this is the Power of the Preposition ἀνὰ, as in theſe

As

As when amidſt a Calm, a gloomy Cloud Is ſent by *Jove*, along the middle Air, Threatning a Tempeſt to the World below: (*y*) So Flight and Terror from the Navy flew Along the Plain, and reach'd the Walls of *Ilium*. But *Hector* ſought his Safety in his Chariot, Oblig'd to leave ſome Troops expos'd to Slaughter Behind him in the Ditch, where many Chariots In narrow Paſſes were detain'd and broken, Deſerted by their Steeds: Mean while *Patroclus*, Encouraging his Soldiers, puſh'd the Battel, And ev'ry where diſtreſs'd the *Trojan* Troops, Who fill'd the Plains with Cries and wild Confuſion. The Horſes fled along the Field, and rais'd A Cloud of Duſt beneath their nimble Hoofs, That fill'd the Air, and hid the Fleet and Town. Amidſt the thickeſt Rout, and where the *Trojans* Were moſt in Number, there *Patroclus* fought: He ſaw the Field with

words ἀναμάχεσθαι, which ſignifies *to fight by fits and ſtarts*: ἀναπάλαιειν, *to wreſtle ſeveral times*, and in many others. This is a Remark of *Euſtathius*'s, which I relate, to ſhew the Propriety of *Homer*'s Term.

(*y*) *So Flight and Terror from the Navy flew.*] *Homer* has already compar'd the *Trojans*, pouring upon the Ships, to a black Cloud which falls and diſcharges a furious Tempeſt; and here he compares the Flight of theſe ſame *Trojans*, to the ſame Cloud which mounts towards Heaven: But what is here very fine and poetical, is, that of theſe Troops frighten'd and put to flight, he has made two Perſons, Terror and Flight, which ruſh from the *Grecian* Navy, and bend their Courſe towards *Troy*. Though our Language (the *French*) is not accuſtom'd to ſuch ſtrong Poetry, yet I have ventur'd it in the Tranſlation, encourag'd by the Confuſion and Danger which this Scene is full of.

broken Chariots ſtrow'd, And bleeding Heroes underneath their Wheels: Th' Immortal Steeds which *Thetis* gave her Son No Obſtacle endur'd, (*z*) but paſs'd the Ditch, And follow'd where the *Trojan* Squadrons fled; For much *Patroclus* wiſh'd t' encounter *Hector*, And therefore drove his whirling Chariot on. As when in Autumn *Jove* reſolv'd on Vengeance To puniſh Mortals, that deſpiſe his Laws, Regardleſs of his Deity, unjuſt, Slaves to their Paſſions, and their Intereſt, A mighty Tempeſt ſends, (*a*) lets looſe the Floods That overflow the Hills and drown the Trees, Thence to the Sea run roaring, and diſgorge The Plenty of the Plain and Plow-man's Labour: With ſuch wild Force the *Trojan* Steeds ran ſcouring Along the Field, and fled in looſe Diſorder.

Patroclus having turn'd the foremoſt Troops, Drove back, and forc'd the Squadrons to the Fleet, Nor would permit them to return to *Ilium*, But brought them to a Bay between the Ships, (*b*) The Banks of *Simois*, and the deep

(*z*) *But paſs'd the Ditch.*] *Homer* has made, of *Hector*'s Horſes, all that Poetry cou'd make of common and mortal Horſes; they ſtand on the Bank of the Ditch foaming and neighing for madneſs that they cannot leap it. But the immortal Horſes of *Achilles* find no Obſtacle; they leap the Ditch, and fly into the Plain.

(*a*) *Lets looſe the Floods*, &c.] It appears, by this Paſſage, that *Homer* had heard of *Noah*'s Flood, or *Deucalion*'s, and knew that God ſent theſe Deluges to puniſh the Iniquity of Mankind.

(*b*) *The Banks of* Simois, *and the deep Intrenchment.*] *Patroclus* remembers here that he has already acted contrary to *Achilles*'s Orders, by

Intrench-

Intrenchment, And there renew'd the Fight and dreadful Slaughter, Amply avenging the late conquer'd *Greeks*. With his bright Spear he pierc'd the valiant Breaſt Of *Pronous*, below his Shield, and ſlew him: On *Theſtor*, Son to *Enops*, next he flew, As in his well-wrought Chariot he ſate careleſs, Neglecting the looſe Reins, and with his Javelin Smote his left Cheek, and forc'd his Teeth all inward, Then drew him from his Seat; (*c*) as a good Angler, Sitting on ſome high Rock, draws out (*d*) a Fiſh Of mighty ſize, and plays him with his Hook: With the ſame eaſe *Patroclus* drew the Hero Forth of his Seat, and daſh'd him to the ground, At his Spear's Length, where Darkneſs clos'd his Eyes. Then lifting a huge Stone, he fell'd *Euryalus*, And cleft his Head and Helmet; down he tumbled, And Death receiv'd him in his deadly Arms. With theſe *Amphoterus*, and *Erymas*, *Epaltes*, and *Damaſtor*'s Son, *Tlepolemus*, *Echius*, and *Pyres*, *Iphis*, and *Enippus*, And *Polymelus*, Son of *Ar-*

driving the *Trojans* ſo far, wherefore he turns back, and ſtops between *Simois*, the Ships and the *Grecian* Wall, which was beaten down in ſeveral Places, but which ſtill remain'd in others.

(*c*) *As a good Angler*, &c.] There could not be a juſter Image. *Homer* thereby gives a great Idea of *Patroclus*'s Strength.

(*d*) *A Fiſh of mighty ſize.*] The *Greek* ſays *a ſacred Fiſh*; and the Antients have very much diſputed about this Epithet. As for me, I am of their Opinion who believe that *ſacred* ſignifies here only *great*; for there are ſeveral Paſſages which prove that the Antients uſed the Terms of *ſacred* and *divine* to denote Largeneſs only.

geas, fell, All by the bloody Spear of ſtout *Patroclus*.

This when *Sarpedon* ſaw, and what ſad Slaughter The Hero made among his flying *Lycians*, (e) Who threw away their Arms, thus he beſpoke them:

" Turn, my Companions, turn for ſhame,
" and rouze Your wonted Valour; I alone will
" meet This mighty Conqueror, and try his
" Strength, Who thus with Slaughter ravages
" the Plain, And glories in the Numbers he
" has ſlain.

He ſpake, and ran on foot to meet *Patroclus*, Who ſoon, by his Example, left his Chariot: Both met, and with a Shout began the Combat, With the ſame Fury, as when Vultures fight On ſome tall Rock, they raiſe a dreadful Cry, And arm their pointed Beaks and clenching Talons.

Jove ſaw the Strife, and pity'd the two Champions, Then thus beſpake his Siſter and his Spouſe:

" With great Affliction I behold *Sarpedon*,
" Than whom I cannot love a Mortal more,
" Deſtin'd to fall beneath *Patroclus'* Sword;
" Doubtful I am, and cannot yet reſolve,
" Whether to let him periſh in the Combat,

(e) *Who threw away their Arms.*] The *Greek* ſays all this in one Word, ἀμφιθωρηχίτωνας, which the Antients have very differently explain'd. For my part, I am perſuaded that it ſignifies Men who are in a Veſt without a Cuiraſs, that is to ſay, who have left off their Cuiraſſes to fly the better.

" Or

" (*f*) Or ſnatch him thence, (*g*) and bear him
" into *Lycia*. Thus *Jove*, and thus the Queen
of Heav'n reply'd: " Could *Saturn*'s Son pro-
" nounce ſo raſh a Sentence? How can you
" reſcue from the Pow'r of Death A Mortal,
" when the Fates have paſs'd his Doom, And
" your Decrees confirm'd it? Be aſſur'd, The
" other Gods will not approve your Pity.
" Take my Advice; ſhould you aſſiſt *Sarpedon*,
" And bear him from the Combat into *Lycia*,
" (*h*) The other Deities might juſtly claim
" The ſame Advantage, to relieve their Friends
" Or Sons engag'd in War, and ſave their
" Lives: And well you know they have a nu-
" merous Offspring, Who now are fighting at
" the Walls of *Troy*: Therefore beware the En-
" vy of the Gods. But ſince you love *Sarpe-*
" *don*, let the Fates Accompliſh their Deſigns,
" and let him fall Under *Patroclus*' Sword;

(*f*) *Or ſnatch him thence.*] *Homer* therefore knew this Truth, that God is the Maſter of Deſtiny, and that he can change it as he pleaſes.

(*g*) *And bear him into Lycia.*] It appears by this Paſſage that even the *Pagans* were perſuaded that God cou'd take up a Man and tranſport him in a moment into a very remote Country, as we ſee Examples of it in Holy Scripture.

(*h*) *The other Deities might juſtly claim*, &c.] And if you ſuffer it, *Achilles* himſelf will not die; thus all will be confounded, Deſtiny of no effect, and Hiſtory violated in its principal Foundation: and if you do not ſuffer it, and reſerve this Privilege for yourſelf alone, then yo uſurp a tyrannical Power againſt the Gods. This is what *Juno* means, and theſe are the Reflections which *Jupiter* ſhews that he had made when he ſaid, *Doubtful I am, and cannot yet reſolve*, &c.

" (*i*) then *Death* and *Sleep*, By your Command,
" (*k*) to *Lycia* may convey him, Where o'er his
" Tomb his Kindred and his Servants May
" weep, and near his Urn erect a Column, And
" give him all the Honours of the Dead.

Thus she: Nor did great *Jove* neglect her Counsel, (*l*) Yet down he pour'd a Show'r of purple Blood Upon the Earth, so much he lov'd *Sarpedon*, Doom'd to be slain by young *Patroclus*' Hand, In *Trojan* Plains, far from his native Soil.

(*i*) *Then Death and Sleep*, &c.] How shall Sleep and Death carry *Sarpedon*? *Homer* made this Image only to shew that *Sarpedon* will be so well embalm'd, that in his Bed, on which he will be carry'd, he shall rather seem to be a Man asleep than dead. Besides, he joins here Sleep with Death, to shew that Death is only a Sleep, and a State of Rest, which leads to another Life. And this Idea seems to me very fine in that sense.

(*k*) *To* Lycia.] The History or Fable receiv'd in *Homer*'s time imported that *Sarpedon* was interr'd in *Lycia*, but it says nothing of his Death. This gives the Poet the Liberty of making him die at *Troy*, provided that after his Death he is carry'd into *Lycia*, to preserve the Fable. This Expedient, propos'd by *Juno* saves all; *Sarpedon* dies at *Troy*, and is interr'd at *Lycia*. And what renders this probable, is, that in those times, as at this day, Princes and Persons of Quality, who dy'd in foreign Parts, were carry'd into their own Country to be laid in the Tombs of their Fathers. The Antiquity of this Custom cannot be doubted, since it was practis'd in the Patriarchs times. *Jacob* dying in *Egypt*, orders his Children to carry him into the Land of *Canaan*, where he desir'd to be bury'd, *Gen.* 49. 29.

(*l*) *Yet down he pour'd a Show'r of purple Blood.*] *Homer* knew that when the Son of *Jupiter* died, all Nature ought to suffer; and that Tears of Blood ought to weep that Death. This Miracle is probable as wrought for *Sarpedon*, who was the only Son

Mean

Mean while the Heroes ruſhing on each other, *Patroclus* firſt ſmote valiant *Thraſymedes*, *Sarpedon*'s deareſt Friend; the Wound was fatal, Deep in his Belly; down he fell, and dy'd. *Sarpedon* threw his Spear, which miſs'd *Patroclus*, But the right Shoulder pierc'd of *Pedaſus*, One of his Steeds, who falling, with a Groan Reſign'd his Life: Th' Immortal Horſes ſtarted, The Reins were hamper'd, and the Axle crack'd. *Automedon*, to remedy this Miſchief, Roſe in his Seat, and drawing out his Sword, Cut off the Traces from dead *Pedaſus*, Then diſengag'd the Reins, and made his Steeds More pliant to the Guidance of their Maſter. The Combatants with equal Fury fought: *Sarpedon*'s Javelin o'er *Patroclus* flew, And gave no Wound: The other more ſucceſsful, Threw not in vain, (*m*) but pierc'd *Sarpedon*'s Heart, Who like ſome Oak, or Pine, or lofty Poplar, Fell'd by the Workmen, on a Mountain's Top, Tumbled to Earth, juſt by his Chariot ſtretch'd: Gnaſhing his Teeth,

of *Jupiter* that was in either Army.

(*m*) *But pierc'd* Sarpedon's *Heart.*] The Text ſays, *ſtrikes* Sarpedon *on the place where the Diaphragm cloſes it ſelf round the compacted Heart.* That is to ſay, he pierc'd that Membrane which is faſten'd by a Ligament to the Pericardium. By all the Deſcriptions which *Homer* makes of the Wounds, and Accidents that enſue upon them, he ſeems to have had a great Knowledge of the Structure of a human Body, and of the Offices of all its Parts; for the Maſters of the Art do affirm they are all exact: I only judge upon their Report, for I never apply'd myſelf to that Study; it always ſeeming to me not only melancholy and diſagreeable, but likewiſe ſomewhat unſuitable to Perſons of my Sex.

he tore the bloody Ground. As when a Lion preying on ſome Herd, Tears down a yellow Bull, Lord of the Field, Who groans beneath his Gripe and bloody Jaws; So fell *Sarpedon*, groaning in his Soul, Diſdaining his young Conqueror. Then thus To *Glaucus*, his Companion in the War, He ſpake: "O Friend, "approv'd in Fight By many ſignal Actions, "and eſteem'd Inferior to no Leader in the "Army; Maintain that Character, and give "this day New Marks of your known Valour, "lead my *Lycians* On to the Fight, to win "their Gen'ral's Body, And animate the Chiefs "with your Example. Eternal Infamy will "blaſt your Fame, If you permit *Patroclus* and "the *Grecians* (*n*) To triumph in my Spoils, "then haſte, lead on The Troops, exhort them "to avenge my Death.

He ſpake, and Death in Shades ſhut up his Eyes: For treading on his Breaſt, *Patroclus* drew The Javelin from the Wound, whoſe bloody Point Was follow'd by his Life; mean while the

(*n*) *To triumph in my Spoils.*] It is in the Text, *If the* Greeks *deſpoil me of my Arms after I am kill'd at the Attack of the Ships*, νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι πεσόντα. Theſe Words, νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι, ſignify properly *in the place where the Ships are, in the middle of the Ships*, and it has been already uſed in that Senſe: But *Sarpedon* cannot ſay ſo here, for he is not wounded in the *Grecian* Camp, but in the Plain without the Retrenchments, for he had repaſs'd the Ditch. To ſupport this Meaning, 'tis ſaid that *Sarpedon* talks deliriouſly, being at the point of Death; but I don't think that neceſſary; I am of opinion, νεῶν ἐν ἀγῶνι may very naturally ſignify *at the Attack of the Ships.*

Myrmi-

Myrmidons Seiz'd on his Horſes, juſt prepar'd to fly, And left without a Guide, their Maſter ſlain.

Glaucus, who heard his dying Words, was ſtruck With ſudden Grief, unable to aſſiſt him: For *Teucer*, ſuccouring his Men diſtreſs'd, From a high Turret ſmote him with his Spear Deep in the Arm, that uſeleſs hung in Pain, Supported by his other Hand from falling: His laſt Recourſe was to *Apollo*'s Aid, To whom he thus addreſs'd himſelf with Pray'r:

" Great *Phœbus*, whether thou in *Troy* re-
" ſideſt, Or *Lycia*, hear me; (o) thou, tho'
" far remote, Canſt hear thy humble Sup-
" pliants, who invoke thee, Or are like me re-
" duc'd to ask thy Aid; (p) Thou ſeeſt me
" wounded and oppreſs'd with Pain, My Arm
" grown uſeleſs, and my Blood deſcending
" Not to be ſtanch'd: I cannot wield my Spear,
" Nor meet my Foe, nor try the rough En-
" counter: And ſee *Sarpedon*, valiant Chief, is
" ſlain, Nor would Great *Jove* vouchſafe to
" aid his Son; Be Thou propitious then, and

(o) *Thou, tho' far remote, &c.*] *Homer* knew this Truth, that God can hear thoſe who invoke him afar off as well as near at hand; he is every where, and fills every thing.

(p) *Thou ſeeſt me wounded.*] I have here made uſe of *Euſtathius*'s Remark to repreſent the Art of *Homer*, who always knows how to ſuit himſelf to the Conditions and Strength of thoſe he makes ſpeak: he tells us that this Speech of *Glaucus* is not connected, but diſ-jointed. A Man under a Senſe of very ſharp Pains does not ſpeak in long Periods; as he is obliged to frequent fetchings of his Breath, he interrupts his Diſcourſe, and ſpeaks only *per inciſa*. This is what I have imitated in my Tranſlation.

" heal

" heal my Wound, Allay my Pains, and give
" me Strength to lead The *Lycians* on, and
" ſave *Sarpedon*'s Body.

Thus He: (q) *Apollo* to his Pray'r gave ear, Allay'd his Pains, and heal'd the gaping Wound, Dry'd up his Blood, and arm'd his Mind with Courage; *Glaucus* perceiv'd the Cure, with Joy tranſported, And own'd the God indulgent to his Wiſhes: Then round the Field he ran, rouz'd all the *Lycians*, Soldiers and Chiefs, to reſcue dead *Sarpedon*, and call'd the *Trojan* Captains to aſſiſt them. From brave *Agenor*, and *Polydamas*, And from *Æneas* he intreated Aid: Then thus at laſt addreſs'd himſelf to *Hector*:

" O *Hector!* you neglect your beſt Allies,
" Who for your ſake far from their native
" Country Fight in defence of *Troy*; yet you
" refuſe them Your Succour in Diſtreſs: See
" brave *Sarpedon* Lies ſlain by *Mars*, beneath
" *Patroclus'* Spear: A Hero, fam'd for Valour
" and for Juſtice, Under whoſe Sway (r) the
" *Lycian* Kingdom flouriſh'd. Come on, my
" Friends, let Indignation raiſe Your Courage,

(q) Apollo *to his Prayer gave ear.*] It is obſerved, as I have elſewhere ſaid, that in *Homer* reaſonable Prayers are generally granted. And this Benefit of Prayer acknowledg'd by this Poet is a good Argument, as *Euſtathius* ſays, againſt the Dreams of the *Peripatetics*, who thought Prayer to be of no uſe.

(r) *The* Lycian *Kingdom flouriſh'd.*] See here an Elogium worthy of a Son of *Jupiter*, and thereby *Homer* gives to underſtand that it is an Elogium which Kings ſhould endeavour to deſerve. They cannot make their People flouriſhing and ſafe without Fortitude and Juſtice. By Fortitude they repel their Enemies, and by Juſtice they protect their Subjects.

" to

" to redeem his captive Body From thoſe In-
" dignities his Foes may offer, Revengeful
" for the *Grecians* we have ſlain, In this Day's
" Enterprize, to burn their Fleet.

He ſpake; and Conſternation ſeiz'd the Troops At brave *Sarpedon*'s Death; for, tho' a Stranger, *Troy* own'd him her beſt Safeguard: for he led A numerous Hoſt of Soldiers to the Field, And taught them Valour by his own Example. All therefore in a well-form'd Body join'd Againſt the *Greeks*, bent to revenge his Death, Headed by *Hector*, whom the Loſs affected In the moſt moving manner of Diſtreſs.

Mean while *Patroclus* chear'd his conqu'ring Troops, And to both *Ajax* thus addreſs'd his Speech, Who gave no Reſpite to the dreadful Slaughter:

" Illuſtrious Heroes, an Occaſion offers
" Worthy the Bravery of Men like you, In
" which you may exert your utmoſt Courage;
" The Champion who firſt forc'd our high
" Intrenchments Is ſlain, the *Trojans* fly to
" ſave his Body; But let us ſtill be Maſters
" of the Prize, And ſpoil him of his Arms,
" and o'er his Trunk Some of his beſt Com-
" panions ſacrifice.

Thus he; the Heroes both impatient were, And eager for the Fight; then either Side In Order form'd the firm Battalions cloſe. The *Lycian* and the *Trojan* Troops began The Charge, and ruſh'd upon the *Greeks* with Shouts, Mix'd with the Clangors of their Arms, reſounding. Both for *Sarpedon*'s proſtrate Trunk

engag'd. *Jove*, to augment the Horror of the Fight, And Numbers of the Slain, for his Son's ſake, (*s*) Cover'd the Field of Battle with a Cloud. At the firſt Shock the *Grecian* Troops retir'd, And *Epigeus* fell, *Agacles'* Son, Of generous Blood, the braveſt of the *Greeks*, That follow'd great *Achilles*; long he reign'd In *Budium*, but at laſt was forc'd to fly, for murdering his Kinſman, and take Refuge With *Peleus* and with *Thetis*, who well knew His Quality, and ſent him with *Achilles* To *Troy*, his Friend and Partner in the War: He fell, and graſp'd the Body of *Sarpedon*; For *Hector* ſmote him with a mighty Stone, And cleft his Head and Helmet; croſs *Sarpedon* He lay, and Shades of Night o'erwhelm'd his Eyes.

Patroclus mourning his Companion's Death, Sprang forward to the Van, ſwift as a Hawk Chacing the fearful Doves, and to revenge His Friend, with Rage and Valour more than common, Pour'd on the *Lycian* and the *Trojan* Troops. Stout *Sthenelaus*, the Son of *Ithemeneus*, Struck with a Stone, fell by his valiant Arm. The foremoſt *Trojans* at the Sight retir'd, And *Hector* too gave back: the *Grecians* puſh'd

(*s*) *Cover'd the Field of Battle with a Cloud.*] *Homer* calls here, by the Name of *Night*, the Whirlwinds of thick Duſt which riſe from beneath the Feet of Combatants, and which oftentimes hinder them from knowing one another. Thus you ſee that Poetry knows how to convert the moſt natural things into Miracles: Theſe two Armies are bury'd in Duſt round *Sarpedon*'s Body; 'tis *Jupiter* who pours upon them an obſcure Night, to make the Battle bloodier, and to honour the Funeral of his Son by a greater Number of Victims.

them

them A Javelin's Caſt, which ſome young Warrior throws With all his Strength, when tilting at the Liſts, Or when engag'd in real War and Combat.

Firſt *Glaucus* turn'd, and rally'd all his Troops, *Bathycles*, *Chalcon*'s Son, he ſlew, who dwelt In *Greece*, for Plenty and for Wealth reputed The firſt of all the Nobles in *Theſſalia*; Him, eager in purſuing, *Glaucus* met At a ſhort turn, and ſtabb'd him in the Belly, Who with a mighty Noiſe ruſh'd to the Earth. New Terrors ſeiz'd the *Greeks*, who ſaw him fall, So brave, ſo valiant; whilſt the *Trojans* ſhouted, And gather'd round his Trunk, to ſpoil his Arms, Which to defend, the *Greeks* renew'd their Valour.

Merion advancing to *Onetor*'s Son, *Laogonus*, whoſe Father was the Prieſt Of *Jove*, on *Ida*, and like *Jove* was honour'd, Smote him between the Ear and Cheek, and brought The Hero low, who ſoon reſign'd to Death.

Æneas, in revenge, at *Merion* flung His Lance, as under Covert of his Shield He forward came, but ſtooping down he ſhunn'd The Stroke; far o'er his Head the Javelin flew, And ſmote the Ground with ſo much Violence, The thrilling Staff long quiver'd where it ſtuck. *Æneas*, diſappointed of his Aim, With Raillery reveng'd him on his Foe.

" *Merion*, thy Skill in dancing is ſucceſs-
" ful, For it has ſav'd thy Life; elſe my good
" Lance E'er this had ſent thee to the Shades
" be-

" below, (*t*) To ſhew thy nimble Tricks in " *Pluto*'s Preſence.

To him renown'd *Merion* thus reply'd: " Brave tho' thou art, *Æneas*, 'tis in vain To " think thy Valour can outbrave all Odds. " Thou, tho' the Son of *Venus*, yet like me " Art mortal: be not confident; my Spear " Perhaps may be more fortunate than thine. " If it ſucceed and hit thee, I and *Pluto* Will " amicably ſhare the Spoils between us, Mine " be the Glory, (*u*) his thy parting Soul.

This, when *Patroclus* heard, with juſt Diſdain He chid the Hero thus: " Why, *Merion*, " why Would'ſt thou, a Man of Courage, ral- " ly thus? Then is the time to triumph with " Reproaches, When we have forc'd the *Tro-* " *jans* from the Body Of dead *Sarpedon*. Words " were made for Councils, But Actions for " the Field; then ceaſe this Strife: This is a " Time to fight, and not to talk.

This ſaid, he ſtept before, and *Merion* follow'd With God-like Mein: as when the Workmen fell Some lofty Trees, that ſhade a Mountain's Top, Their Fall is heard far off,

(*t*) *To ſhew thy nimble Tricks*, &c.] *Homer* ſays plainly, Meriones, *if I had reach'd thee, my Javelin wou'd ſoon put an end to your Dancing, as good a Dancer as you are.* The Turn I have given it, is methinks ſtronger, and the Raillery more home. To conclude, this Stroke is founded upon *Meriones*' being a *Cretan*, and the *Cretans* having a certain Dance, named *Pyrric*, which they danc'd clad in Armour.

(*u*) *His thy parting Soul.*] *Homer* has already elſewhere made uſe of the ſame Raillery. It muſt be remember'd, that here the Soul is what they call'd *Image*, which was made according to the Mold of the Body, as I ſhall endeavour to explain elſewhere.

and

and fills the Vale; So terrible a Noiſe the Warriors made, With Spears and Swords, that rung on maſſy Shields, Helmets, and Armour, echoing thro' the Plain. *Sarpedon*'s Trunk no longer was diſtinguiſh'd Among the Slain, from Head to Foot disfigur'd, And in a Mixture hid of Blood and Dirt.

Both Armies gather'd round him where he lay, Cluſter'd like Flies, that hover in the Spring Around a Pail, that foams with ſnowy Milk. *Jove* ſaw the Combat, nor could turn his Eyes To any other Object; in ſuſpence He ſtood, long doubting if to ſuffer *Patroclus* to be ſlain by *Hector*'s Hand, A Victim to *Sarpedon*, or continue The Fight, till many other Heroes fell: At length reſolv'd, *Patroclus* ſhould repulſe The Foe to *Ilium*, and increaſe the Slaughter. For once he ſtay'd the Courage of bold *Hector*, And broke his Spirit, ſtraight he climb'd his Chariot, Intent on Flight, and call'd his Troops to follow: (*w*) He ſaw which Way the Scales of *Jove* inclin'd. The *Lycians*, who were taught to ſtand all Dangers, Turn'd back, and left great Numbers of their Captains Slain by their Prince's Side, whom cruel *Jove* Ordain'd to fall amidſt the dreadful Slaughter.

(*w*) *He ſaw which way the Scales of* Jove *inclin'd.*] *Homer* has already employ'd this Idea, to repreſent, that *Jupiter* holds in his Hands the Fates of all Men, and weighs them in a Balance ever juſt; and his Reader being already inform'd of it, he here paſſes it over in two Words, to comply with the Vivacity of the Action, which does not give him time to make a more particulariz'd Image.

The

The *Greeks* victorious, when the Troops were fled, Spoil'd the dead Hero, by *Patroclus'* Order, Of all his Arms, and bore them to the Fleet.

Mean while to *Phœbus* thus his Father *Jove* Gave his Commands, " (x) My deareſt Son, this " Moment Fly down, and take *Sarpedon* from " the Slain, Waſh his disfigur'd Body in the " Stream From Blood and Dirt, then with " *Ambroſial* Sweets Perfume it, and array him " with a Robe Such as Gods wear; then give " him to the Siſters, To *Sleep* and *Death*, who " ſhall to *Lycia* bear him; Where mourning " o'er his Trunk, his Friends and Servants " Shall bear him to his Urn, and build a " Tomb, Grac'd with a Column, that may " ſpeak his Fame, And give him all the Ho- " nours of the Dead.

Thus he: *Apollo* ſoon obey'd his Orders, And leaving *Ida*'s Summits, quickly flew Down to the Field of Battle: thence he bore *Sarpedon*'s Body, waſh'd it in the Stream, Perfum'd it with *Ambroſia*, and put on The Habit of a God; then *Sleep* and *Death* Convey'd him into *Lycia* to his Subjects.

And now *Patroclus* animates his Steeds, And Charioteer, to puſh the flying *Trojans* And *Lycian* Troops, not knowing he purſu'd His own

(x) *My deareſt Son.*] What the *Lycians* do to embalm the Body of *Sarpedon*, *Homer*, by an Idea perfectly poetical, makes to be done by *Apollo* himſelf; for as that God is by his Heat the Cauſe of the Corruption of Bodies, he is likewiſe the Cauſe of their Preſervation, by the Spices and Druggs which he gives birth to.

De-

Deſtruction, careleſs of the Counſel *Achilles* gave, to ſave himſelf from Death: But Man reſolves in vain, if *Jove* oppoſe His juſt Decrees, who often turns to flight The ſtouteſt Mortals, and denies Succeſs, Ev'n where himſelf inſpires the greateſt Courage. 'Twas he, who gave *Patroclus* double Strength, Still puſhing on, and ſcorning all Reſiſtance.

(*y*) O valiant *Greek!* what Tongue can tell the Numbers Of mighty Men, the Victims to thy Fame, E'er thou reſign'ſt thy Life to *Jove* and Fate: Who firſt and laſt fell by thy warlike Arm? *Autonous*, *Adraſtus*, and *Echeclus*, *Epiſtor*, *Perimus*, the Son of *Megas*, And *Melanippus*, *Mulius*, and *Pylartes*, And *Elarus*, all to his Sword gave up their Lives, While others fled his Preſence o'er the Plains. *Patroclus'* Spear dealt Death in ev'ry Place, And ſo increas'd the Slaughter, that he thought *Troy* would that Day ſurrender to his Valour. But *Phœbus* on a Turret took his Station, Deſigning how to ſuccour his lov'd *Trojans*, And to diſtreſs *Patroclus:* thrice the Hero Attempted to aſcend the Wall, and thrice The God repuls'd him, ſmiting on his Buckler With his immortal Arms: once more *Patroclus* Renew'd

(*y*) *O valiant* Greek!] This Apoſtrophe of *Homer* is full of Tenderneſs and Energy. The Poet, being hurry'd away on a ſudden by his poetical Spirit, addreſſes himſelf to the dead *Patroclus*, as if he were ſtill living, and thereby makes that Hero Immortal, and treats him as a God. This Paſſage furniſh'd *Demoſthenes*, *Homer*'s great Imitator, with the Apoſtrophe reported by *Longinus*, in the XIVth Book, of which he ſo well illuſtrates the Beauty.

th'Aſ-

th'Assault, with more than mortal Force: And then *Latona*'s Son thus menac'd him:

" Retire, brave Youth! the Fates have not
" decreed, That *Troy* should fall a Victim to
" your Valour; Nor shall *Achilles*' self that
" Work accomplish, Exceeding thee in Cou-
" rage and in Strength.

He spake, and fearing to provoke his Anger, The Hero was obedient, and retir'd.

Hector mean while, (z) within the *Scæan* Gate, Stay'd in his Chariot, doubtful if to turn His warlike Horses, and renew the Fight, Or draw his Troops together, to defend The Walls of *Ilium*: midst his Doubts, *Apollo* Approach'd him, in the Shape of valiant *Asius*, His Uncle, Brother to Queen *Hecuba*, And Son of *Dymas*, who near *Sangar*'s Banks In *Phrygia* reign'd; and thus the God express'd His Anger to the Hero: " Wherefore is it
" That you retire? Can *Hector* fly with Ho-
" nour? Had I your Strength and Spirit, I
" would soon Convince you of your Fault:
" turn back your Steeds, And meet *Patroclus*,
" and wash out your Shame In his warm
" Blood; *Phœbus* perhaps designs Your Ho-
" nour in his Death should be compleat.

(z) *Within the* Scæan *Gate*, &c.] I forgot to inform the Reader, that the *Scæan* Gates were so call'd, because they were on the Left-hand of *Troy*; that is to say, Westward, towards the Sea, where the Attacks were made: for the *Greeks* and *Orientals* plac'd the East on the Right of the World, and the West on the Left. Σκαιαὶ πυλαι, &c. says *Hesychius*. This is a good Reason; those he adds are false.

Thus

Thus ſpake the God, and mingled with the Troops; Then *Hector* charg'd his Charioteer, ſtout *Cebrion*, To drive his warlike Courſers to the Field; Whilſt *Phœbus* with new Force inſpir'd his Breaſt, But ſtruck with mortal Fear the fainting *Greeks*. The Hero to *Patroclus* bent his Courſe, Regardleſs of all other Combatants: He from his Chariot on the Field alighted, And ran to meet him, ſhaking his long Spear In his Left Hand, whilſt with his Right he choſe A maſſy Stone, and flung with all his Force: Nor was it flung in vain; it fell, and ſmote *Cebrion*, a Baſtard Son of old King *Priam*, Who guided *Hector*'s Steeds, juſt on the Forehead, And cruſh'd the Bone: his Eyes outſtarting fell To Earth, and he unfortunate ſoon follow'd, Like a ſwift Diver ruſhing headlong down. Then thus *Patroclus* with a Laugh inſulted: "Alas! ſee how the *Tro-*" *jan* nimbly dives! (*a*) What pity 'tis he

(*a*) *What pity 'tis he were not near the Sea*, &c.] It is certain that old *Troy* was further from the Sea than new *Troy*, which was afterwards rebuilt. There are in *Homer* ſeveral Paſſages which prove it, as *Strabo* has obſerv'd in his XIIIth Book. The Raillery which *Patroclus* uſes here, is a Proof of it. The Antients did not fail to turn it to their Advantage; for the Aſtoniſhment of *Patroclus* is founded upon this Diſtance, which being near 40 Stadia, did not admit of there being at *Troy* profeſſed Fiſhermen, or *Divers*; ſuch ſort of People dwell only upon the Edges of the Sea, and along the Rivers. To conclude, I have ſomewhat abridg'd the Raillery in my Tranſlation, becauſe we do not love ſuch ſort of Pleaſantries, unleſs they are lively and full of Salt, which they cannot be if they are long; the Length enervates them, and drowns them, if I may ſo ſay. But that every body may make a Judgment of it, I ſhall give the whole Paſſage: *It is a*

"were

" were not near the Sea To ſhow his Tricks,
" and from ſome lofty Ship, Ev'n in a Tempeſt,
" plunge, and fiſh for Oyſters, Who can at
" Land ſuch mighty Deeds perform. *Troy* cer-
" tainly the nimbleſt Divers breeds.

Thus he, upbraiding wretched *Cebrion*, ſtood Proud of his Strength; then ran t' encounter *Hector*, Mad as a raging Lion, when he ranges Some Stall, his Courage is his Ruin, Nor turns until he meets ſome mortal Wound: He left his Chariot; then with equal Fury, O'er *Cebrion*'s lifeleſs Trunk they both engag'd. As when two Lions on a Mountain meet,

pity he is not nearer to the Sea, he wou'd furniſh good Quantities of excellent Oyſters, and the Storms would not frighten him: ſee how, to breathe himſelf, he exerciſes and plunges from the Top of his Chariot into the Plain! Who wou'd think that there were ſuch good Divers at Troy? This ſeems to me a little too long; and if this Paſſage be really *Homer*'s, I could almoſt ſwear, that he thereby intended to let us know, that a good Soldier may be an indifferent Jeſter; but I very much doubt whether this Paſſage be his. It is very likely that theſe five laſt Verſes were added by ſome of the antient Criticks, whoſe Caprices *Homer* has frequently undergone; or perhaps ſome of the *Rhapſodes*, who in reciting his Verſes, made Additions of their own, to pleaſe their Auditors. And what perſuades me of its being ſo, is, that 'tis by no means probable, that *Patroclus*, who had lately blamed *Meriones* for his little Raillery againſt *Æneas*, and told him, *That it was not by way of Raillery or Invective, they would repel the* Trojans, *but by Dint of Blows; that Counſel required Words, but War, Deeds*: it is by no means probable, I ſay, that this ſame *Patroclus* ſhou'd forget that excellent Precept, and amuſe himſelf with playing the Wagg, eſpecially in the fight of *Hector*. I am therefore of opinion, that *Patroclus* ſaid no more than this Verſe, Ωπεποι, &c. *Good Gods! what an active* Trojan *it is, and how cleverly he dives!* And that the five following are Strangers, tho' very antient.

And

And for a Deer juſt ſlain, begin the Combat,
Both hungry, both enrag'd to win the Prey:
So fought *Patroclus* and illuſtrious *Hector* For
Cebrion's Arms, and aim'd their hardy Spears
At one another's Breaſts: Firſt *Hector* ſeiz'd
On *Cebrion*'s Head, *Patroclus* on his Feet, And
both with manly Force diſpute the Prize.

Mean while the *Greeks* and *Trojans* charg'd each other With Rage redoubled, like contending Winds: As when the Eaſtern and the Southern Blaſts Meet in a Vale, and join their ſtormy Forces, To level ſome large Wood, the Beech, the Aſh, And all the lofty Monſters of the Foreſt Yield to the dreadful Shock, their Boughs and Limbs A. torn, diſrob'd, and mingled with each other, A dreadful Crack attends the wild Confuſion: With the ſame Fury both the Armies met, And both diſdain'd to fly. The Trunk of *Cebrion* Was cover'd o'er with Lances and with Arrows, Sent from the ſounding Bow; and Stones that daſh'd On the hard Armour, echoing in the Air: Stretch'd on the Plain, he lay extended wide, And with him dy'd his Skill to guide the Reins.

The Battle laſted (*b*) whilſt the Sun was climbing The middle Air, and many Heroes

(*b*) *Whilſt the Sun*, &c.] *Homer* does not content himſelf with ſetting down the Days of his Action, he likewiſe takes care to mark the Hours of its Duration. Here he ſhews, that this Day, which is the 17th from *Achilles*'s Wrath, and the 6th ſince the War recommenc'd, and which continues from the Beginning of the XIth Book, is as yet hardly above half ended, and that *Patroclus* is kill'd towards the Evening, a little before the Setting of the Sun.

fell: But when declining to the Weſt he drove, The Victory was on the *Grecian* ſide, (*c*) Nor could the Fates prevent it: then they ſeiz'd On *Cebrion*'s Body and his ſhining Arms; And ſtill *Patroclus* raging more and more, Purſu'd the Slaugther with a dreadful Shout. Three times he charg'd, and ſlew at ev'ry Charge Nine valiant Chiefs; but when like *Mars* undaunted He hatten'd to the fourth, the Gods forſook him, (*d*) And left him to his Fate; (*e*) *Apollo* croſſing The Ranks unſeen, hid in a duſty Cloud, Encounter'd him behind, and with his Hand Dealt him a Blow between the manly Shoulders, And ſtagger'd him; a Dimneſs ſeiz'd his Eyes, And from his Head his Helmet fell to Earth, And rung againſt the Ground: the triple Creſt Was ſtain'd with Blood and Duſt, (*f*) that ne'er till then Stoop'd to the Ground,

(*c*) *Nor cou'd the Fates prevent it.*] He does not content himſelf with ſaying, that the *Greeks* begin to have the Advantage; but ſtill higher to raiſe their Courage and their Glory, he ſays, they have the Advantage even againſt the Command of Fate. Brave Men compel Deſtiny to change, and declare itſelf in their Favour.

(*d*) *And left him to his Fate.*] In Pieces of Tapeſtry, or in Pictures which are roll'd up, by degrees, as they are unroll'd, the Figures and the Actions therein traced are diſcovered. Thus far we have beheld the Exploits of *Patroclus*, and now the Scene of his Death is going to preſent itſelf. This is the Idea ariſing from this Verſe.

(*e*) Apollo *croſſing*, &c.] This Fiction is founded upon this, *viz.* that *Apollo* being the ſame with the Sun, and meaſuring of Time, is ſuppos'd to bring Deſtiny, and to accompliſh its Degrees.

(*f*) *That ne'er till then ſtoop'd to the Ground.*] This Reflection of *Achilles*'s Cask ſeems to me marvellous: What an Elogium for this Hero!

but

but ſhaded the fair Front Of *Thetis'* Son, amidſt the loud Alarms. This *Jove* ordain'd ſhould now be worn by *Hector*; For in that Hour *Patroclus'* Fate drew near: His Spear ſo long, ſo firm, pointed with Braſs, Brake in his Hand; his Buckler, that o'erſhaded His manly Breaſt, fell to the Earth unlac'd: *Apollo* beat his Breaſt-plate off, and fill'd His Mind with Terrors, all his Strength went from him, And he remain'd aſtoniſh'd, without Motion. A *Trojan* Chief, *Euphorbus*, fam'd for Courage, And Strength, and Swiftneſs in the Race, and Skill To manage warlike Steeds, whoſe early Arms Already had been crown'd with good Succeſs, (g) O'er twenty Warriors in their Chariots ſlain, Eſpying his Advantage, ſmote *Patroclus* Between the Shoulders, and firſt wounded him: But was not he whom Fate ordain'd to triumph In ſuch a Hero's Fall; a Task unequal To young *Euphorbus:* therefore out he drew His Spear, unable to engage *Patroclus*, Altho' diſarm'd, and mingled with the Ranks. *Menætius'* valiant Offspring, when he ſaw Himſelf diſabled by *Apollo*'s Anger, And mighty Arm, endeavour'd to retreat, And gain the Center of his valiant Troops; *Hector* perceiv'd it, and advancing near him, Deep in his Boſom lodg'd his deadly Spear. *Patroclus* fell, and ſhook the ſounding Earth. His *Greeks* aſtoniſh'd ſtood, and mourn'd their Loſs. As

(g) *O'er twenty Warriors, &c.*] This Poet magnifies *Euphorbus*'s Valour, to do the more Honour to *Patroclus*. There was but one Hero that durſt approach him.

when a Lion ſcorch'd with Heat, and thirſty
Ranges to find ſome Spring, and there encounters A mighty Boar, waſhing his deadly Tusks,
All bloody with the Prey; they both engage,
And both diſpute Poſſeſſion of the Fountain,
Till after many Shocks the Boar is conquer'd:
So *Hector* on *Patroclus* ruſh'd, and ſlew him,
Cover'd with *Trojan* Blood; then as he fell,
Thus o'er the proſtrate Hero he inſulted.

"Vain Man! thou thought'ſt to raze the
"Walls of *Troy*, And bear to *Greece*, aboard
"your Fleet, our Youth And captive Virgins.
"Wretch! that could'ſt not know, (*b*) I
"fought to ſave them from the Day of Slav'ry,
"A Rampart to the Town. Let *Trojans* fear
"No *Grecian* Chains, whilſt I can wield my
"Lance. But now the Vulturs on thy Trunk
"ſhall feed. Unfortunate *Patroclus!* thy *Achil-*
"*les*, Cannot aſſiſt thee now, confin'd far off
"Within his Ship, who when he ſent thee
"forth To fight, thus ſpake: Do not return,
"my Friend, Till thou haſt ſlain that Enemy
"to *Greece*, And brought me *Hector*'s Arms,
"all red with Blood. Theſe were his Orders,
"which thy Vanity Led thee to undertake,
"in hopes of Conqueſt.

(*b*) *I fought to ſave them from a Day of Slavery.*] The *Greek* Expreſſion deſerves to be remark'd; *Homer* ſays, *The Day of Neceſſity*; ἦμαρ ἀναγκαῖον, that is to ſay, the Day of Slavery. The Day when one is forc'd to do what one wou'd not do, and when one is reduc'd to the laſt Servitude. Ἦμαρ ἀναγκαῖον is oppos'd to ἦμαρ ἐλεύθερον, to the Day of Liberty. *Sophocles*, *Homer*'s Imitator, took from hence ἀναγκαία τύχη, *The Fate of Neceſſity*, meaning *Servitude*.

To

To him with feeble Voice, raiſing himſelf, *Patroclus*, juſt expiring, thus reply'd: "Enjoy thy Conqueſt, *Hector!* (*i*) boaſt thy Valour! (*k*) *Jove* and *Apollo* were thy great Allies; To them thou ow'ſt the Victory; by odds I die, and they diſarm'd me e'er I fell. If twenty Mortals ſuch as thou had met me Without their Aid, they ſhou'd have kiſs'd the Duſt: *Apollo*, ſeconded by Fate, has ſlain me; *Euphorbus* too aſſiſted to deſtroy me: Thou claim'ſt but the third Honours in my Death. But hear me, and attend to what I ſay, Thou with thy boaſting haſt but a ſhort time To live. (*l*) For Fate purſues thee cloſe behind, And thou ſhalt fall by great *Achilles'* Hand.

(*i*) *Boaſt thy Valour*, &c.] This Speech is very ſtrenuous, and worthy of a Hero. *Patroclus*, vanquiſh'd, and dying, repreſents the Advantage he had over his Enemy, and the Reaſons he had to deſpiſe him.

(*k*) Jove *and* Apollo *were thy great Allies.*] He puts *Jupiter* with *Apollo*; *Jupiter* as the Author and Maſter of Deſtiny, and *Apollo* as one that executed his Orders. Wherefore he ſays lower, *The Son of* Latona, *ſeconded by my cruel Deſtiny*; that is to ſay, ſeconded by *Jupiter* himſelf, whoſe Decrees make the Deſtiny of Men.

(*l*) *For Fate purſues thee.*] *Homer* makes *Patroclus* propheſy here, becauſe he was of the Opinion with thoſe antient Philoſophers, who believ'd that the Soul, in the Moment ſhe is going to diſengage herſelf from the Incumbrances of the Body, looks with Certainty into Futurity, and ſees all things in God, to whom ſhe is going to be reunited. This was likewiſe the Sentiment of *Socrates*, who as he was going to his Death, ſaid to the *Athenians* in his Apology, *I will foretel to you what will come to paſs; for this is a Moment wherein Men have the moſt certain Views, and are moſt capable of propheſying*, &c.

Thus he: and Death in Darkneſs clos'd his Eyes. His Soul, unwilling to reſign the Flow'r Of Youth and Beauty, to the Shades retir'd.

To him, diſdaining his prophetick Words, *Hector* reply'd: "And why am I, *Patroclus!* "Doom'd by thy Sentence to a ſudden Death? "Who knows but *Hector* may once more "prevail, And great *Achilles* fall beneath his "Sword?

This ſaid, he ſet his Foot upon his Breaſt, Drew out his Spear, and left his Carcaſs breathleſs.

Then turning to *Automedon*, had ſlain The valiant Charioteer of *Thetis'* Son; But the immortal Steeds, (*m*) the noble Preſent, Made by the Gods to *Peleus* at his Nuptials, Bore him far off, and fleeted o'er the Plain.

(*m*) *The noble Preſent*, &c.] For at the Nuptials of *Thetis* and *Peleus*, all the Gods, according to Cuſtom, made Preſents to the Bridegroom; *Neptune* gave him Horſes, *Vulcan* Arms, &c.

ARGU-

Argument of the Seventeenth Book.

PATROCLUS *being ſlain, the Armies renew the Fight for his Body.* Menelaus *defends it with wonderful Bravery, and kills* Euphorbus, *who attempted to bear it off.* Hector, *at the Head of his Troops, advances againſt him.* Menelaus *retires, but ſoon after returns with* Ajax, *juſt as* Hector *had ſtript* Patroclus *of his Arms, and was preparing to ſtrike off his Head.* Hector *at their Approach retreats, and* Glaucus *accuſes him of flying. He returns into the Battle, when he had dreſſed himſelf in the Armour of* Achilles. Jupiter *obſerves him glorying in theſe Spoils, which would prove ſo fatal to him: He expreſſes his Pity on this Occaſion, and at the ſame time makes the Armour ſit eaſy upon him. The* Greeks *retire at the Approach of* Hector. Ajax *repairs this Loſs by a great Slaughter of the* Trojans, *whom he routs, and puts into diſorder.* Æneas *rallies*

the Troops, at the Inſtance of Apollo. *The Conteſt for the Body of* Patroclus *is renew'd with freſh Vigour. The Horſes of* Achilles *are advertiſed of* Patroclus's *Death. Their Grief on that Occaſion.* Jupiter's *Compaſſion for them. The Slaughter continues.* Pallas *encourages the* Grecians; *whilſt* Apollo *incites* Hector *to engage. The* Grecians *fly.* Ajax *perceiving that by the Favour of* Jupiter, *the Victory inclin'd to the* Trojans, *prevails on* Menelaus *to go in ſearch of* Antilochus, *in order to diſpatch him with the News of* Patroclus's *Death to* Achilles. Menelaus *quits the Body of* Patroclus *with Regret. He paſſes the Ranks, finds* Antilochus, *gives him his Meſſage, and in his ſtead places* Thraſymedes *at the Head of the* Pylians, *then returns to aſſiſt* Merion, *in ſaving the Body of* Patroclus. *The* Trojans *charge them with great Fury. They are ſupported by the two* Ajaces; *and in the mean time carry off the Body to their Ships.*

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Patroclus *being killd, & stript of* **Achilles's** *Armour, & both Sides ha*
ving a long time fought for his Body the **Greeks** *at length carry it off w*
the two **Ajaxes** *courageously sustain the Efforts of the* **Trojans**. B. V

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

Book XVII.

BRAVE *Menelaus*, *Atreus'* Son beheld When by the *Trojan* Arms *Patroclus* fell; Then to the foremoſt Ranks he threw himſelf, And ſtood before his Body to defend it; (*a*) As when ſome Heifer has brought forth her Young, The firſt ſhe ever bore, with watchful Care She walks around, and guards her tender Offspring, And

(*a*) *As when ſome Heifer.*] *Homer* does not here compare *Menelaus* to any violent or fierce Creature, but to a Heifer, who is ſo full of Tenderneſs, eſpecially for

with loud Lowings ſpeaks her beſt Affections: So ſtretching out his Spear and maſſy Shield, The Hero with his Arms the Trunk protected, Prepar'd to kill whoever ſhould oppoſe him; The Son of *Panthus*, when he ſaw th' Advantage, Approaching thus to *Menelaus* ſpake:

" O Son of *Atreus*, and from *Jove* deſcended!
" Great King! retire, and leave *Patroclus'* Bo-
" dy, And let me ſpoil his Arms; I was the
" firſt Of all the *Trojan* Troops, and their Al-
" lies, Who dipt a Javelin in that Warrior's
" Blood; Deprive me not of my juſt Right to
" Glory, Or I will ſtrike this Moment, and de-
" ſtroy thee.

To whom indignant *Menelaus* ſpoke:
" Gods! can ſuch Boaſting from ſuch Weak-
" neſs come? No Panther, Lion, or huge
" ſavage Boar, Whoſe Fury is ſupported by
" their Strength, Could be more confident
" than *Panthus'* Son. So boaſted *Hyperenor*,

her firſt Calf, that ſhe will never abandon it: For this Poet, as *Euſtathius* has very well obſerved, accommodating himſelf to the Occaſion, means only here to deſcribe the Affection *Menelaus* had for *Patroclus*, and the manner in which he preſented himſelf to defend his Body. And this Compariſon is ſo much the more juſt and agreeable, as *Menelaus* was a Prince full of Goodneſs and Mildneſs. He muſt have very little Senſe and Knowledge in Poetry, who thinks that this Compariſon ought to be ſuppreſſed. It is true that we ſhould not uſe it now-a-days, by reaſon of the Ideas which we have of the Creatures from which it is borrow'd; but theſe Ideas not being in *Homer's* Time, they could not hinder him from making uſe of this Compariſon.

" but

" but not long; His Strength and youthful
" Vigour ſoon forſook him, When to the
" Fight he dar'd me, and inſulted With Me-
" naces, as tho' I'd been the meaneſt Of all
" the *Grecian* Chiefs: his Skill in Racing
" Scarce ſav'd him, when I ſtretch'd him on
" the Plain: Nor do I think he e'er return'd
" to eaſe The Fears his Father and his Wife
" conceiv'd. You too ſhall follow him, if
" you preſume T' engage with me. But be
" advis'd; retire Among your Troops, and do
" not match with me, Leſt unexpected Miſ-
" chiefs ſhould o'ertake you. Fools, when the
" thing is done, are wiſe too late.

Thus he: *Euphorbus*, ſcorning his Advice, Thus anſwer'd: " Son of *Atreus!* I'll re-
" venge The Slaughter of my Brother, which
" thou boaſteſt Ev'n in my Preſence, and re-
" pay his Death, For whom my Parents mourn,
" and (*b*) his young Wife Ev'n in the Bride's
" Apartment weeps his Loſs: To Sorrow thou

(*b*) *His young Wife even in the Bride's Apartment.*] The Text adds a thing with which our Language cannot be made to agree; for *Homer* ſays, *You have made a Wife a Widow in the inmoſt Receſſes of her new Apartment:* to ſhew the Cuſtoms of the Wives of thoſe Days, who kept themſelves lock'd up in their Apartment without ſeeing any one, and never going out of it, but upon religious Occaſions: Τὸ δὲ ἔν μυχῷ θαλάμοιο νέοιο, ſays, *Euſtathius*, &c. *In the Receſſes of her new Apartment, ſhews a young marry'd Woman, and one that is withal very prudent, who diſcreetly keeps herſelf in her Apartment, without going abroad.* But I know not which would ſeem ſtrangeſt now-a-days, this Expreſſion, or theſe Manners.

" haſt turn'd the Joys (c) of *Hymen*. But I
" ſhall eaſe their Grief, when I have brought
" Thy Head a Preſent, and reſign'd thy Arms
" To gentle *Phrontis*, and to aged *Panthus*.
" 'Tis now no time to talk; (d) let Strength
" and Valour, And rough Encounter end the
" Strife between us.

He ſpake; and with his Javelin ſmote the Shield Of valiant *Menelaus*, firm and ſolid, Not yielding to the Blow; whilſt his weak Weapon Was blunted with the Force: the Hero bore The Shock; then rouzing with a Pray'r to *Jove*, Darted his Spear juſt as *Euphorbus* turn'd, Which ſtruck his Throat, and pierc'd his tender Neck Quite thro': (e) he fell, and claſhing his bright Armour, Amaz'd the *Trojan*

(c) *Of* Hymen.] This is what *Homer* means by theſe two Words, θαλάμοιο νέοιο, *of her new Apartment*. For it was the Cuſtom to make new Apartments for young marry'd Women.

(d) *Let Strength and Valour, and rough Encounter.*] When we cannot tranſlate literally, we muſt endeavour at leaſt to catch the Poet's Idea, and to give it as nobly as poſſible, without digreſſing from it. This is what I always ſtudy to do, when I cannot follow *Homer*; and this is what I believe I have done here: *Homer*, Word for Word, ſays, *But this Work (this Battle) will not be long without making a Tryal of Terror and Strength, and without being diſputed*. What is fine in the *Greek*, would not at all be ſo in our Language; I have therefore taken the Idea, and have expreſs'd it by another turn: the Learned will judge of it.

(e) *He fell.*] *Homer* does not ſtop ſo long to mourn the Death of any *Trojan* as that of *Euphorbus*; and he does it to do more Honour to *Patroclus*, becauſe it was *Euphorbus* that firſt wounded him. Beſides, he ſaid at the end of the preceding Book, that the Plume of *Achilles*'s Cask was ſoiled with Blood and Duſt; and one won'd think that he here means to

Troops:

Troops: his lovely Hair, Such as adorns the Graces, buckled up (*f*) In Gold and Silver Knots, was ſtain'd with Blood. (*g*) As when ſome tender Olive juſt exerting Its verdant Boughs, in ſome ſweet Solitude Grows by a River's ſide, till a rude Tempeſt Whirls round it, roots it from its genial Bed, And leaves it dead, extended on the Plain: Such was the Youth and Beauty of *Euphorbus*, And ſuch his Fall, whom *Menelaus* ſlew, And ſtript him of his Arms; (*h*) as when a Lion, Bred on the Mountains, on his Strength relying, Selects

comfort his Reader, that is a Favourer of the *Greeks*, by ſhewing him *Euphorbus*'s Hair ſwimming in Blood. This is a Remark of *Euſtathius*'s, which I think worthy of being quoted.

(*f*) *In Gold and Silver Knots.*] Here is a *Trojan* who uſes Gold and Silver to adorn his Hair, which made *Pliny* ſay, that he doubted whether the Women were the firſt that uſed thoſe Ornaments. *Eſt quidem apud eundem Homerum virorum crinibus aurum implexum: ideò neſcio an prior uſus à fœminis caperit.* Lib. 33. Chap. 1. He might likewiſe have ſtrengthen'd his Doubt by the Cuſtom of the *Athenians*, who put into their Hair little Graſhoppers of Gold.

(*g*) *As when ſome tender Olive.*] He compares a young handſome Soldier to an Olive rather than any other Tree, becauſe the Olive conſtantly preſerves its Beauty, and the Orientals did not think any Tree exceeded it for Beauty. Wherefore *David* promiſes as a Recompence of a good Man, Children which ſhall be round his Table like a young Olive-Tree, *Pſal.* 127. and in *Eccleſiaſticus*, Wiſdom compares herſelf to an Olive-Tree.

(*h*) *As when a Lion.*] From a Compariſon of a tender and gentle Nature, *Homer* paſſes of a ſudden to one of an impetuous and terrible Nature, and this Contraſte makes here as great a Beauty as in Painting, where Contrarieties, judiciouſly placed, are wonderful; for it may be ſaid, that in Poetry and Painting Oppoſition is all in

a Bull the Glory of the Herd, Then ſets his Teeth (*i*) deep in his brawny Neck, Drinks up his Blood, and draws his reeking Entrails Forth from his Breaſt; the Shepherds and the Dogs Surround him at a diſtance with loud Clamours, Not daring to approach: So ſtood the *Trojans* Aghaſt, nor durſt encounter *Menelaus*, Who had with eaſe and glory borne away *Euphorbus'* Arms. But jealous of his Glory, *Phœbus* incited *Hector* to engage him: And taking *Menta*'s Shape, who to the War The ſtout *Ciconians* led, he thus began: "*Hector* "in vain you follow, but can ne'er O'ertake "*Achilles'* Chariot, for his Steeds Are of im- "mortal Race, nor will ſubmit To bear the "Rein from any other Hand Than his, to "whom his Mother Goddeſs gave them. But "ſee, *Euphorbus*, a moſt valiant *Trojan*, By "*Menelaus* dies, bereft of Strength.

all. To conclude; The Exactneſs of this Image, wherein that which compares and that which is compared agrees in every part, manifeſts very plainly that when *Homer* makes any imperfect Compariſons, I mean ſuch as only agree in one ſingle Reſpect, it is not that he wants Genius or Strength to find others entirely exact, but becauſe thoſe very Compariſons which he makes, have likewiſe their Beauty, as I have elſewhere made appear.

(*i*) *Deep in his brawny Neck.*] I am very ſorry that our Language is not capable of expreſſing it in a more noble Manner; but I choſe rather to give it in vulgar Terms, than not to give it at all. For this Particularity ſhews that *Homer* very well knew the Practice of brute Beaſts. The Lion, as ſoon as he has ſeiz'd a Bull, begins with breaking his Neck, becauſe the Head of a Bull is the only Part that is to be fear'd.

He

He ſpake, and threw himſelf amidſt the Slaughter. Then *Hector* found his Soul attack'd with Grief; And rolling round his Eyes amongſt the Troops, Saw where *Euphorbus* lay, his Wound ejecting The purple Blood, and *Menelaus* buſy Unlading his bright Arms: He ſaw, but could not Suſtain the Sight; then ruſhing thro' the Ranks, Rais'd a tremendous Outcry, like the noiſe Of crackling Flames, which cannot be extinguiſh'd; *Atrides* heard his Voice and was aſtoniſh'd, Then ſighing inward to himſelf, thus ſpake:

" Unhappy *Menelaus*, to abandon Thy ſhi-
" ning Prize, and quit *Patroclus'* Body, Slain in
" my Quarrel, fighting to revenge My injur'd
" Honour. Can I be ſo baſe, And not ex-
" pect the *Grecians* ſhould upbraid me?
" But tho I ſcorn to fly, can I alone Suſtain
" the Shock of *Hector* and his Troops, Who
" ſoon will hem me in? for where he leads
" The *Trojans* follow: But my Doubts are
" Trifles, And I debate in vain; for where a
" Mortal Fights with a Hero by a God aſſiſt-
" ed, Death and Diſgrace purſue the raſh At-
" tempt, For againſt *Jove* he fights; then let
" not *Greece* Inſult me, (*k*) if from *Hector* I re-
" tire, Since *Jove* is on his ſide. (*l*) Yet
" could I hear My *Ajax'* Voice, advancing to

(*k*) *If from* Hector *I retire, ſince* Jove *is on his ſide.*] *Homer* makes *Menelaus* great even in his Flight; he orders it ſo, that this Prince does not retire from before *Hector* and all the *Trojans*, which one wou'd think a pretty juſt Reaſon for retreating; but he makes him yield to *Apollo* himſelf, who fights for his Enemy.

(*l*) *Yet cou'd I hear my* Ajax' *Voice.*] I can never be

" aſſiſt

" aſſiſt me, We two would join our Forces,
" (*m*) and in ſpite Of an oppoſing God try the
" Encounter, To ſave *Patroclus'* Body, and re-
" ſtore it To great *Achilles*; this would eaſe
" his Grief, And well atone the Slaughter of
" this Day.

Whilſt Doubts like theſe divide the Hero's Mind, The *Trojans* led by *Hector* were advanc'd; At laſt with Indignation he retreated, (*n*) And often turn'd his Head, and oft look'd back As he withdrew. So an old generous Lion, Unwilling leaves the Stall, by numbers forc'd Of Dogs and Herdſmen, arm'd with mighty Clubs, That raiſe loud Shouts and drive

tir'd with admiring *Homer's* Artfulneſs in illuſtrating the Valour and Glory of his Heroes. *Menelaus*, who ſees *Hector* and all the *Trojans* ruſhing upon him, would not retire if *Apollo* did not ſupport them; and though *Apollo* does ſupport them, he would oppoſe even *Apollo*, were *Ajax* near him. This is glorious for *Menelaus*, and yet more glorious for *Ajax*, and very ſuitable to his Character; for *Ajax* was the braveſt of the *Greeks*, next to *Achilles*.

(*m*) *And in ſpite of an oppoſing God.*] That is to ſay, not only againſt a Man animated by a God, but againſt that God himſelf. *Euſtathius* upon this makes a Remark worthy of an Archbiſhop: he ſays, that theſe Verſes of *Homer*, *Yet if I heard near me the Voice of the valiant* Ajax, &c. might come out of the Mouth of a virtuous Man, who ſeeing himſelf ready to be overcome by Temptations, and not finding himſelf ſufficiently ſtrong to reſiſt them, might cry out; *Ah! if I heard near me the Voice of a real good Man, I ſhould not only reſiſt this Temptation, but even the Devil himſelf.*

(*n*) *And often turn'd his Head.*] With what Addreſs does *Homer* ſoften this Flight, in order to excuſe *Menelaus!* That Prince yields to a whole Army, and to an Army ſtrengthen'd by *Apollo*; and yet he does not ſo yield, but that from time to time he turns his Face, as if he were ready to ſtand it out.

him

him from his Prey: Thus *Menelaus* with Regret retir'd, And piercing through the foremoſt Ranks and Troops, Look'd round, and ſearch'd the Plains for valiant *Ajax*. At length he found him to the Left, inciting His Men to ſtand the Charge, all fearful grown; For *Phœbus* with new Terrors had amus'd them: To him he ran, and thus approaching ſpake:

"My deareſt *Ajax*, let us haſte and reſcue "*Patroclus*' Body, naked as it is, Perhaps we "may convey it to *Achilles*: (*o*) For *Hector* has "already ſeiz'd his Arms.

Thus he; and *Ajax* with new Rage tranſported, Follow'd the Hero to the foremoſt Ranks: But *Hector* priding in *Patroclus*' Spoils (*p*) Dragg'd him along the Plain, and would have lopp'd

(*o*) *For* Hector *has already ſeiz'd his Arms.*] *Homer* never does any thing without Reaſon: The Antients have obſerv'd here that he cauſes the Arms of *Achilles* to fall into *Hector*'s power, to equal in ſome ſort thoſe two Heroes in the Battle wherein he is going to engage them. Without this, it might be urged that *Achilles* could not have kill'd *Hector* if his Armour had not been made by the Hand of a God, and *Hector*'s by the Hand of a Mortal; whereas they being both clad in Armour made by *Vulcan*, *Achilles*'s Victory will be compleat, and in its full Luſtre. Beſides this Reaſon, which is for Neceſſity and Probability, there is another, which is only for Ornament; which is, that thereby *Homer* prepares the Epiſode in which he will deſcribe the Fabrick of thoſe new Arms, which *Vulcan* is going to make for *Achilles*: an Epiſode which containing allegorically the Fabrick of the World, will throw into his Poem an admirable Variety.

(*p*) *Dragg'd him along the Plain.*] *Homer* labours already beforehand to leſſen in his Reader's Mind the Horror which he may conceive from the Cruelty that *Achilles* will ſoon exerciſe upon the Body of *Hector*. This Cruelty will be only the Pu-

The

The Head from off the Carcaſe, and then thrown it A Prey to Vulturs and the *Trojan* Dogs; To him thus buſy, *Ajax* with his Shield Before him borne, like a vaſt Tow'r, drew near: At his Approach the valiant Chief withdrew Amidſt the Throng, and reach'd his lofty Chariot; His Men convey'd *Patroclus'* Arms to *Troy*, The Enſigns of his Glory won that day. Then *Ajax* o'er the mangled Body ſpread His ſpacious Shield, like ſome mad Lioneſs, That guards her Whelps, when from the Foreſt ſide A Troop of Hunters ruſh to ſlay her Young; Her rolling Eyes proclaim her inward Rage, (*q*) O'er which with Anger knit, her Brows hang low'ring: So *Ajax* look'd, when hov'ring o'er *Patroclus*, Whilſt *Menelaus* with full Strength ſuſtain'd him. (*r*) And yet the ſight of the

niſhment of that which *Hector* here exerciſes upon the Body of *Patroclus*; he drags him, he is for cutting off his Head, and deſigns to leave his Body upon the Ramparts, expos'd to Dogs and Birds of Prey.

(*q*) *O'er which with Anger knit, her Brows hang low'ring*]. It is in the *Greek*, *He drops the Skin which is over his Eyebrows, and covers his Eyes with it.* It is pretended that the Lion has above his Eyebrows a Skin which lets down when he is enrag'd, as if he would not ſee the Danger. And this is what *Homer* here expreſſes, as being perfectly well inſtructed in the Cuſtoms of irrational Creatures: but this Particularity would not be over beautiful in our Language, which wants noble Words to expreſs theſe Details in a happy Manner. What I have put for it, is ſhorter, and ſays almoſt the ſame thing, and that too according to our own Manner.

(*r*) *And yet the ſight of the dead Corſe.*] This Sentiment agrees mighty well with *Menelaus*, who ſees *Patroclus* dead in his Defence, and *Homer* thereby conceals in ſome manner the too ſen-

dead

dead Corſe redoubled His Grief, and oft he turn'd to vent his Sighs.

Glaucus, mean while, the *Lycian* General, With a ſtern Aſpect thus upbraided *Hector*.

" *Hector*, thy Beauty and thy Mein are taking,
" Not ſo thy Courage; and I wonder much
" Whence thou, ſo prone to Flight, haſt gain'd
" the Name Of a moſt valiant Leader: Think
" in time How to preſerve your ſelf, your
" Town and Troops, Without our Aid; for not
" a *Lycian* Soldier Shall ever combat in de-
" fence of *Troy*, Whilſt you ungrateful thus re-
" quite our Valour. Which of our Men amidſt
" the deadly Slaughter, When in Diſtreſs, was
" e'er reliev'd by you? Inglorious *Hector!*
" meanly to abandon *Sarpedon* your Ally, your
" Friend, your Gueſt, Who when alive ſuc-
" cour'd ſo oft your Town, Your ſelf, your
" Troops; yet you permitted him To be by
" *Grecians* plunder'd, and *(s)* by Dogs Devour'd.
" Now would the *Lycians* be adviſ'd, This
" moment we would march into our Country,
" And let the Fate you merit fall on *Troy*. Had
" you that Bravery, which ſhould inſpire Thoſe
" Men, who for their Country fight, with eaſe
" We might convey *Patroclus'* Body hence
" To *Ilium*, and preſent it to old *Priam*:
" This would induce the *Greeks* to ſend us

ſible Advantage *Ajax* has over him upon that Occaſion.

(s) By Dogs devour'd.] *Glaucus* ſpeaks thus, becauſe he does not know that *Sarpedon*'s Body was carry'd off to *Troy*, and that it was ſending embalm'd into *Lycia*.

" back

" back (*t*) *Sarpedon*'s Arms and Body in ex-
" change; *Achilles*, who much lov'd him, and
" whoſe Valour And numerous Hoſt oblige the
" *Greeks* to' eſteem him, Will ſoon engage the
" Leaders to conſent: But thou, afraid and
" weak, would'ſt not encounter With valiant
" *Ajax*, nor endure the Onſet, And haſt ac-
" knowledg'd him the braver Man.

Him *Hector*, with Diſdain regarding, an-ſwer'd: " Who can with Patience to thy
" Words attend, *Glaucus*, ſo full of Inſolence
" and Fury? I once eſteem'd thee as the wiſeſt
" Leader In all the *Lycian* Army, but I find
" My Error, and with reaſon now I queſtion
" Thy Senſe and thy Diſcretion, who ſo falſly
" Haſt ſlander'd me, as if I fled from *Ajax*:
" 'Tis not the Battle nor the numerous Foe
" That can repel my Valour; but great *Jove*,
" Whoſe Counſels are above all human Wiſ-
" dom, Oft fills the moſt intrepid Heart with
" Fear, And where he gives moſt Courage,
" oft denies Succeſs. But come and ſee, if I
" have been Unactive, or deſerve thy vile Re-
" proaches, Unable to repel from dead *Patro-*
" *clus* This *Greek*, who in thy Judgment far
" exceeds me.

Thus he; then turning to the Troops, " Ye
" *Trojans!* (He cry'd) and *Lycians* and Al-
" lies, fight on, And ſignalize your Valour
" with freſh Slaughter, Whilſt I retire to' array

(*t*) Sarpedon's *Arms and Body.*] In thoſe Times they did not only uſe to exchange Priſoners, but Arms alſo.

" me

" me in the Arms Of dead *Patroclus*, who by
" this Right Hand Was ſlain amidſt the Throng
" of his own Troops.

He ſpake, and from the Field of Battel flew, To overtake his Servants, at a diſtance (*u*) Bearing *Patroclus*' Armour to the Town; But e'er they could reach *Ilium*, *Hector* came; Then ſtripping off his own, he charg'd his Men With the bright Load, and ſoon adorn'd himſelf In the immortal Arms of great *Achilles*, Which the Celeſtial Pow'rs to *Peleus* gave, And he grown old, deliver'd to his Son, Who e'er he reach'd that Age, was doom'd to loſe them.

Him glittering afar in glorious Armour When *Jove* perceiv'd, he ſhook his Head, and ſaid:

" Unhappy Prince! who doſt not ſee how
" near Death preſſes to o'ertake thee: thou,
" tranſported With Joy art clad in the immor-
" tal Arms Of *Thetis*' Son, a Terror to all War-

(*u*) *Bearing* Patroclus' *Armour to the Town.*] A Difficulty may ariſe here, and the Queſtion may be asked, why *Hector* ſent theſe Arms to *Troy*? Why did not he take them at firſt? There are three Anſwers, and I think them all plauſible. The firſt, that *Hector*, having kill'd *Patroclus*, and ſeeing the Day very far advanced, was not minded to take thoſe Arms for a Fight almoſt at an end. The ſecond, that he was impatient to ſhew to *Priam* and *Andromache* thoſe glorious Spoils. Thirdly and laſtly, he perhaps at firſt intended to hang them up in ſome Temple. *Glaucus*'s Speech makes him change his Reſolution; he runs after thoſe Arms to fight againſt *Ajax*, and to take away *Patroclus*'s Body from him. *Homer* never fails to lay hold on the tender Sentiments that any of the Subjects he treats of can furniſh him with; and this has a charming Effect in his Poetry.

" riors.

" riors. His beſt and deareſt Friend, re-
" nown'd for Goodneſs And Valour, (*w*)
" thou haſt lately ſlain, and ſpoil'd him Of all
" his Arms with Infamy to thee, Alas! moſt fa-
" tal Action! but thy Death Shall be with pre-
" ſent Glory recompens'd, Since from thy
" Limbs no more thy tender Wife, *Andromache*,
" with Pleaſure ſhall unlade Thy ſhining
" Arms, returning ſafe from Battle.

He ſpake, and with a Nod confirm'd the Promiſe. At his Command the Armour clos'd round *Hector*, (*x*) Well-fitted to his Limbs, as was his own. The Hero like the God of War appear'd, Breathing new Rage; a manly Force and Vigour Spread ſenſibly, and all his Veins enliven'd: Among the foremoſt Chiefs he ſtood environ'd, Shining afar, who took him for *Achilles*. He call'd the Leaders to a grand Aſſembly; *Meſthles* and *Glaucus*, *Therſilus* and *Medon*, *Aſteropeus*, *Hippothous*, *Diſe-*

(*w*) *Thou haſt ſlain.*] What a Funeral Elogium is this; and by whom made? By *Jupiter* himſelf.

(*x*) *Well-fitted to his Limbs as were his own.*] The Arms made for *Achilles* could not fit *Hector*. We ſee in Holy Scripture, that when *David* offer'd himſelf to fight *Goliah*, *Saul* gave that young Shepherd all his own Armour; but *David* having deſired to try whether he could walk with thoſe Arms, found that they encumber'd him, and ſo laid them aſide. 1 *Sam.* 17. Behold Nature in her perfect Simplicity! Behold Poetry too; as it diſpoſes of Divinity, ſhe has always Miracles in ſtore, and ſtill within Probability; for every thing is poſſible to God. God could fit *Saul*'s Arms to *David*'s Shape; he does not do this Miracle, in order that he might do one altogether as great; but Poetry ſeeks for the moſt ſenſible Ornaments; and *Homer* has therein perfectly well ſucceeded.

nor,

nor, With *Phorcys*, *Chromius*, and *Eunomus*, The valiant Augur: Theſe all gather'd round him. To whom the Hero thus: (*y*) " Allies " to *Troy!* Collected from the various Na- " tions round us, 'Twas not to people *Troy* " we brought you hither, Already full of Men, " but to aſſiſt us, And join our Forces to repel " the *Greeks*, And ſave the *Trojan* Dames and " Youth from Slavery. (*z*) For this our Peo- " ple furniſh your Proviſions, And recompence " your Services and Valour With Spoils pro- " portion'd to your high Deſerts. For me,

(*y*) *Allies to* Troy, *collected from the various Nations round.*] *Euſtathius* has very well explain'd the Artifice of this Speech of *Hector*'s, who indirectly anſwers all *Glaucus*'s Invectives, and humbles his Vanity. *Glaucus* had juſt ſpoke as if the *Lycians* were the only Allies of *Troy*, and *Hector* here ſpeaks of the numerous Troops of different Nations, which he expreſly deſigns, by calling them *Borderers upon his Kingdom*; thereby in ſome manner to exclude the *Lycians*, who were of a Country more remote, as if he did not vouchſafe to reckon them. He afterwards confutes what *Glaucus* ſaid, that if the *Lycians* would take his Advice, they would go their ways home; for he gives them to underſtand, that being hired Troops, they are obliged to perform their Bargain, and to fight till the War was at an end.

(*z*) *For this our People furniſh your Proviſions.*] In all Ages the Prince drew from the People wherewithal to maintain the Expences of War, and pay his Allies; and to this Uſe were apply'd Tributes and Taxes. *Ad hoc Tributa præſtamus*, ſays St. *Auſtin*, *ut propter neceſſaria militi ſtipendium præbeatur.* Lib. 22. *Contra Fauſtum.* Cap. 74. But here *Hector* does more than receive the ordinary Tributes, *he oppreſſes, he exhauſts his People*, becauſe his Enemies being the Maſters of all the adjacent Parts, he could only draw from the *Trojans* wherewithall to defray the Charges he was obliged to be at in their Defence and his own.

" my

" my Gratitude and liberal Hand Merit the
" Thanks and Praiſe of ev'ry Soldier. Do you
" perform your part, and be prepar'd To' ex-
" poſe your Lives with ours, to die or con-
" quer, (*a*) For that's the chief Condition of
" the War. Whatever Soldier in the Troops
" aſſiſts me To win *Patroclus'* Body in the
" Combat, Shall be with me a Partner in his
" Spoils, And ſhare the Glory of his Death
" with *Hector*.

He ſpake; and all the Troops with Spears e-
rect Began a furious Onſet on the *Greeks*, Ho-
ping to win the Body from brave *Ajax*: Vain
Hope to many, who in numbers fell Beneath
his Sword; as they drew near, the Hero Turn-
ing to *Menelaus*, thus began: " My deareſt
" Friend, how ſhall we ſhun the Danger, Sur-
" rounded by whole Troops? Fain I would
" ſave *Patroclus'* Body from the Dogs and
" Vulturs, Expos'd a Prey, but now (*b*) my
" greateſt Care Is to preſerve my Life and
" yours; for ſee, *Hector* with all the *Trojan*
" Troops advances, Like a black Cloud juſt
" breaking on our Heads: Then haſte, and call
" the *Grecians* to aſſiſt us.

(*a*) *For that's the chief Condition of the War.*] The true Senſe of theſe Words ἡ γὰρ πολέμου ἀριστύς, I take to be, *Such is the Bargain of War.* They who hire Troops, ought to pay and maintain them, and ſuch hired Troops ought to fight without ſparing themſelves, and to ſubmit to whatever the Neceſſity of War requires of them.

(*b*) *My greateſt Care is to preſerve my Life and yours.*] This is certainly true, that a live Man is more valuable than a dead one; and it is much better to ſave *Ajax* or *Menelaus*, than the Body of *Patroclus*.

Thus

Thus he; and *Menelaus* ſtraight obey'd, Raiſing his Voice, and rouz'd the drooping Troops.

" Ye *Greeks* and *Grecian* Leaders, and Allies,
" Companions in the Banquet to our King,
" Great *Agamemnon*, who rewards your Valour:
" Commanders of the People, whom dread
" *Jove* Truſts to your Care; (*c*) all Honour
" is from *Jove*: The Battel thickens, and the
" Noiſe rolls this way, Forbidding me to call
" the Heroes forth Each by his Name. Who
" does not ſee with Horror The Shame that
" will o'ertake us, if we ſuffer *Patroclus'* Body
" on the Walls of *Troy* To lie expos'd a Prey
" to Dogs and Vulturs?

He ſpake; and *Ajax*, Son of *Oileus* Obey'd him firſt, and for the Fight prepar'd; Valiant *Idomeneus*, and faithful *Merion*, Who bore his Arms, ſtood forth to follow *Ajax*. Who could the Numbers tell of mighty Captains, All in the Combat mix'd, to ſhare the Glory?

The *Trojans*, marching under *Hector's* Conduct, Began the Charge, and rais'd a dreadful Shout: As when two Rivers, ſwoln with Rain, encounter Juſt where they join the Sea, the Waves drive back Far into Land, the hollow

(*c*) *All Honour is from Jove.*] This I take to be the Senſe of ἐκ δὲ Διὸς τιμὴ, &c. it is God who beſtows Royalty, Command, Power: *Quoniam dominatur Excelſus in Regno Hominum, & cuicunque voluerit dabit illud*; Dan. iv. 14. Thoſe who have receiv'd from him this Sacred Character, ought therefore to employ it upon every thing that is Great and Good.

Shores reſound: With ſuch a Noiſe the *Trojans* made their Onſet, Whilſt round *Patroclus'* Trunk the *Grecians* gather'd, With equal Courage, joining Shield to Shield, Like a firm brazen Rampart: but great (*d*) *Jove* Cover'd their Helmets with a Sable Cloud: (*e*) For as he did not hate *Patroclus* living, He would not ſuffer him, when dead, to be The Food of Beaſts and Birds, and therefore rouz'd The *Grecian* Forces to attempt his Reſcue. At the firſt Shock the *Trojans* puſh'd their Foes, But not a Man was ſlain; tho' all retir'd, And left the Body, (*f*) which the Victors dragg'd Along the Plain; but ſoon the *Greeks* renew'd The Fight, for *Ajax* led them on, himſelf Companion of their Danger; who for Valour And manly Grace, except the Son of *Thetis*, All other *Greeks* excell'd: he pierc'd the Ranks, And

(*d*) Jove *cover'd their Helmets with a Sable Cloud.*] As *Jupiter* honour'd *Sarpedon's* Death by raining down a Shower of Blood, he here honours *Patroclus's* Death by drawing a dark Cloud over the Combatants; and this Cloud is nothing but the Duſt occaſion'd by the Tumult of the Battel. Thus you ſee how Poetry magnifies and embelliſhes every thing.

(*e*) *For as he did not hate* Patroclus *living.*] That is to ſay, *he loved him. Jupiter* cou'd not but love ſuch a Hero as *Patroclus*, who to approved Valour added a great deal of Goodneſs; for that is *Jupiter's* own Elogium of him. All valiant Men are not loved of God; but thoſe who to their Valour join Goodneſs, thoſe are ſuch as he loves.

(*f*) *Which the Victors dragg'd along the Plain.*] *Homer* does not add this Particularity barely for the varying of his Poem, but to prepare his Reader to ſee *Achilles* exerciſe upon *Hector* the ſame Inhumanity that a *Trojan* here acts upon *Patroclus*, and thereby to leſſen the Atrocity of the Thing.

drove

drove the *Trojans* back, who then were buſy,
Dragging *Patroclus* to their Walls in Triumph.
Hippothous, the valiant Son of *Lethus*, Faſten'd
a Cord, and drew him by the Legs Along the
Field, reſolv'd to ſhew himſelf, By ſome im-
portant Service done to *Hector*; But he was
puniſh'd for the bold Adventure, Nor could
his beſt Companions, tho' moſt willing, Bring
him Relief; for *Ajax* ruſhing in, Smote him
upon the Helmet with ſuch Force, The Cask
gave way, and thro' the deadly Wound His
Brains ruſh'd out, immix'd with purple Blood:
He fell, depriv'd of Strength, and loſt his hold
Of the dead Corſe, but tumbling lay beſide
it, Far from his native Soil, fruitful *Lariſſa*,
Not living to requite his tender Parents For
all their Care, in nouriſhing his Youth, Cut off
by cruel *Ajax* in his Prime. *Hector*, inſpir'd
with Vengeance for his Death, His Lance at
Ajax threw, who watch'd the Blow, And
ſtooping ſhunn'd it; but the Weapon, thirſting
For Blood, on *Schedius* fell, the valiant Son
Of *Iphitus*, the braveſt of the *Phocians*, (*g*)
Who reign'd in *Panope*, a wealthy City, O'er

(*g*) *Who reign'd in* Panope.] *Panope* was a ſmall Town, twenty *Stadia* from *Chæronea*, on the ſide of Mount *Parnaſſus*; and it is hard to know why *Homer* gives it the Epithet of famous, and makes it the Reſidence of *Schedius*, King of the *Phocians*, when it was but nine hundred Paces in Circuit, and had no Palace, nor Gymnaſium, nor Theatre, nor Market, nor Fountain; nothing in ſhort that ought to have been in a Town which is the Reſidence of a King. *Pauſanias* gives the Reaſons of it in his *Phocicks*; he ſays, that as *Phocis* was expoſed on that ſide to the Inroads of the *Bœotians*, *Schedius* made of *Panope* a ſort of Citadel, or Place of Arms; and as for

numerous Subjects: In the Throat it ſtruck him, And to his Shoulder pierc'd; he fell to Earth, His pond'rous Trunk and claſhing Arms reſounded.

Whilſt *Phorcys*, the ſage Son of *Phenops*, preſs'd, To reſcue the dead Body of *Hippothous*, *Ajax* inflicted a prodigious Blow, That paſs'd his Breaſt-plate and his manly Stomach, Thro' which his Entrails iſſued, and with them His Soul; he fell, and graſp'd the Earth, expiring.

By ſuch Exploits *Ajax* grew terrible To all his Foes: the foremoſt Ranks gave back, Ev'n *Hector* was amaz'd: the *Greeks* victorious, Shouted to Heaven, purſuing their Advantage, And dragg'd the Trunks of *Phorcys* and *Hippothous* Out from the Slain, and ſpoil'd them of their Arms.

That Day the *Trojans*, by their Foe repuls'd, Muſt have retir'd within their Walls for Safety, And the brave *Greeks*, by manly Force and Courage, In ſpite of *Jove*'s dread Counſels, bore away The Honour of the Field, had not *Apollo* Encourag'd brave *Æneas* to the Fight, Taking the Shape of (*h*) *Peryphas* the Herald, The Son

the Epithet, he tells us, that this Poet calls *Panopæ famous*, as he calls it in his Odyſſey, καλλίχορον, *A Place wherein are beautiful Choirs of Dancers*; becauſe the *Athenian* Women uſed to have Dancings there every Year, when they went to *Parnaſſus*, to celebrate the Feaſts of *Bacchus*, as ſhall be more at large explain'd in the 2d Book of the Odyſſey.

(*h*) Peryphas *the Herald.*] *Euſtathius* from hence conjectured, that this *Epytus* was an Herald, and that his Son *Peryphas* follow'd the ſame Profeſſion, according to the

of

of *Epytus*, a Sage grown old, Together with his Sire, yet full of Prudence And Courage: thus diſguis'd, *Apollo* ſpake: (*i*) "*Æneas*, is it "poſſible to ſave Your *Troy*, altho' great *Jove* "decrees its Ruin? I've ſeen thoſe Heroes who "have forc'd the Fates To yield to Numbers, "Strength and Fortitude, And that was their "Reliance. You, alas! Wou'd force ev'n "*Jove* to ruin you, (*k*) in ſpite Of his own "Counſels; for 'tis plain he's partial, And ra-"ther would beſtow the Victory On *Troy* than "*Greece*; whilſt you, devoid of Courage, For-"feit his Bounty, by a ſhameful Flight.

Cuſtom in thoſe Times; for antiently the Children follow'd the Trade of their Fathers, which perhaps was not a bad Cuſtom in point of Policy. The Offices of the Heralds were to regulate Sacrifices, and all other Ceremonies, to mediate Alliances, and all other Treaties; to ſummon Aſſemblies, to impoſe Silence on the People, &c.

(*i*) Æneas, *is it poſſible to ſave your* Troy?] This is one of the fineſt and ſtrongeſt Paſſages in *Homer*, and one of thoſe that have been moſt diſfigured by the Tranſlation, yet it is not obſcure; and *Apollo* therein ſpeaks with a Clearneſs and Eloquence worthy of that God. What could be imagin'd more ſtrong and more capable of animating the Troops, than to ſay to them, *I have ſeen Armies gain, by their Strength and Valour, Victories againſt the Decrees of Deſtiny itſelf; and you, to whom Deſtiny is favourable, and for whom* Jupiter *himſelf fights, you, by your Cowardice, loſe all theſe Advantages.* I do not believe that human Wit can carry it further; and 'tis theſe Touches that *Demoſthenes* ſtudy'd in *Homer*, and which he ſo well knew how to imitate.

(*k*) *In ſpite of his own Counſels.*] What *Homer* ſays here of *Jupiter*'s Orders being capable of Conſtraint, ought to be explain'd by the double Deſtiny which *Homer* has acknowledg'd, and which I have already mentioned. And there is nothing in it that is not conformable to

Struck with ſuch piercing Words, *Æneas* ſtood, Regarding well the Herald, but ſoon ſaw The God in that Diſguiſe; then fill'd with Joy, Thus he began: "O *Hector*, *Trojan* "Chiefs, And you Allies, with what Diſgrace "we ſuffer The *Greeks* to drive our Troops "along the Plain; And, conquer'd by ourſelves "and our own Fears, Retire, and ſeek our "Safety in our Walls? Juſt now a God was "ſent from *Jove*, t'aſſure me, He was propiti- "ous to the Arms of *Troy*: Only let us be wor- "thy of his Aid, And once more try the Bat- "tle, nor permit The *Grecians* undiſturb'd to "bear away *Patroclus'* mangled Body to their "Ships.

He ſpake, and forward ruſh'd before the Ranks, Advancing to the *Greeks*; the *Trojans* follow'd: And firſt *Æneas* ſmote *Leocritus*, *Arisbas'* Son, Companion of the War To *Lycomedes*, who beheld his Fall With Pity and Revenge; then threw his Spear At *Apiſaon*, Son of *Hippaſus*, In fair *Pæonia* bred, in all that Nation The moſt renown'd, except *Aſteropeus*; It pierc'd his Liver, and he tumbled dead. Struck with Compaſſion for his Death, the valiant *Aſteropeus* ruſh'd forward, to revenge

ſound Theology, which teaches that God ſometimes revokes his Decrees; witneſs King *Hezekiah*, to whom the Prophet *Iſaiah* threatens Death, and bids him *ſet his Houſe in order to prepare for it*. That pious King, by his Prayers and Tears, changes that Arreſt of Death, and obtains five Years more of Life, 2 *Kings* 20. Here then the Decrees of God are fore'd; for God, who is the Maſter of them, revokes them.

him,

him, And break the firm Battalions of the *Greeks*, Who ſtood unmov'd about *Patroclus'* Body, Joining their Shields, and lifting up their Spears. *Ajax* thro' all the Ranks his Orders gave, To keep their ground, and neither to retire, Nor to advance, (*l*) but to ſurround the Body, And foot to foot ſuſtaining their Companions, Abide the furious Onſet of the *Trojans*. What he commanded, all the *Greeks* obey'd; Then Streams of purple Blood bedew'd the Plain, And many Heroes fell on either ſide, Of *Greeks*, and *Trojans*, and Confederates: But tho' the *Greeks* ſtood firmly, and ſuſtain'd Each other, yet their Men in Numbers fell, Tho' far inferior to the *Trojan* ſide. Both fought with martial Fury, not unequal To the moſt raging Fire; a pitchy Cloud Spread round them, ſo obſcure, the Sun and Moon Were hardly ſafe, and fear'd to loſe their Beams, Whilſt round *Patroclus'* Trunk both Armies battled. In all the other Regions of the Plain, 'Twas rather skirmiſhing than real Combat; The Air was clear, no Darkneſs from the Field, Or from the Hills aroſe, but the bright Sun Darted his Beams and Glory undiſturb'd: The Troops by turns reliev'd the Combatants; Sometimes they met, and ſometimes fought at diſtance, With care avoiding one another's Darts. But where the Fight was

(*l*) *But to ſurround the Body.*] For now the only Buſineſs is to ſave the Corpſe of that Prince, and every thing ought to concur to that End. This Order of *Ajax*'s is very wiſe, and like an experienc'd Captain.

hotteſt, Noiſe and Tumult, And Darkneſs mix'd the Squadrons, undiſtinguiſh'd, And added to the Horror and the Slaughter; In which the moſt Advent'rous ſooneſt fell.

Mean while two Heroes in the open Plain, *Antilochus* and *Thraſymedes*, fought, Who had not yet receiv'd the fatal News Of brave *Patroclus*' Death, but fancy'd him Engag'd in Combat, 'midſt the thickeſt Troops; Themſelves unable to renew the Fight, By rallying their Troops, at diſtance skirmiſh'd Along the Plain, as *Neſtor* had commanded, When from the Fleet he ſent them to the Field.

But ſtill the ſharp Contention for the Body Of brave *Patroclus*, with freſh Rage continu'd: The Combatants with Duſt, and Sweat, and Blood, Their Legs, their Feet, their Eyes, and Hands disfigur'd, Renew'd the Fight; the *Greeks* to ſave the Body, The other ſide to drag it to their Walls. (*m*) As when the Curriers, in a Circle ſtanding, Stretch with main Force

(*m*) *As when the Curriers.*] A more noble Compariſon could not ſo well have expreſs'd the Action that *Homer* means to deſcribe, of ſeveral Warriors diſputing for a dead Body, and which each of them is for carrying off. The Antients have mightily commended the Clearneſs and Energy of this Image; ἐυ]ελὴς δὲ ὅσα ἡ εἰκὼν, ſays *Euſtathius*, ἐμως, &c. *Tho' this Image be low and common, yet does it not fail to ſhine for its Evidence, as the Antients have judg'd of it, for it clearly expoſes to the Sight, what it is to repreſent.* If now-a-days it does not appear ſo fine as it is, the Fault partly lies in our Conception, which can hardly deſcend to what is barely natural; and 'tis partly the Fault of our Language, which having nothing but plain Words to expreſs theſe Images borrow'd from the Arts, cannot ennoble them by the Style: Whereas *Ho-*

the

the Hide of ſome huge Bull, Beſmear'd with Fat; each tuggs his brawny Part, Then with freſh Tincture daubs th'extended Surface: So to each ſide both Armies dragg'd the Body, The *Trojans* to convey it into *Ilium*, The *Grecians* to their Ships: the Slaughter thicken'd, And Death ſhew'd all his Rage. (*n*) Not *Mars* himſelf, Delighting in the Exerciſe of War, Nor warlike *Pallas*, tho' both join'd their Fury, Could ſhew a nobler Trial of fierce Combat: Such was the hot Contention, which great *Jove* Decreed in Honour of *Patroclus*' Death.

Mean while *Achilles* in his Ships remain'd, Not knowing that his deareſt Friend was ſlain, Who at a diſtance lay near *Ilium*'s Walls. The Hero, not expecting ſuch a Loſs, Waited to ſee him with his Spoils return, And full of Glory; well he knew *Patroclus* Was not ordain'd to ſack the Walls of *Troy*: For to her Son fair *Thetis* had diſclos'd So much of *Jove*'s Decrees, but yet conceal'd, In pity to his Grief, that dire Event, That he ſhould loſe *Patroclus* in the Fight.

mer had a wonderful Advantage by his Language, which furniſhed him with figurative Words, and an admirable Harmony. It appears by this Paſſage, that in *Homer*'s Time their *Leather-Dreſſers* had that done by Men, which ours now-a-days do by Stakes, upon which the Hides are extended upon the Earth.

(*n*) *Not* Mars *himſelf* .... *nor* Pallas.] A greater Encomium cannot be given to a Fight, than to ſay that neither *Mars* nor *Pallas* cou'd find any fault with it: it may be ſaid, that this Praiſe is very exact; for nothing can equal either the Ardour, or Order of the Combatants, nor the Clearneſs in which *Homer* ſets before our Eyes all that paſſes. We do not read, but ſee it.

But ſtill with mutual Rage the *Greeks* and *Trojans* Urg'd one another on to freſh Adventures: At length a noble *Grecian* thus began: "Can we for ſhame retire, and ſeek our Ships? "Much rather let the yawning Earth devour, "and ſwallow us up quick, e'er with Diſhonour We leave the *Trojans* Maſters of the "Body, Or let them bear *Patroclus* to the "Town.

With equal Bravery a *Trojan* Chief Stood forth, and animated thus his Troops: "Here "let us die upon *Patroclus'* Body, And not a "Soldier be ſo baſe to fly.

Theſe Words inſpir'd the Troops with double Courage: The Horror and the Slaughter ſtill increas'd, Whilſt thro' th' unbounded Regions of the Air The Noiſe of claſhing Armour reach'd the Skies.

Thus whilſt they fought, at diſtance from the Plain Th' immortal Steeds of great *Achilles* ſtood, Who when they found *Patroclus* left behind, By *Hector* ſlain, whom, next their warlike Maſter, They willingly obey'd, (*o*) with flowing Tears They mourn'd his Loſs; nor could *Automedon*, Tho' oft he us'd the Rein, and oft his Hand, And ſometimes ſooth'd, and

(*o*) *With flowing Tears they mourn'd his Loſs.*] Fable gives to Beaſts all the Sentiments of Men; it makes them weep, reaſon, and ſpeak: much more had *Homer* the Liberty in his Fable to make the immortal Horſes of *Achilles* weep. This Poet animates every thing; the Heavens, the Sea, Foreſts, Javelins, Stones: every thing has Manners in his Verſes; and this renders his Poetry ſo lively, that every thing after it appears languiſhing

ſome-

ſometimes menac'd them, Prevail to drive them onward to the Fleet, Or to the Field of Battle: they unmov'd, (*p*) Stood like a Column on ſome Sepulcher, Fix'd to the Ground; they droop'd their brawny Heads; Their Maines were ſtain'd with Duſt, and from their Eyes Huge Drops of Tears fell, and bedew'd the Plain, Such was their Love and Sorrow for *Patroclus!* (*q*) Great *Jove* with pity ſaw their mournful State, Then ſhook his awful Head, and thus began:

" Unhappy Steeds! why were you made a " Preſent To *Peleus*, he of mortal Race, and " you Immortal, free from Death, and from " Decay? Was it to make you ſhare the Mi- " ſeries Of Man, than whom of all that move " and breathe, (*r*) There lives not a more " wretched helpleſs Creature? But be appeas'd,

and flat. *Virgil* has imitated this Paſſage of *Homer*, when in ſpeaking of *Pallas*'s Horſe, he ſays,

Poſt bellator equus poſitis inſignibus Æthon
It lacrymans, guttiſq; humectat grandibus ora.

(*p*) *Stood like a Column on ſome Sepulcher.*] *Homer* alludes to the Cuſtom they had in thoſe Days of putting Columns upon Tombs, on which Columns there were Chariots with two or four Horſes. This furniſh'd *Homer* with this beautiful Image, as if theſe Horſes meant to remain there, to ſerve for an Immortal Monument to *Patroclus*.

(*q*) *Great* Jove *with Pity.*] I think this is very fine, that *Homer* ſhould make *Jupiter* to be touched at the Affliction of theſe Immortal Horſes. The Poet very well comprehended that God's Goodneſs extended over every thing; not only over Men, but Beaſts.

(*r*) *There lives not a more wretched Creature.*] He muſt certainly be very wretched, ſince he makes that wretched which is not of a Nature to be ſo.

" for *Hector*'s not decreed To triumph in that
" Chariot which you draw; That Honour
" I'll refuse him: is it not Enough, that he
" has won *Achilles*' Arms, (*s*) And prides
" him in those Spoils? Let that suffice; To
" you I'll send new Strength and matchless
" Courage, That you may bear *Automedon* in
" Safety From the fierce Combat to *Achilles*'
" Tent; Since 'tis already fix'd by my Decrees,
" (*t*) The *Trojan* Troops should conquer, and
" repel The *Grecians* to their Fleet, till the
" bright Sun Descends into the Ocean's watry
" Bed, And Night with mantling Clouds o'er-
" spreads the Skies.

He spake; infusing all the Strength he promis'd them, Whilst the enliven'd Horses rais'd their Heads, Shook off the Dust, that gather'd on their Maines, (*u*) And bore the rapid

(*s*) *And prides him.*] For he did not gain these Arms in fair War, since he only kill'd *Patroclus* after *Euphorbus* had wounded him.

(*t*) *The* Trojan *Troops should conquer.*] It is worth observing with what Art and OEconomy *Homer* conducts his Fable, and brings on the Catastrophe. *Achilles* must hear of *Patroclus*'s Death; *Hector* must fall by his Hand: This cannot happen, if they still fight around the Body of *Patroclus*, under the Walls of *Ilium*. Therefore, to change the Face of Affairs, *Jupiter* is going to raise the Courage of the *Trojans*, and make them repulse and chase the *Greeks* again as far as their Fleet; this obliges *Achilles* to go forth, tho' without Arms; and thereby every thing comes to an Issue. He that translated it, I *will be still favourable to the* Greeks, was very far from perceiving the Art of the Poem, and *Homer*'s Address. 'Tis a very gross Fault, which the Sequel only might have prevented him from being guilty of.

(*u*) *And bore the rapid Chariot into Battel.*] This was against his Will; for the

Chariot

Chariot into Battle Amidſt the thickeſt Throng of *Greeks* and *Trojans*. *Automedon*, beſet with inward Grief, Gave way to Valour and impetuous Rage, And ruſh'd upon the Foe like a ſwift Hawk, Chaſing the frighted Doves; ſometimes he puſh'd The Ranks, then nimbly ſhunn'd the growing Danger: But as he was alone within the Chariot, His Arms were uſeleſs, which he could not wield At the ſame time, and guide the flowing Reins. *Alcimedon*, *Laerces'* valiant Son, Saw him at laſt, and came behind the Chariot, Then thus: "What God, "*Automedon*, inſpiring Pernicious Counſel, has "depriv'd your Mind Of all its wonted Wiſ- "dom, that alone You drive thus furiouſly "into the Battle, In great *Achilles'* Chariot? "Is it thus, You would revenge *Patroclus*, "and recover His Arms, which *Hector* now in "Triumph wears.

To him *Automedon*: "No other *Greek* In "all the Troops can boaſt an equal Art With "thee, to tame the Fury of theſe Steeds, By

Horſes ran away with him, as he himſelf will ſoon acknowledge: Theſe Horſes do of themſelves, and alone, what they were uſed to do when they bore *Achilles* to the Fight. Thus this Particularity is not added as a Raſhneſs, or Madneſs in *Automedon*. *Homer* thereby makes the Elogium of theſe Horſes, or rather that of *Achilles*, as our Troops one day made that of one of the greateſt Leaders *France* ever had: That General was juſt kill'd; the Army was in a Conſternation, ſeeing it ſelf deprived of their Leader, under whom that could not be vanquiſh'd, and not knowing what courſe to take, in ſight of the Enemy; ſtrait the Soldiers cry'd out, *Let* Pye-ball *looſe*, (this was the Name of that great Man's Horſe) *he will lead us where we ought to go*.

"Birth

" Birth immortal: None beſide *Patroclus* Was
" famous in that Art, who now lies ſlain;
" Therefore do thou aſcend into my Seat, And
" take the Reins, whilſt I on foot engage.

Thus he: *Alcimedon* obey'd his Words, And mounting the ſwift Chariot, (*w*) took the Reins; *Automedon* alighting, join'd the Combat: *Hector* beheld them, and addreſs'd himſelf To brave *Æneas* fighting by his ſide.

" *Æneas*, *Trojan* Prince, ſee where the Steeds
" Of Great *Achilles* mingle in the Battle, Un-
" der the Care of two weak Charioteers: With
" eaſe we may attempt to make them Prize:
" Then join your Force with mine, yon
" feeble *Greeks* Will ſoon retire, unable to
" reſiſt us.

Anchiſes' valiant Son obey'd his Words, Glad of th' occaſion to exert his Valour: Then both advanc'd together, with their Shields Shading their manly Shoulders: With them march'd *Chromius*, and graceful *Aretus*, both big With

(*w*) *Took the Reins.*] There was but one Driver, ſince *Alcimedon* was alone upon the Chariot; and *Automedon* was got down to fight: But in Poetry, as well as in Painting, there is often but one Moment to be taken hold of. *Hector* ſees *Alcimedon* mount the Chariot before *Automedon* was deſcended from it, and thereupon judging of their Intention, and ſeeing them both as yet upon the Chariot, he cries, *Æneas*, &c. and he calls them both *Drivers*, in mockery, becauſe he ſaw them take the Reins one after the other, and as it were ſaying, that this Chariot had two Drivers, but never a Fighter. 'Tis one ſingle Moment that makes this Image. In reading the Poets, one often falls into great Perplexities, if one does not rightly diſtinguiſh the Moment in which they ſpeak.

a vain Hope to ſlay *Automedon*, With his brave Friend, and ſeize *Achilles'* Steeds; Unhappy Youths! not deſtin'd to return, Both without Loſs; whoſe fond ambitious Hopes The Spear of ſtout *Automedon* would tame: Who having pray'd to *Jove*, perceiv'd new Strength And Vigour in his Limbs, then to his Friend And Charioteer *Alcimedon* he ſpake.

" Keep near me with the Chariot, whilſt I " fight: (x) And let me feel the glowing " Breath behind me Of the immortal Steeds: " For ſee, bold *Hector* Comes on us, reſolute, " when we are ſlain, To ſeize *Achilles'* Horſes, " mount his Chariot, And break the firm Bat- " talions of the *Greeks*, Or in this Enterprize to " meet his Death.

He added not; but to th' *Ajaces* call'd, And *Menelaüs*, " Ye renowned Leaders! " Let other Heroes with their Spears defend " *Patroclus'* Body, but do you make haſte, And " ſuccour us who live, help to ſuſtain us, " Againſt the two moſt valiant Chiefs in *Troy*, " *Æneas* and ſtout *Hector*, now advancing; " Th' Event is with the Gods, let *Jove* decide " it, But on my part no Courage ſhall be " wanting.

He ſpake, and threw his Lance, which ſmote the Shield Of *Aretus*, and pierc'd the yielding

(x) *And let me feel the glowing Breath behind.*] For he will always be at the head of thoſe Horſes, leſt *Hector* ſhould find means to get between them, and thereby make himſelf Maſter of them, by making his Companions attack him, and throwing himſelf upon *Automedon*, who alone upon that Chariot would not be able to make any great Defence.

Braſs,

Braſs, Thence near his Belt ran deep into his Belly: As when a Hunter with ſome maſſy Weapon Lays at a ſavage Bull, that tries to gore him; He wounded ſtamps, then with a dreadful Noiſe Tumbles to Earth; ſo ſtamping with the Pain, The Hero fell, and thro' the gaping Wound His Soul went out, Death clos'd his Eyes in Darkneſs. Then *Hector* at *Automedon* diſcharg'd His Spear, who ſtooping forward, ſhunn'd the Blow: The Spear far off fell quiv'ring to the Ground. Juſt as the Heroes drew their Swords to meet Each other in the Combat, both the *Ajax* Drew near, obliging *Hector* and *Æneas*, With *Chromius* to retire, and leave the Body Of *Aretus*: then with a Look like *Mars*, *Automedon* deſpoil'd him of his Arms, And priding in his Victory, thus ſpake: "Tho' far inferior thou to great "*Patroclus*, Yet in my mind I find my Grief "abate, Since I have ſent this Victim to his "Manes.

He ſpake, and laid the Armour in his Chariot, Cover'd with Blood, then mounted to his Seat With the ſtern Viſage of ſome ſavage Lion, Juſt reeking from the Slaughter of a Bull.

Mean while the Battle o'er *Patroclus*' Body Grew hotter ſtill, with Blood and dreadful Slaughter. *Minerva*, from the Skies diſpatch'd by *Jove*, Came down to rouze the Courage of the *Greeks*, Quite ſpent with long Fatigue; as, when fair (*y*) *Iris* Extends her Bow along the

(*y*) Iris *extends her Bow.*] For the Antients took theſe extraordinary Rainbows for a ſign of War or Tempeſt, in painted

painted Air, Portending War or Tempeſts to the World, Driving the Lab'rers from their wonted Task, And Cattle to the Shade; juſt ſo the Goddeſs, Hid in a livid Cloud, came down to Earth, And join'd the *Grecian* Troops; near *Menelaus* She ſtood, and thus incited him to Battle, Aſſuming *Phœnix'* Voice, and Look, and Shape.

" O Son of *Atreus!* yours will be the Shame,
" If great *Patroclus'* Body be expos'd To Dogs
" and Vulturs, at the Walls of *Troy*; There-
" fore renew the Battle, and lead on Your
" Troops to ſhed their laſt Remains of Blood.

To him *Atrides* thus: " Renown'd for Wiſ-
" dom, And ſage Experience, by Old Age
" confirm'd; Would *Pallas* with new Force
" and Strength inſpire me, And guard me from
" the Darts that ſhow'r around me, Soon I
" would try to ſave *Patroclus'* Body; For
" whom no *Greek* with Grief like mine is
" pierc'd: But *Hector*, like conſuming Flames,
" deſtroys On every ſide, and *Jove* with Glory
" crowns him.

Thus he: *Minerva*, pleas'd to hear the Hero Invoke her Deity with Pray'r before All other Gods, infus'd new Strength and Vigour Thro' all his Limbs, and gave him Confidence In War, (z) ſuch as the Fly, bold in Attacks, Untam'd and petulant, exerts; oft

like manner as Comets. *Pallas*, who deſcends from Heaven to rekindle the Combat, could not be compar'd better to any thing than to that Meteor.

(z) *Such as the Fly.*] If *Homer* had ſaid, *And inſpire*

beaten

beaten From his firm Hold, as oft he turns and faſtens, Till he has gorg'd his thirſty Throat with Blood: Such a Deſire of Slaughter and Revenge The Goddeſs gave to *Menelaus'* Soul, Who ſtraight advancing o'er *Patroclus'* Body, Aim'd his long Spear, and ſcatter'd Death around.

Among the *Trojan* Troops there ſtood a Chief, *Pydes*, *Eëtion's* Son, valiant and rich, Belov'd by *Hector*, in whoſe private Pleaſures He often ſhar'd, to whom he made his Court: Him *Menelaus*, as he turn'd from Fight, Smote near the Belt; he fell in claſhing Armour, Whilſt *Atreus'* Son dragg'd him with mighty Force To his own ſide. *Apollo* then drew near To *Hector*, in the Shape and Looks diſguis'd Of *Phanops*, Son of *Aſius*, who dwelt In fair *Abydos*, near the *Helleſpont*, Then thus; "O Prince, "will ever *Grecian* Soldier Be frighted at thy "Name, or dread thy Preſence, Who ſees "you fly from *Menelaus*? once thought None "of the braveſt Warriors; from whoſe Spear

him with the Strength of a Fly, it would have been ridiculous becauſe of the Smallneſs of the Animal: But he ſays *the Boldneſs of a Fly*, for the Fly, of all Creatures, is the moſt bold and obſtinate. There is no Meanneſs in this Compariſon: a Hero may be compar'd to a Fly, as a wiſe Man is compar'd to an Ant; for the Action, and not the Animal, ought to be conſider'd, and 'tis that renders the Compariſon noble. *Lucian*, in the Elogium he makes of the Fly, has not forgot this Paſſage. Beſides, the Fly is a Creature that Poetry can very eaſily ennoble. M. *de la Fontaine* has done ſo, by calling it *Daughter of the Air*: *Homer* has embelliſh'd divers Places of his Poem with ſeveral Compariſons all borrow'd from the Fly, and the Antients prais'd him for it.

"You

" You ſhamefully retire, and let him reſcue
" *Patroclus'* Body from amidſt your Troops;
" Already he has ſlain *Eëtion's* Son, *Podes*,
" your Friend, ev'n at the Army's head.

Theſe Words with deep Reſentment ſtung his Breaſt, He graſp'd his Arms, and to the Van advanc'd; (*a*) Then *Jove* held forth his mighty ſhining Shield, Fam'd *Ægis*, rolling round the Top of *Ida*, A pitchy Cloud, from whence he flung his Lightning, And ſent his rattling Thunder thro' the Plains, Turning the *Greeks* to flight; whilſt to the *Trojans* He bent his Aid, and crown'd them with Succeſs.

Bœotian Peneleus began the Rout, Whom, as he fac'd the Troops, *Polydamas* Smote on the Shoulder, and oblig'd to turn. *Hector* on *Leïtus*, *Alectrion's* Son, Inceſſant ruſh'd, and ſtruck him on the Hand, And forc'd him to retire; but as he try'd On every ſide to' eſcape impending Fate, Diſabled and diſmay'd, *Hector* purſuing Had ſlain him, but *Idomeneus* ſtepp'd in, And dealt a Blow on *Hector's* manly Breaſt: His Armour ſtood the Shock, but the weak Spear Broke near the Point; the *Trojans* ſhout for joy. Then *Hector* tow'rd *Idomeneus* advancing Flung his long Lance, to reach him in his Chariot; Near him it flew, but lighted on *Ceranus*, Who from the Town of *Lyctum*

(*a*) *Then* Jove *held forth his mighty ſhining Shield.*] What Poetry! and how ſhort is my Tranſlation of the Number and Harmony that *Homer* has thrown into theſe four Verſes. The Poet here ſhews very clearly that *Jupiter's Ægis* is nothing but Clouds big with Storms, Thunder, and Lightning.

came

came to *Troy*, With ſtout *Meriones*, and bore his Arms, and drove His Chariot: (*b*) *Merion* fought that day on foot, And by his Death had added to the Triumphs Of *Hector* and the *Trojans*, but *Cæranus* Came timely to his Aid, and brought his Chariot To reſcue him from Death, himſelf was ſlain By *Hector*'s Hand; between his Cheek and Ear The Spear went in, daſh'd out his ſolid Teeth, And clove his Tongue in twain; he tumbling left His Seat and dropt the Reins, which *Merion* ſtooping Took up, and mounting his high Chariot, thus Spake to *Idomeneus*: "Haſte, let us "fly To reach our Ships, for Victory has left "The *Grecian* Troops. *Idomeneus* obey'd, And fill'd with Terrors, from the Battle drove.

(*b*) Merion *fought that Day on foot.*] Of all the Paſſages of *Homer* this is the moſt knotty and obſcure. The Obſcurity proceeds from this, *viz.* After having put in the 611th Verſe, the Accuſative Κοίρανον, without a Verb to govern it, he adds a Parentheſis of five Verſes, which takes the Hiſtory higher, and which explains how this *Coiranus* came to be there, to loſe his Life. The only way to clear up this Paſſage, is to ſuppoſe the Verb ἔπασε, *wounded*, after the Accuſative Κοίρανον; the word πέζος ought to be underſtood of *Merion*, and not of *Coiranus*, for it was *Meriones* that would fight on foot, and *Coiranus* brought him his Chariot very ſeaſonably, for he ſav'd his Life by loſing his own. If one wou'd make one's ſelf merry at the perplexity of the Interpreters, one need only read their Tranſlations. *Euſtathius*, who well perceiv'd the Diſorder of this Paſſage, gives to underſtand that *Homer* affected this Obſcurity to proportion his Diction to the Diſorder and Confuſion of the Battle he ſpeaks of: but I rather believe he thought that very clear, which to us ſeems very obſcure.

Now

Now *Ajax* and the warlike *Menelaus* Perceiv'd, that *Jove* had alter'd his Decrees, Declaring for the *Trojans*; then the Son Of *Telamon* his valiant Troops beſpake.

" There's none ſo ſtupid, but with eaſe may " ſee, That *Jove* will give new Glory and " Succeſs To *Hector* and the *Trojans*; for " their Darts, Whether from weak or war- " like Hands they come, Give Wounds or " Death; (*c*) whilſt ours are thrown in vain, " And only wound the Earth: What then re- " mains? But to adviſe how we may ſave the " Body, And to our Fleet retire, to cheer our " Friends, All glad at our Return; who now " from far Behold us lab'ring againſt *Hector*'s " Valour, Expecting ev'ry Moment we ſhould " yield, And leave the Fleet a Prey to *Trojan* " Flames. Fain I would find ſome truſty " *Greek* to bear The News to great *Achilles*, " who perhaps Knows nothing yet of his *Pa-* " *troclus*' Death. (*d*) But I look round in " vain; both Men and Horſes Are hid in " Clouds and Night; O *Jove*! diſpel The " Darkneſs, and renew the Day and Light: " And if we muſt be ſlain, let the Sun ſee " it.

(*c*) *Whilſt ours are thrown in vain.*] This is common in Fear; as it takes away the Strength, ſo it hinders the Soldiers from being good Markſmen.

(*d*) *But I look round in vain.*] For they muſt not ſend the firſt Comer, but a Man that may be agreeable to *Achilles*.

Thus

Thus he; great *Jove* in pity to his Grief (*e*) Remov'd the Cloud, and clear'd the ſhining Air: The Sun returning, on the glitt'ring Troops Shed his thick Beams; then thus to *Menelaus* The Hero ſpake: "Look round you, "thro' the Ranks, If you can find *Antilochus*, "the Son Of aged *Neſtor*; let him be diſ- "patch'd (*f*) This moment to *Achilles*, to "acquaint him, That he, whom moſt he lov'd, "is ſlain in Battle.

He ſpake; the Hero took his ſage Advice, And left *Patroclus'* Body with regret: So from the Herd unwillingly retires The hungry Lion,

[(*e*) Jove *remov'd the Cloud.*] To make the Beauty of this Paſſage of *Homer* appear, I ſhall only ſet down *Longinus*'s Words, who writes thus, Chap. 9. *I ſhall not tire you if I relate a Paſſage of the ſame Poet, when he ſpeaks of Men, to ſhew you how much it was* Homer's *Cuſtom to raiſe himſelf even to the moſt heroic Sentiments, when he deſcribes the Character of a Hero. Thick Darkneſs and an obſcure Night had in a moment cover'd the* Grecian *Army, and hinder'd them from fighting; then* Ajax, *not knowing what Courſe to take, cries,* Great *Jove*, diſſipate this Obſcurity which covers the *Greeks*, &c. *This is a Sentiment truly worthy of* Ajax, *he does not pray for Life, that Prayer is too unworthy of a Hero; but becauſe in that thick Darkneſs he could not empoly his Courage to any glorious Purpoſe, and being vex'd that he muſt ſtand there with his Arms a-croſs without being able to fight, he only begs that the Day may appear, as being well aſſur'd of putting an end to it worthy of his great Heart, tho'* Jupiter *himſelf ſhould happen to oppoſe his Efforts. In effect,* Homer *in this Paſſage is like a favourable Wind which ſeconds the Ardour of the Combatants, and he is agitated with the ſame Fury*, &c. Thus you ſee how a great Critick examines Poetry, and makes the Beauties of it viſible.

(*f*) *This moment to* Achilles.] *Ajax* chuſes *Antilochus* preferably to the reſt, becauſe he was *Achilles*'s beſt Friend and Companion, and becauſe he was fitter than any body to comfort him at the ſame time that he carries him this ſorrowful News.

having

having ſpent the Night In Combat with the Ruſticks and their Dogs; Oft he exerts himſelf to win his Prey, By Hunger preſs'd, but Show'rs of Arrows flying, And Torches, which to him more dreadful ſeem Than Arrows, force him, pining with Diſdain, To fly for Refuge to the neighbouring Foreſt: Thus *Menelaus* from the Field withdrew, For much he fear'd the drooping *Greeks* would quit *Patroclus'* Body; as he turn'd, he ſpake To *Merion* and th' *Ajaces*: "Valiant Leaders, "(g) Think on *Patroclus'* Goodneſs and "ſweet Temper, (h) Admir'd by all when "living; ſee, he lies Expos'd to rude Indig-"nities; do you Save his Remains, in pity to "his Merit.

Thus he; then ranging forward threw his Eyes Along the Ranks with piercing Quickneſs, like An Eagle, among Birds the moſt diſcerning, That tho' high tow'ring in the Clouds, can ſpy, Cloſe in a thick-ſet Brake, a fearful

(g) *Think on* Patroclus' *Goodneſs and ſweet Temper.*] This is a fine Elogium of *Patroclus*; *Homer* dwells upon it on purpoſe, leſt *Achilles*'s Character ſhould be miſtook, and to ſhew by the Praiſes he beſtows here upon Goodneſs, that *Achilles*'s Character is not a Character commendable for Morality. *Achilles*'s Manners, entirely oppoſite to thoſe of *Patroclus*, are not Morally good, they are only Poetically ſo; that is to ſay, they are well mark'd, and diſcover beforehand what Reſolutions that Hero will take: As hath been at large explain'd upon *Ariſtotle*'s Poeticks.

(h) *Admir'd by all when living.*] It is in the *Greek*, *he had learnt to be Good-natur'd to all the World during his Life.* And it is pretended, that the Philoſophers took from hence the Opinion, that Virtues might be learnt as well as Sciences.

Hare,

Hare, Then ſtooping ſeizes, and devours his Prey: Thus *Menelaus*' ſparkling Eye-balls roll'd Among the *Grecian* Troops, at length he ſpy'd Old *Neſtor*'s Son, amidſt the thick Battalions, Cheering his Men, and fighting on the Left; To him approaching, thus the Hero ſpake:

" *Antilochus*, draw near and learn the News,
" Fatal to *Greece*; Would I were not to tell
" it! *Jove* has decreed the Vict'ry to the *Tro-*
" *jans*; *Patroclus* (*i*) in our Troops the braveſt
" Man, Belov'd by all the Leaders, is no more.
" Do you this moment to the Fleet repair, And
" tell *Achilles* of his fatal Loſs, That he may
" come and aid us, to retrieve His naked
" Trunk, for *Hector* has his Arms.

Thus he; *Antilochus* with Horror thrill'd At the ſad News, awhile he ſtood unmov'd With Grief; the Tears ran trickling down his Cheeks: At length, as *Menelaus* bad, prepar'd To run, and (*k*) gave *Laodocus* his Arms, Who drove his Chariot: Thro' the Field he fled, Still weeping by the way; but *Menelaus* Staid not to aid the *Pylian* Troops, oppreſs'd With numerous Foes, and (*l*) weaken'd by the Abſence

(*i*) *In our Troops the braveſt Man.*] *Patroclus* was not the valianteſt of all the *Greeks*, for he was not ſo valiant as *Ajax* or *Diomed*; but by the *Greek* Troops *Homer* here means the *Myrmidons*, the Troops of *Theſſaly*.

(*k*) *Gave* Laodocus *his Arms.*] He gives him his Arms, not that he might thereby make the more haſte, for he might have gone in his Chariot; but he leaves his Chariot and Arms, that the Enemy might not be aware of his coming, but might take *Laodocus* for him.

(*l*) *Weaken'd by the Abſence of* Antilochus.] How artful

Of

Of ſtout *Antilochus*, to fill whoſe room (*m*)
He order'd *Thraſymedes* to ſuſtain them: Himſelf returning to *Patroclus'* Body, And to both *Ajax* thus addreſs'd his Speech:

" *Antilochus* is gone to bear the News To
" great *Achilles*; but in vain we think, Tho'
" much enrag'd at *Hector*, he will come (*n*)
" Naked without his Arms into the Battle;
" Therefore let us redouble all our Strength,
" To ſave *Patroclus'* Body, and our ſelves,
" And Troops from *Hector* and the furious
" *Trojans*.

He ſpake: Without delay, the valiant Son Of *Telamon* reply'd: " No better Counſel
" Could any Leader give: Do you and *Merion* Take up the Body, I and my brave
" Brother, Advancing, will ſupport you, and
" receive The Shock of *Hector* and his firm
" Battalions: Already we have try'd it, and
" have ſtood.

Thus he: Then the two Heroes join'd their Strength, And lifted up the Trunk, and bore it off: Which when the *Trojans* ſaw, with furious Onſet They ruſh'd upon the *Greeks*,

is this, to praiſe *Antilochus* by the Miſchiefs that his Abſence is going to bring upon his Troops!

(*m*) *He order'd Thraſymedes to ſuſtain them.*] *Menelaus*, impatient to repair to *Patroclus's* Body, does here the Duty of a good General, not to leave theſe Troops without a Leader capable to make amends for him he had taken away from them.

(*n*) *Naked without his Arms.*] This is an ingenious way of making the Valour of *Achilles* appear greater; who, tho' without Arms, goes forth, contrary to the Expectation of *Ajax* and *Menelaus*.

like hungry Hounds, That, ſwifter than their Hunters, fly to' aſſault A wounded Boar, to make his Fleſh their Food: But as he turns to meet them with his Tusks, Affrighted they retire, and are diſpers'd: So ruſhing on the *Greeks*, the *Trojans* ply'd Their Spears and Swords; but when the valiant Brothers Advanc'd to meet them, all aſtoniſh'd ſtood, Pale and diſmay'd, nor durſt purſue the Charge To gain their Prize; whilſt from the Field of Battle They bore *Patroclus'* Body to the Fleet; The dreadful Rout purſu'd them in the Rear, (*o*) With ſuch Confuſion, as attends wild Flames Devouring ſome great Town, the tott'ring Houſes Sink into Ruin, whilſt the flutt'ring Winds Spread Deſolation round: Such was the Fury And Rage, with which the *Trojan* Troops and Squadrons Chas'd the retreating *Grecians* to the Fleet.

The Heroes bore the Body to the Trench: (*p*) As when two toiling Oxen draw ſome Beam, From a ſteep Mountain, thro' a rugged

(*o*) *With ſuch Confuſion as attends wild Flames.*] In proportion as the Battle and Danger increaſes, *Homer*'s Imagination grows warm, and 'tis this produces that Croud of Compariſons and Images, alone capable of ſetting before our Eyes the Objects which that Poet forms to himſelf, and which he means to repreſent.

(*p*) *As when two toiling Oxen.*] *Homer* is admirable in the Images he gives; this here is an admirable Deſcription. The *Greeks* in Confuſion, *Merion* and *Menelaus* bearing the vaſt Corps of *Patroclus*, and the two *Ajaces* who alone make the Rear-Guard, and who ſuſtain all the Efforts of the *Trojans* led on by *Hector* and *Æneas*.

Way,

Way, (*q*) Or a tall Maſt: They ſweat, and ſtrive and ſtrain Their utmoſt Strength: So theſe, with equal Labour Convey'd their Load; Whilſt the two *Ajax* ſtood The Shock of all the Troops, firm and unmov'd: As when a Mound, that runs along a Mead, Reſiſts the flushing Inlet of a Stream, And guides it in its proper Source and Channel, Not yielding to the Waves; ſo the two Heroes Repell'd the *Trojan* Force, tho' mighty *Hector* And ſtout *Æneas* ſtill purſu'd the Chace. As when a Flock of Cranes or noiſy Geeſe Gather at ſight of a devouring Hawk, Routing with cruel Rage the leſſer Birds: So preſs'd by *Hector* and *Anchiſes'* Son, The *Grecians* fled aſtoniſh'd thro' the Plain, And as they fled, along their deep Intrenchments They ſtrow'd their Arms, yet ſtill renew'd the Combat.

(*q*) *A Beam or Maſt.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves that *Homer* chuſes a Maſt and a Beam as the two moſt neceſſary things to Men; the Beam for the Support of a Houſe, and the Maſt of a Ship for Navigation and Commerce.

Argument of the Eighteenth Book.

ACHILLES *is ſeiz'd with inexpreſſible Grief at the News of* Patroclus's *Death.* Thetis *makes a Journey from the Bottom of the Sea to comfort him. She engages him to refrain the Battle till ſhe had brought him a new Sett of Armour, which ſhe was then going to intreat* Vulcan *to make for him. The Hero, unarm'd, by Order from* Juno, *preſents himſelf in full View of the* Trojans *near the Intrenchments. His Preſence diſmays the whole Army. They retire, and loſe a great many of their beſt Commanders in the Retreat. The* Myrmidons *bear off* Patroclus's *Body, which they waſh, and fill up his Wounds with Perfumes.* Vulcan *is employed in forging a new Sett of Armour for* Achilles.

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Achilles having the news of Patroclus's Death, is grievously lamenting him, is comforted by Thetis, who exhorts him not to Fight 'till she brings him New Armour. B. 18.

THE ILIAD OF *HOMER.*

Book XVIII.

WHILST *Greeks* and *Trojans* with redoubled Fury, Raging like Fire, renew'd the dreadful Combat, *Antilochus* to great *Achilles* bore The fatal News; who to his Ship confin'd, Foreboding in his anxious Mind, revolv'd The sad Event that had already happen'd; For sighing, thus he vented his deep Sorrow: "Alas! why is it "that I see the *Greeks* Retiring to their Fleet? "has Fate brought on me What my prophetick "Soul so long presag'd? My Mother *Thetis* warn'd me of the Mischief, And said,

" (a) the braveſt of my *Myrmidons* Should in
" my Life-time periſh by the *Trojans*. (b) I
" fear *Patroclus* has confirm'd thoſe Words, And
" is no more; raſh Youth! in vain I gave him
" Strict Charge, when he had ſav'd the Fleet
" from Fire, To quit the Fight, and (c) not
" engage with *Hector*.

To him thus penſive, *Neſtor*'s valiant Son *Antilochus* drew near, and told the Meſſage.
" Alas! great Son of *Peleus!* you muſt hear
" Sad Tidings; wretched I, who muſt pro-
" nounce them! (d) Your dear *Patroclus* lies
" among the Slain; This moment they are

(a) *The braveſt of my* Myrmidons *ſhould in my Life-time periſh.*] *Thetis* had made this Prediction to him, without naming the Perſon whom it threaten'd.

(b) *I fear* Patroclus *has confirm'd thoſe Words.*] The *Greeks* being routed, *Achilles* conjectures that *Patroclus* is dead; for *Patroclus* being alive, it was impoſſible for the *Trojans* to obtain ſo great an Advantage. This is a great Elogium for *Patroclus*; but there is ſomething here ſtill more worthy of Conſideration: It ought to be obſerv'd with what Art *Homer* feigns *Achilles* thus diſpoſing himſelf to hear the dreadful News of his Friend's Death; the Poet thereby prevents the terrible Conſequences which that News might have occaſion'd to ſo fierce and intractable a Temper as that of *Achilles*: ſince notwithſtanding his being prepar'd, he gives ſuch a looſe to his Grief, what might he not have done if that News had been declar'd to him at a time when he did not expect it?

(c) *And not engage with* Hector.] *Achilles* did not name *Hector* in the Orders which he gave to *Patroclus*, he only bade him *beware leſt ſome God ſhou'd deſcend*, &c. giving thereby to underſtand that no Man could of himſelf have overcome *Patroclus*, and here he judges that he who kill'd him could be no body but *Hector*, but *Hector* ſeconded by a God.

(d) *Your dear* Patroclus *lies among the Slain.*] I cannot do better in this place than tranſlate *Euſtathius*'s Re-

" fighting

" fighting for his Body, Naked he lies, for " *Hector* has his Arms.

Thus he; a Cloud of Sorrow, black and horrid, Involv'd the Hero's Soul and Face with Darkneſs. With furious Hands he

mark, for it is very excellent and ſolid. *This Speech of* Antilochus, ſays he, *ought to ſerve as a Model for the Brevity with which ſo dreadful a piece of News ought to be deliver'd; for in two Verſes it comprehends the whole Affair, the Death of* Patroclus, *the Perſon that kill'd him, the Conteſt for his Body, and his Arms, in the poſſeſſion of the Enemy. Beſides, it ſhou'd be obſerv'd that Grief has ſo crowded his Words, that in theſe two Verſes he leaves the Verb* ἀμφιμαχόνται, they fight, *without its Nominative,* the *Greeks, or* the *Trojans.* Homer *obſerves this Brevity upon all the like Occaſions. The* Greek *Tragick Poets have not always imitated this Diſcretion of* Homer's. Euripides *is he that has moſt fail'd therein, by making long Recitals upon the moſt melancholy Occaſions:* Homer *alone ought to be follow'd. In great Diſtreſſes there is nothing more ridiculous than a Meſſenger who begins a long Story and pathetick Deſcriptions; he ſpeaks without being heard, for the Perſon to whom he addreſſes himſelf, has no time to attend him; the firſt Word which diſcovers to him his Misfortune, has made him deaf to all the reſt.* Thus far the good Archbiſhop of *Theſſalonica.* It were to be wiſh'd that many of our Tragick Poets had profited by this Remark, and ſeen the Beauty and Neceſſity of *Homer*'s Briefneſs upon theſe Occaſions; for the greateſt part have committed inexcuſable Faults in this reſpect. *Homer*, by the Strength of his happy Genius, knew what was decent, or perhaps he had ſeen Models of what was truly beautiful in ſome Books of the Holy Scripture; for this Brevity is therein divinely obſerv'd, of which I ſhall give a very plain Example: The *Iſraelites* had been beaten by the *Philiſtines*; a Man who was eſcap'd from the Battle, goes to give an account of this fatal News to *Eli*, and ſays, *Fugit* Iſrael *coram* Philiſtiim, *& ruina magna facta eſt in populo; inſuper & duo filii tui mortui ſunt* Ophni *&* Phinies, *& arca Dei capta eſt.* Iſrael *is fled before the* Philiſtines, *and there hath been alſo a great Slaughter among the People; and thy two Sons alſo,* Hophni *and* Phineas *are dead, and the Ark of God is taken:* 1 Sam. iv. 17.

(e) ſtrow'd the filthy Aſhes Upon his graceful Head and purple Robe, And roll'd him in the Duſt: The Captive Maids, Whom his own Valour and his Friend's made Prize, Ran from the Tent, and mingled in his Sorrows; With mournful Groans and Cries they beat their Breaſts, And ſunk beneath the Load of preſſing Grief. *Antilochus* was Partner in their Woe, And floating in his Tears, hung on the Arms Of *Peleus'* Son, (f) leſt his Exceſs of Sorrow Should puſh him on ſome deſperate Attempt Againſt himſelf; but it burſt forth in Groans, And dreadful Outcries, full of wild Deſpair.

His Mother *Thetis*, tho' remov'd far off Deep in the low Abyſſes of the Sea, Where by old *Nereus* her great Sire ſhe ſate, Heard his Complaints, and echo'd to his Cries. The *Naids*, her Attendants, took the Signal, And gather'd round her, *Glauce*, and *Thalia*, *Cymodoce*, *Neſæa*, *Spio*, *Thoa*, The lovely *Halia*, and *Cymothoe*, *Actæa*, *Limnorea*, and *Melita*, *Amphi-*

(e) *Strow'd the filthy Aſhes.*] That is to ſay, he took the Aſhes off the Hearth. The Picture which *Homer* makes here, ſeems to me admirable: *Achilles's* Character is therein very well purſued.

(f) *Leſt his Exceſs of Sorrow ſhou'd puſh him on ſome deſperate Attempt.*] I take this to be the moſt natural Senſe that can be given to *Homer's* Verſe. *Euſtathius* gives it another Meaning, which ſeems to me to be very wide. He ſays, *Antilochus* muſt be underſtood to hold *Achilles's* Hands, to hinder him from caſting any more Aſhes upon his Head; and that *Achilles* ſigh'd for fear leſt *Hector* ſhou'd cut off *Patroclus's* Head; I think this very flat, and a certain Sign that it cannot be *Homer's* Thought: beſides, the Text is not capable of ſuch a Meaning, without ſuffering extreme Violence.

thea,

thea, *Jara*, and *Agave*, *Dato*, *Pheruſa*, *Proto*, *Dynamene*, *Callianira*, and *Dexamene*, *Amphinome*, and *Panope*, and *Doris*, *Nemertes*, and the famous *Galatea*, *Apſendes*, *Clymene*, *Callianaſſa*, *Janaſſa*, *Mira*, *Orytha*, *Janira*, And fair *Amathia*, with her flowing Hair, With others from the Ocean's Depths upriſing; Who fill'd the fair Apartment of the Goddeſs, All ſharing in her Grief, they beat their Breaſts. To whom the Goddeſs thus her Woes reveal'd: "Hear "me, ye Siſter *Naids*, whilſt I tell The ſad "Occaſion of my deep Diſtreſs. Alas! Unhappy me, a wretched Mother! I brought "a Hero forth, renown'd for Valour, (g) Who "like an Olive grew in fertile Ground, Set by "ſome careful Hand; to *Troy* I ſent him To "practiſe Arms, thence never to return, "And ſee the Palace of his Father *Peleus*. "Yet whilſt he lives, in Sorrow he conſumes "The Day, nor can I help him, tho' a Goddeſs. But I will fly, and learn the mighty "Cauſe Of his Diſtreſs, what 'tis diſturbs his "Soul, Whilſt ſafe from Battle in his Fleet "he lies.

This ſaid, ſhe left her watry Seat; the *Naids* All weeping follow'd her, the Waves gave way To let them paſs; then to the *Trojan* Shore

(g) *Who like an Olive grew.*] *Thetis* ſays here, that ſhe had the Care of her Son's Education, and this is the Duty of all Mothers. Moreover, what *Thetis* ſays here, is not contrary to the Report that *Achilles* was put into the hands of *Chiron*; for that Goddeſs does not here explain the Means ſhe made uſe of for his Education, and it appears at the end of the eleventh Book, that that Centaur had inſtructed *Achilles* in a great many things.

Swiftly they ſwam, where ſtood *Achilles'* Ship
With the *Theſſalian* Fleet, that throng'd around
him. To him amidſt his Sighs his awful Mo-
ther Appear'd, and caught him in her Arms,
then mingled Her Tears with his, and thus
at laſt began: " Why is my Son in Tears?
" What fatal Sorrow Reigns in thy Mind?
" Conceal it not from me. Thy Pray'rs to
" *Jove* were heard: At thy deſire The *Greeks*
" are by their ſtronger Foes repuls'd, Reduc'd
" to ask thy Aid in their Diſtreſs.

Thus ſhe: *Achilles* with a Sigh reply'd; " My
" deareſt Mother, *Jove* indeed has granted
" That part of my Requeſt: but what will that
" Avail my Grief, ſince my *Patroclus* lies Slain
" in the Field? dear to me as myſelf, Whom
" more than all the *Greeks* I lov'd and ho-
" nour'd. (*b*) My ſtrong, my ſhining Arms
" are *Hector*'s Prize, The Preſent of the Gods,
" to *Peleus* ſent, When they permitted you to
" fill his Arms; Tho' he a Mortal, you of
" Race Divine. Would he had choſe a Wife
" among his Equals, Whilſt you below, with
" your immortal *Naids*, Had ſported with the
" Waves; but now (*i*) embracing A Mortal,

(*b*) *My ſtrong, my ſhining Arms are* Hector's *Prize.*] The Affliction which *Achilles* ſhews that thoſe divine Arms are in the poſſeſſion of *Hector*, is well placed here, for it grounds and prepares the Conſolation which *Thetis* is going to give that Hero, by promiſing him new Arms more beautiful than the former.

(*i*) *Embracing a Mortal, in a Mortal's Grief you ſhare.*] I have expreſs'd the Senſe which is ſuſpected, for it is eaſy to ſee that in the 88th Verſe, νῦν δ' ἴνα, &c. there

" in

" in a Mortal's Grief you ſhare: And ſhall be-
" wail my Fall, who well you know Am fa-
" ted never to return from *Troy*. My Life and
" all its Commerce is become My Plague:
" nor can I bear it, till I reach The hated Soul
" of *Hector* with my Spear, And on his Head
" revenge *Patroclus*' Death.

To him his Mother, weeping, thus reply'd:
" Alas! my Son, your Grief brings on your
" Fate; For after *Hector*'s Death you ſoon
" muſt fall.

Then thus *Achilles*, groaning in his Soul:
" Let me this moment die, ſince Fate deny'd
" me The Honour to relieve my deareſt Friend.
" Far from his native Soil he fell, (*k*) in
" vain Imploring my Aſſiſtance and my Aid.
" And ſince I never ſhall reviſit *Greece*, Or
" *Peleus*' Court, nor could protect my Friend,
" and my Companions in the Battle ſlain, From
" *Hector*'s Sword, but here among the Ships
" Remain an idle Burden to the Ground, Tho'
" I am thought moſt terrible in Battle, Nor

is a Reticence, and that there is wanting, *you have marry'd a Mortal for*, &c. λείπει γὰρ ἀπὸ, κοινοῦ τὸ ἐνεκλήθης ἐυνῇ ἢ τὸ ἤχθης ἄκοίτις, &c. *Euſtathius.*

(*k*) *In vain imploring my Aſſiſtance.*] The Ancients thought there was a great deal of difficulty in this Paſſage, which they read very differently; ſee *Euſtath.* p. 1133. As for my part I think the Senſe may be explain'd in two words; ἐμεῖο δὲ δῆσεν ἀρῆς ἀλκτῆρα, γένεσθαι. Δῆσεν is for ἐδέησεν, *he begg'd, he implor'd*; and ἀρῆς is the Genitive of the word ἀρὴ, which ſignifies Death. There is a very natural Sentiment in theſe Words of *Achilles*.

‘ yield to any other Chief in Valour, (*l*) In
‘ Council far inferiour own'd to many.....
‘ Then let Contention and let Anger ceaſe,
‘ Both from the Gods and Men: tho' oft
‘ they force The wiſeſt of Mankind into Ex-
‘ ceſs, And render them implacable and fu-
‘ rious. (*m*) Revenge is ſweet as Honey to
‘ the Taſte, And gathers in the Breaſt like
‘ mantling Smoke. Me *Agamemnon* has pro-
‘ vok'd to Rage: But ſince 'tis paſt, let me
“ forget th' Affront, And ſtifle my Reſentment,
“ and ſuppreſs My Rage, which to Neceſſity
“ muſt yield. I go to find the Murd'rer of
“ my Friend, And meet that Fate which *Jove*
“ and all the Gods Have on my Head decreed:

(*l*) *In Council far inferiour own'd to many.*] There is here a manifeſt Reticence, and therefore I have added theſe Points..... *Achilles* meant to have added, *why then ſhou'd I deſire to live?* or ſomething like it; but he leaves his Diſcourſe interrupted, and paſſes to the Occaſion of his Misfortunes. This Reticence does very well here; the Ideas ought to be confounded in ſuch a Man as *Achilles*, and in ſuch a Circumſtance too. To conclude; In thoſe Heroick Times there were but two ways of gaining Eſteem, Valour in War, and Eloquence in Councils. And therefore you ſee that *Achilles*, after having juſtly attributed to himſelf the higheſt degree of Valour, adds with ſome ſort of Diſdain or Contempt, *For as for Eloquence, I leave it to others.* Which gives a pretty remarkable Stroke to that Hero's Character: a Man like *Achilles* ſhould make ſmall account of Words, and give all to Action and Valour; *nihil non arroget armis.*

(*m*) *Revenge is ſweet as Honey, and gathers in the Breaſt like Smoke.*] It appears by this Paſſage, that *Homer* perfectly well knew the Nature of Anger. It is nothing but the Fermentation of Blood, which at firſt is excited like a ſmall Vapour. But this Vapour thickens and increaſes by little and little, till it has darken'd the whole Brain, and maſters all the Faculties of the Soul.

“ not

" (*n*) not *Hercules* Himſelf, tho' dearer to
" his Father *Jove* Than all his other Sons,
" could conquer Fate; By which, and *Juno*'s
" deadly Hate, he fell: So ſhall I fall, if
" Fate has ſo decreed. Yet e'er I fall, Re-
" nown ſhall be my Share; And this Right-
" Hand ſhall force ſome *Trojan* * Dame To
" weep like me, bedewing her fair Boſom,
" And ſighing to the Winds. The Foe ſhall
" find How much my (*o*) Abſence from the
" Battle weighs; Therefore perſuade me not,
" I ſtand reſolv'd To fight, tho' you my Mo-
" ther ſhould oppoſe it.

Thus he; then *Thetis*: " (*p*) 'Tis a good
" Deſign, I own it, to (*q*) aſſiſt your droop-
" ing Friends; But how can you engage, whoſe
" Arms the *Trojans* Have won, and *Hector*

* *He ſpeak this of* Andromache.

(*n*) *Not* Hercules *himſelf.*] *Achilles*, like a Man full of Glory, and the Son of a Goddeſs, takes none but fine Models; he chuſes *Hercules*, who was the Son of *Jupiter*, and who had fill'd the Univerſe with the Noiſe of his Immortal Actions. Theſe are the Sentiments of a real Hero.

(*o*) *My Abſence.*] It is but ſeventeen Days, but that's a long while for ſuch a Man as *Achilles*, who languiſh'd for fighting: for Deſire of a thing makes a Day ſeem an Age; which gave Occaſion to the *Greek* Proverb, οἱ ποθοῦντες, &c. *Thoſe who deſire any thing, grow old in a Day.*

(*p*) *It is a good Deſign.*] A Goddeſs cannot oppoſe the doing of what is honourable and glorious; *Thetis* is here the true Pattern of a generous Mother, whoſe Son has taken to the Trade of War. She ought to conſent to every thing that may acquire him Glory; ſhe ſhou'd oppoſe nothing but his Temerity.

(*q*) *To aſſiſt your drooping Friends.*] But *Achilles* cannot ſuccour his Friend, nor ſave his Life, ſince he is dead.

" wears

" wears the ſhining Spoils, Exulting in the " Prize; but long he ſhall not Boaſt his Suc- " ceſs, for Fate is juſt behind him. Only do " you refrain till my Return; To-morrow, at " the Riſing of the Sun, I'll bring you better " Arms of *Vulcan*'s making.

Thus ſpake the Goddeſs, parting from *Achilles*; Then turning to her *Naids*, " Go, ſhe " ſaid, Down to the Seas below, to aged *Ne-* " *reus*, There tell him my Succeſs; whilſt I " repair To *Vulcan*, to intreat him, for my " Son With his own Hand to forge immortal " Armour.

She ſpake: the *Naids* plung'd into the Ocean: The Goddeſs to *Olympus* took her way.

Mean while the *Greeks*, purſu'd by valiant *Hector*, Fled to the *Helleſpont*, to reach their Ships: *Patroclus*' Body was not yet convey'd To any ſafe Retreat, remote from Danger: For *Hector*, raging like a mighty Flame, With Troops and Chariots follow'd in the Rear: Three times he ſeiz'd the Legs of dead *Patroclus*, With dreadful Shouts inciting his brave *Trojans*; As oft the warlike *Ajax* made him

It ſeems therefore more proper for the Goddeſs to have ſaid, *If it be glorious to aſſiſt one's Friends, and to ſave their Lives, it is likewiſe glorious to revenge them.* But this ſhe was cautious not to ſay; ſhe does not enter into that Spirit of Revenge with which her Son is animated; it would have been too contrary to Morality for a Goddeſs to have authoriz'd Revenge. She on the other hand endeavours to inſpire him with Sentiments more worthy of him and herſelf, by inſinuating, that it will be glorious for him to relieve the *Greeks* in the Extremity they are reduced to.

quit

quit His Hold: yet more enrag'd, ſometimes he ruſh'd Among the thickeſt Throng, and ſometimes ſtopt To call his lingring Squadrons on to Battle. As Troops of Ruſticks that ſurround a Lion, Rending his Prey, attempt in vain to drive him: So nor could both th'*Ajaces*, with joint Valour, Remove brave *Hector* from *Patroclus'* Body; And he had ſeiz'd the Prize, and bore it off, But *Iris* from *Olympus* took her flight, By *Juno* ſent, apart from all the Gods, And *Jove* himſelf; ſhe to *Achilles* came, Then thus: "Ariſe, O moſt renown'd in "War, Great Son of *Peleus*, and relieve *Pa-* "*troclus*; For him the Armies combat near "the Fleet, The *Greeks* to ſave his Body, and "the *Trojans* To drag him into *Ilium*: *Hector* "leads them, Hoping to ſmite his Head from "his fair Trunk, And fix it on the lofty "Tow'rs of *Troy*. Then riſe, nor ſhamefully "behold your Friend Eaten by Dogs; the In-"famy is yours.

To whom *Achilles*: "(*r*) Which of all "the Gods, O *Iris*, has diſpatch'd you on this "Meſſage?

Then *Iris*: "*Juno* ſent me, Wife of *Jove*; "Nor he, nor any of the Gods beſide, Are "conſcious to this Embaſſy. Then thus The Son of *Peleus* anſwer'd: "How can I Engage

(*r*) *Which of all the Gods has ſent you?*] *Achilles* is amazed, that a Moment after the Goddeſs his Mother had forbid him fighting, he ſhould receive a contrary Order from the Gods; therefore he asks what God ſent her.

"in

" in Fight, (s) ſince *Hector* has my Arms?
" *Thetis* forbad me to begin the Combat Till
" her Return, who now at high *Olympus* Sol-
" licits *Vulcan* to ſupply my Loſs With Ar-
" mour of his making. (t) There's no *Greek*
" In all the Troops, except the valiant Son Of
" *Telamon*, whoſe Arms will fit my Limbs:
" And he, as I believe, is now engag'd In the
" firſt Ranks, to reſcue dead *Patroclus*.

Thus he; thus lovely *Iris* ſoon reply'd:
" We know your Arms are by the *Trojans*
" ſeiz'd; But, naked as you are, march to the
" Field, And (u) near the high Intrench-

(s) *Since* Hector *has my Arms.*] There are here two Reaſons which make againſt *Achilles*'s going to Battle. The firſt, that it is Foolhardineſs to go naked againſt arm'd Men, and againſt *Hector*, who has Divine Armour; and the ſecond, that *Thetis* required of him to ſtay till ſhe return'd. If *Patroclus* fared ſo ill for having diſobey'd *Achilles*'s Orders, what will not befall *Achilles*, if he diſobeys *Thetis*'s Orders? But can ſuch an impetuous Temper as that of *Achilles* contain itſelf in ſo exact a Decorum? We ſhall preſently ſee what Means *Homer* finds for this.

(t) *There is no* Greek *whoſe Arms will fit my Limbs.*] It is here objected againſt *Homer*, that ſince *Patroclus* took *Achilles*'s Armour, *Achilles* might have taken *Patroclus*'s; but, beſides that *Patroclus* might have given his Armour to his Squire *Automedon*, the better to deceive the *Trojans*, by making them take *Automedon* for *Patroclus*, as they took *Patroclus* for *Achilles*; this Objection may be likewiſe very ſolidly anſwer'd, by ſaying, that *Homer* has prevented it, ſince he made *Achilles*'s Armour fit *Patroclus*'s Body not without a Miracle, which the Gods wrought in his favour. Furthermore, it does not follow, that becauſe the Armour of a large Man fits one that is ſmaller, the Armour of a little Man ſhould fit one that is larger.

(u) *Near the high Intrenchments ſhew yourſelf.*] A Hero ſo violent and ſo outrageous,

" ments

" ments ſhow yourſelf: Perhaps the *Trojans*,
" frighted at your Preſence, May leave their
" Prize, the *Greeks* renew their Courage; At
" leaſt you'll give ſome Reſpite to the Com-
" bat.

This ſaid, the nimble *Iris* ſoon withdrew: *Achilles* roſe, and round his manly Shoulders (*w*) *Minerva* threw her Shield, her painted *Ægis*, And with a ſhining Cloud adorn'd his Head, That ſparkled Flames: as (*x*) when the curling Smoke Aſcends the Skies, from

as *Achilles*, and who has juſt loſt the Man he loved beſt in the World, is not likely to refuſe ſhewing himſelf to the Enemy, for the ſingle Reaſon of having no Armour. Grief and Deſpair, in a great Soul, are not ſo prudent and reſerv'd: but then on the other ſide, he is not to throw himſelf in the midſt of ſo many Enemies arm'd, and flush'd with Victory. *Homer* gets out of this nice Circumſtance with great Dexterity, and gives to *Achilles*'s Character every thing he ought to give it, without offending either Reaſon or Probability. He feigns, with reaſon, that it was *Juno* that ſent this Order to *Achilles*; for *Juno* is ſhe who has the Care of Princes and Kings; 'tis ſhe who inſpires them with what they owe to their Dignity and Character.

(*w*) Minerva *threw her Ægis.*] 'Tis impoſſible to imagine ſublimer Poetry. *Homer*, in ſpeaking of *Diomed* arm'd, compar'd him to the Dog-ſtar; but here, in ſpeaking of *Achilles* unarm'd, the Poet outdoes himſelf: it is *Pallas*, who herſelf compoſes a marvellous Armour for *Achilles*. That Hero, all glittering with Fire, is cover'd with the Immortal *Ægis*, and with a Cloud of Gold; ſo that *Homer* thereby has the Secret of making a God of him, and repreſenting him in ſome manner like *Jupiter* himſelf, who bears the *Ægis*, gathers the Clouds, and darts the Lightning; for the three Names of *Jupiter* are Αιγίοχος, Νεφελησερέτης, and Ασεροπέτης.

(*x*) *The curling Smoke.*] For Fires in the Day-time appear nothing but Smoke, and in the Night-time Flames are viſible, becauſe of the Darkneſs. And thus it is ſaid in *Exodus*, *That God led his People in the Day-time with a Pillar of Smoke, and in the*

ſome

ſome large (*y*) Iſland Town Beſieg'd by Foes, that had conſum'd the Day In dreadful Combat, when the Night comes on, The Watch-Tow'rs hang their flaming Signals out, To call the neighbouring Forces to their Succour: So from *Achilles'* Head the Fire aſcended, When near the high Intrenchment he appear'd, Not mingling with the *Greeks*; for much he fear'd To diſobey his Mother: but he call'd With a loud Voice, and (*z*) *Pallas* join'd her Outcries, Filling the *Trojan* Troops with Dread and Tumult: So the (*a*) ſhrill Trumpet pours a dreadful Echo, And animates the Soldiers to the Charge;

Night-time with a Pillar of Fire. Per Diem in Columna Nubis, & per Noctem in Columna Ignis.

(*y*) *An Iſland-Town.*] *Homer* here makes choice of a Town placed in an Iſland, becauſe ſuch a Place being beſieg'd, has no other means of making its Diſtreſs known, than by Signals of Fire; whereas a Town upon the *Terra-firma* has other Means to make known to its Neighbours the Neceſſity it is in.

(*z*) Pallas *join'd her Outcries.*] It was neither natural nor probable, that the ſole Voice of *Achilles* ſhould ſcare the *Trojans*, and put them to flight; therefore *Homer* joins *Pallas*'s Voice to his: as much as to ſay, that God, upon that Occaſion, render'd *Achilles*'s Voice much ſtronger than it naturally was; or rather he gives to *Pallas* the Outcry made by the whole *Grecian* Army, when they ſaw *Achilles*.

(*a*) *So the ſhrill Trumpet pours a dreadful Sound.*] I have already obſerved, that when the Poet ſpeaks as from himſelf, he may be allow'd to take his Compariſons from things which were not known before his Time. Here he borrows a Compariſon from the Trumpet, as he has elſewhere done from Saddle-Horſes, tho' neither the one nor the other were uſed in *Greece* at the time of the *Trojan* War. *Virgil* was leſs exact in this reſpect; for ſpeaking of the Sacking of *Troy*, he ſays,

Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.

On a ſudden are heard the Cries of Men, and the Sound of

Such

Such was the Voice of *Peleus'* valiant Son. The *Trojans* were aſtoniſh'd, and their Courage Abated as the Sound; their frighted Steeds, (*b*) Foreboding Danger, turn'd, and bore their Chariots Back towards *Troy*, nor could the Charioteers Manage the Reins; themſelves with equal Horror Beheld the Flame that from *Achilles'* Creſt Shone terribly, illumin'd by *Minerva*. Three times from the high Rampart *Peleus'* Son Utter'd his Voice; three times the trembling Squadrons Gave back, and in confuſion ſpread the Plain. Twelve of their Chiefs, amidſt the dire Confuſion, Were overturn'd, and dy'd between the Wheels Of their own Chariots, or untimely ruſh'd On their own Arms. Mean while the *Grecian* Troops, Amidſt the ſhowring Arrows ſav'd the Body Of dead *Patroclus*, bore him from the Field, And laid him on a Bed; around his Friends Stood weeping, and *Achilles* with the reſt Mingled his Tears, renewing his Diſtreſs At ſight of him he lov'd, whom late he ſent In warlike manner with his Arms and Chariot Forth to the Field, in worſe Array returning.

Trumpets. As *Virgil* wrote at a time more remote from thoſe Heroick Ages, perhaps this Liberty may be excuſed. But I am of opinion, a Poet had better confine himſelf to Cuſtoms and Manners, like Painters; and that it is equally a Fault in either of them to aſcribe to Times and Nations any thing that they were unacquainted with.

(*b*) *Foreboding Danger.*] *Homer* here gives to the Horſes of the *Trojans* a kind of Underſtanding and Forefeeling.

And

And now, by *Juno*'s dread Command, (*c*) the Sun Unwillingly deſcended to the Ocean; As he withdrew, the *Greeks* gave o'er the Combat; The *Trojans* too retir'd, and freed their Steeds From the ſtiff Rein: then all the warlike Leaders, Deferring their Repaſt, to a grand Council Aſſembled in Confuſion; deadly Terrors Had ſeiz'd their Minds; *Achilles*, by his Preſence, So long retiring, and ſo ſoon return'd, Fill'd them with Fear; not one of all the Chiefs Offer'd to ſit. Then the ſage Son of *Pantheus*, *Polydamas*, whoſe Mind with prying Inſight Things paſt and future ſaw, who long had follow'd *Hector* in Arms, they two of equal Age, One common Birth-day ſhar'd, but *Hector* was Moſt fam'd for War, *Polydamas* for Council; Thus to the *Trojan* Chiefs addreſs'd his Speech:

" In free Debate what Meaſures to purſue,
" Is all our preſent Care; (*d*) For me, I judge
" No other way ſo ſafe, as to draw off Into
" the Town, and not expect the Morning
" Here in the Plains, nor ſtay ſo near the

(*c*) *The Sun unwillingly deſcended to the Ocean.*] This therefore is the Night of the ſeventeenth Day ſince *Achilles*'s Anger, and of the ſixth ſince the Battles recommenced. This Day is well filled, for it begins with the eleventh Book, and takes up thoſe ſeven laſt Books, and one half of this.

(*d*) *For me I judge it ſafe to draw off.*] This Advice of *Polydamas* was very prudent; *Homer* therein makes appear the Wiſdom of a great General. Therefore *Alexander* the Great uſed to ſay, he learnt his Trade in the Works of this Poet.

" Fleet,

" Fleet, (e) Far from our Walls: when *Pe-*
" *leus'* Son enrag'd At *Agamemnon*, from the
" Fight withdrew, 'Twas not ſo hard a Task
" to beat the *Grecians*; Then willingly I ſhould
" have paſs'd this Night Incamping near the
" Fleet, which might next Day Surrender to
" our Arms: but now the Sight Of great *A-*
" *chilles* fills my Soul with Terror. So vio-
" lent he is, he will not bear To be reſtrain'd
" within theſe Plains, ſo lately The Field of
" Battle, where both *Greeks* and *Trojans* Try'd
" one another's Strength, and ſhar'd the Slaugh-
" ter; But will attempt our Walls, and me-
" nace Slav'ry To all our *Trojan* Dames.
" Then let us haſte, By my Advice, and lodge
" our weary Troops Behind the Ramparts, and
" the Walls of *Troy*. The (f) Night has
" forc'd *Achilles* to retire, And to defer his
" Rage; but with the Morning He'll ſoon re-
" turn in Arms, and if he finds us Incamping,
" make (g) ſome *Trojan* feel his Preſence.
" Happy are thoſe who then can fly to *Ilium*,
" When Numbers ſhall be left a Prey to Dogs
" And Vulturs; let the Gods avert that Evil,
" And may I never hear ſuch deadly Tidings.

(e) *Far from our Walls.*] Here is another Paſſage which clearly proves, that old *Troy* was a great deal farther from the Sea than new *Troy*.

(f) *The Night has forc'd* Achilles *to retire.*] In thoſe Times they did not uſe to attack Places, or fight Battles in the Night.

(g) *Make ſome* Trojan.] By this *ſome body* he means *Hector*, who will be ſlain by *Achilles*. *Polydamas* is not willing to give a more plain Deſcription of him, for fear it might prejudice his Deſign.

" But

" But if we take the Counsel I have given,
" Tho' much dismay'd, we may in Safety pass
" The Night, and fortify the Gates and Walls
" With Barriers firmly join'd, place all our
" Guards, And man our Tow'rs; that with
" the Morning-Light, All ready for a vigorous
" Defence, We may expect the *Greeks*; then
" if *Achilles* Should issue to attack us, he may
" find His Measures fail, and with Regret re-
" turn Back to his Ships, when he has tir'd him-
" self, And his immortal Steeds, in coursing
" round Our Walls; for valiant tho' he is
" and warlike, He shall not force our Walls,
" nor ravage *Troy*, But sooner leave his Car-
" case for our Dogs.

Thus he: thus *Hector*, with a furious Look, Regarding him, reply'd: " *Polydamas*, When
" you advise us to return to *Troy*, Your Coun-
" sel ill agrees with *Hector*'s Soul. Have not
" our Troops been Pris'ners long enough In
" our own Tow'rs? Once we could boast of
" *Troy*, Renown'd for Wealth; but now her
" richest Spoils (*b*) To *Phrygia* and *Mæonia*
" are convey'd, Since *Jove* pursues us with
" consuming Anger. Yet he, whose Counsels
" Mortals cannot fathom, To-day has crown'd

(*b*) *To* Phrygia *and* Mæonia *are convey'd.*] As well by reason of the Convoys which were necessary to be sent for with ready Mony, as by reason of the great Allowances which were to be given to the Auxiliary Troops, who came from those Countries. *Hector*'s Meaning is, that since all the Riches of *Troy* are perish'd, it is no longer necessary to spare themselves, or shut themselves up within their Walls.

" me

" me with Succeſs and Glory; Then whilſt
" the *Greeks*, block'd up within their Ships,
" Are fled, why are theſe vain imprudent Words
" Wildly diſpers'd among victorious Troops,
" Diſdaining ſuch Advice, which I oppoſe?
" Therefore attend my Orders: let the Men
" Refreſh themſelves, then place the uſual
" Guard, And all the Night continue under
" Arms. (*i*) If any for their Treaſure are a-
" fraid, Let them produce it, (*k*) for the
" Troops to ſhare, Rather than leave it to the
" *Greeks* a Prey. When the bright Morning
" ſhall reſtore the Day, We'll march, and pour
" our Fury on the Fleet; And (*l*) if *Achilles* is
" indeed reſolv'd Once more to fight, the Dan-
" ger ſhall be his; For I'll not ſhun, but meet
" him in the Combat, And try if *Mars*, (*m*) who
" often tames the Victor, Will yield the Con-
" queſt to his Sword, or mine.

(*i*) *If any for their Treaſures are afraid.*] *Hector* ſays this with an Eye to *Polydamas*, as accuſing him of being rich, and of not opening the Advice he had given, for any other end than to preſerve his great Wealth: for Riches commonly make Men Cowards; and the Deſire of ſaving them has often occaſion'd Men to give Advice very contrary to the Publick Welfare.

(*k*) *For the Troops to ſhare.*] He adds this maliciouſly, as it were to irritate the Troops, and put them upon pillaging *Polydamas*'s Treaſure.

(*l*) *If* Achilles *is indeed reſolv'd.*] *Hector* is not willing to believe that it was *Achilles* who appear'd on the Edge of the Ditch; for he is loth that his Enemy alone, and unarm'd, ſhould have the Glory of making the *Trojans* fly.

(*m*) *Who often tames the Victor.*] All this is true, and *Hector* ſpeaks better than he thought to do; 'twas he who had juſt before been Conqueror, and he is going to be conquer'd and ſlain.

Thus

Thus he; the *Trojans* all applaud his Sentence: Raſh *Trojans!* blinded by *Minerva*'s Arts, Not to diſcern their Good; whilſt all gave ear To *Hector*'s moſt pernicious Words, (o) but ſlighted The ſage Advice of wiſe *Polydamas*.

Whilſt with Repaſt the *Trojans* cheer'd their Men, (p) The *Greeks* conſum'd the Night in Tears and Sighs, All mourning round the Body of *Patroclus*. *Achilles* join'd their Sorrows, in his Arms Embracing the cold Boſom of his Friend: As when a grieſly Lioneſs returns From ranging in the Foreſt for her Prey, And finds her Whelps deſtroy'd by ſome bold Hunter; Raging with Grief, ſhe ſearches up and down To trace her Foe, and fills the Vale with Cries: So mourn'd *Achilles*, raging with Revenge, And vented thus his Woe amidſt his Troops.

(o) *But ſlighted the ſage Advice of wiſe* Polydamas.] *Homer* here very well deſcribes the Blindneſs of Men; the moſt pernicious Counſels often ſeem to them to be the beſt. Whence proceeds this? He gives you the Reaſon; it is becauſe God deprives them of their Underſtanding, and delivers them over to a Spirit of Stupidity.

(p) *The* Greeks *conſum'd the Night in Tears.*] The Epick Poem ought to inform its Readers not only what paſſes in the Day-time, but likewiſe whatever happens in the Night; for the Night is likewiſe compriſed in the Time which that Poem takes up, and contributes no leſs than the Day towards the compleating of the Action. *Homer* wonderfully well teaches this Practice; the Nights in this ſort of Poetry, are like the Intervals between the Acts in the Dramatick kind. The Spectator muſt be inſtructed in whatever happens in thoſe Intervals, otherwiſe the Poem is imperfect.

" Ye Gods! with what vain Hopes and
" Promiſes I fed *Menætius*, my *Patroclus'* Sire,
" When to the War I led him, and engag'd
" He ſhould return in ſafety to *Opunta*, Laden
" with Spoils? but *Jove* with his Decrees
" Thwarts the Deſires of Man; Relentleſs
" Fate Ordains we two ſhould mingle our
" rich Blood With *Trojan* Streams, nor ſhall
" my Mother *Thetis*, Nor *Peleus* e'er receive
" me to his Palace, But hoſtile Earth conceal
" me in its Womb. Yet ſince, my dear *Pa-*
" *troclus!* I ſurvive thee, Here I engage not
" to perform the Rites To thy lov'd *Manes*,
" till the Head of *Hector*, (*q*) The dreadful
" Hero, who in Battle ſlew thee, With all
" his Arms, is laid upon thy Tomb: Twelve
" of the nobleſt Youths of *Trojan* Race By my
" right Hand ſhall fall a Sacrifice To my Re-
" venge, and to *Patroclus'* Shade; Till then,
" thy Body on the Bed extended Shall lie in
" State aboard the Fleet, and there My *Trojan*
" Captives, Spoils of bloody War, (*r*) From
" wealthy Cities brought, both Night and Day
" Shall wait, and bathe thee conſtantly with
" Tears.

Thus ſpoke great *Thetis'* Son; and gave Command To his Attendants to prepare the Water,

(*q*) *The dreadful Hero.*] He calls *Hector* a Hero, and this Commendation is well placed here, for it falls back upon *Patroclus* and *Achilles* too.

(*r*) *From wealthy Cities.*] He calls theſe Cities wealthy, thereby to heighten his Exploits; for the richer a Town is, the better it is defended: and at the ſame time *Homer* gives us to underſtand that the Wealth of a Town is often the Cauſe of its Ruin, for it is the Bait which allures the Enemy.

And waſh the Body of his ſlaughter'd Friend,
Ghaſtly with Duſt, and cover'd o'er with Blood.
Nor were th' Attendants in Obedience ſlow,
(*s*) But plac'd the Veſſel o'er the furious
Flames: Vex'd with impetuous Heat the Water
roſe, Hiſs'd on the Fire, and bubbled o'er the
Brim: Then o'er his Limbs they pour'd the
ſmoking Stream, Infuſing odoriferous Perfumes
And coſtly Ointments in his gaping Wounds;
Then laid him on a Bed of State, array'd In
Robes of curious Art, and o'er the Robes A
Veil extended exquiſitely wrought, Which
vy'd in Whiteneſs with the fleecy Snow. The
Myrmidons watch'd o'er him all the Night,
Sharing the Tears and Sorrow of *Achilles*.

Mean while to *Juno* thus, his Wife and Siſter,
Jove ſpake with Indignation: "Well I ſee
"Your Arts have won *Achilles* to the Combat:
"The *Greeks* are all your Fav'rites and (*t*) your
"Sons.

Stung with theſe Words, the Goddeſs thus
reply'd: "Why is it you reproach me, Son
"of *Saturn*? What I have done, the meaneſt

(*s*) *But plac'd the Veſſel.*] The Antients obſerv'd to us in theſe ten or twelve Verſes the Art of *Homer*, who being to deſcribe things of a very mean and ordinary nature, has ſucceeded therein to admiration; becauſe he finds the Secret of heightning them by the Beauty of the Epithets, by a ſhort and cloſe Turn of Phraſe, and by a wonderful Harmony which he throws into his Poetry. Theſe are the Beauties which his Tongue furniſh'd him with, and which are wanting to ours.

(*t*) *Your Sons*] This is a ſharp Rebuke, as if *Juno* had been falſe to his Bed. *Juno* is very ſenſible of the Bitterneſs of this Reproach, and returns a very good Anſwer to it.

"of

" of all Mortals Might for his Friend en-
" gage; much more will I, The firſt of God-
" deſſes by Birth and Marriage, Siſter and
" Wife to him who rules the Gods: The *Tro-*
" *jans*, whom with juſtice I abhor, Have in-
" jur'd me, and ſhall not I requite it?

Whilſt they debated thus, the Goddeſs *Thetis* At *Vulcan*'s bright immortal Seat arriv'd, Cover'd with Braſs, which the lame God had fram'd; She found him at the Forge, plying the Bellows, And ſweating with the Toil: his preſent Task Was twenty Tripods, made of maſſy Gold, Which for ſome ſtately Palace he deſign'd, (*u*) Each Tripod mounted was on

(*u*) *Each Tripod mounted was on living Wheels.*] Some Criticks, not knowing the Nature of the *Epopæa*, and of the Marvellous, which ought to reign therein, have laugh'd at this Paſſage of *Homer*. *Julius Scaiger*, among others, ſays; Vulcan *makes Tripods which walk of themſelves, why does he not make Kettles that will boil Meat of themſelves?* Theſe two Lines are ſufficient to ſhew the little Taſte *Scaliger* had for fine Poetry. M. *Dacier* has very well juſtify'd *Homer*, and ſet in its full Light this Poet's Art, in explaining theſe Words of *Ariſtotle*'s Poeticks, Chap. 26. *When Men accuſe the Poets of having ſaid any thing impoſſible, they ſhou'd examine ſuch Impoſſibility with reſpect to Poetry, with reſpect to what is Beſt, and with reſpect to publick Fame.* For he ſhews that theſe three Reſpects ſerve to juſtify *Homer*: That of Poetry, ſince it is made appear that ſuch Impoſſibilities are what the Epick Poem requires, and even that they ſhould be carry'd as far as the Unreaſonable, provided the Probable be not baniſh'd from it. Secondly, As to what is Beſt, it is proved that the Thing is more wonderful and more excellent this way, and that Originals ought always to have the Pre-eminence. And laſtly, As to publick Fame, it is demonſtrated that the Poet only follow'd an Opinion that was receiv'd and founded upon the Omnipotence of God. You need only ſee the whole Remark, and you will wonder at *Scaliger*'s Cenſure.

living Wheels, That of it ſelf it might attend the Banquet, And to its place return without aſſiſtance, Mirac'lous Artifice! The Work almoſt Was finiſh'd, for the God was then employ'd (*w*) In fitting to the Sides the molten Handles, Which with rich Flow'rs and Figures he emboſs'd: (*x*) Revolving in his Mind the curious Frame, Juſt as the Goddeſs to his Palace came. (*y*) *Charis*, his beauteous Spouſe, in rich Attire, To meet her ran, and gave her lovely Hand, Then thus: "Fair Goddeſs! "whom I much eſteem, What happy Cauſe "has brought you to our Palace, So great a "Stranger here? Let me conduct you, And "treat you with the Dainties of the Place.

Thus ſhe; then led her to a rich Apartment, And on a Throne and Foot-ſtool finely wrought With Silver Studs, ſeated the lovely Goddeſs, Then call'd to *Vulcan* at his Forge, and ſaid, "Come hither, Spouſe! for *Thetis* asks your "Aid.

(*w*) *In fitting to the Sides the molten Handles.*] That is to ſay, the Handles were ſet on, and not forg'd with the Tripod.

(*x*) *Revolving in his Mind the curious Frame.*] This is the Meaning of thoſe two Words in their full force, ἰδυίησι πραπίδεσσι, *peritis Præcordiis.* *Homer* thereby means, that *Vulcan* had no Pattern before him; for a God ought not to take from any but himſelf the Patterns of whatever Works go out of his Hands.

(*y*) Charis, *his beauteous Spouſe.*] *Homer* gives to *Vulcan* for a Wife the beautiful *Charis*, to ſhew the Gracefulneſs and Beauty of the Works which *Vulcan* wrought with Fire. From what *Homer* ſays here, it may be inferr'd, that in his time the Art of *Smithery* was arriv'd to a very great Perfection, for Men generally take their Ideas from what is in being.

Thus

Thus ſhe; thus the Mechanick God reply'd:
" That Goddeſs has oblig'd me to eſteem her;
" For when (z) my Mother, angry at my
" Birth, Becauſe I was deform'd, reſolv'd to
" hide me In ſome low Abyſs, I had ſuffer'd
" much By my unhappy Fall, but (a) gentle
" *Thetis*, And (b) fair *Eurynome*, old *Ocean*'s
" Daughter, Sav'd me from Harm: with
" them nine Years I ſtay'd In a remote deep
" Cave, employ'd in forging (c) Buckles
" and Bracelets, and ſuch curious Toys As

(z) *My Mother, angry at my Birth, becauſe I was deformed.*] *Homer* here deſcribes thoſe worldly Mothers who having ill-favour'd Children, do no longer preſerve a Mother's Tenderneſs towards them, and ſeek only to conceal them.

(a) *Gentle* Thetis.] In reading theſe Fictions it is very natural for one to deſire to penetrate a little into the ſecret Meaning of them. This obliges me ſometimes to ſpeak a word or two upon theſe Allegories. By this here *Homer* meant that *Vulcan*, or the Fire, the Son of *Jupiter*, (that is, of the *Æther*) and of *Juno*, (that is, of the Air) being fall'n from Heaven to the Earth, could not have been there preſerv'd, or have produc'd his beautiful Works, if the Earth and Sea had not concurr'd to ſave him; for the two Elements, Wet and Dry, are equally neceſſary to him, both for his Preſervation, and his Operation.

(b) *And Fair* Eurynome.] This Goddeſs was ador'd in *Arcadia*; ſhe had a Temple near the Town of *Phygale* upon the Confluence of the two Rivers *Neda* and *Limax*. This Temple was open'd but once in a Year, and at that time Sacrifices were made in publick and private. In that Temple was ſeen the Statue of *Eurynome* faſten'd with Chains of Gold. From the Middle upwards ſhe was ſhaped like a beautiful Woman, and from the Middle downwards ſhe had the Figure of a Fiſh.

(c) *Buckles and Bracelets.*] It may be collected from this Paſſage, that in *Homer*'s Time Women did already wear all ſorts of Ornaments; and this is conformable to what the Prophet *Iſaiah*, (who lived a hundred or a hundred and

" Women wear. The Ocean and its Waves
" Roll'd over me, nor Gods nor Mortals
" knew Where I lay hid, only *Eurynome* And
" *Thetis*, who ſo generouſly ſav'd me. Then
" ſince the Goddeſs to my Seat is come, I'll
" haſte and try to recompenſe her Favours:
" Do you prepare the Banquet to refreſh her,
" Whilſt I diſpoſe my Bellows, and lay by My
" preſent Task, and all my ſhining Tools.

Thus ſpake th' Immortal Smith, and left his Anvil, (*d*) All black with Smoke and Cinders: Lame he was, But of Gigantick Mien; he threw aſide His Bellows, and the Tools with which he work'd (*e*) Laid in a Silver Cheſt, then with a Sponge Wipe'd his black Hands and

fifty Years after *Homer*) reports of the Finery of the Daughters of *Jeruſalem*, ch. 3. To conclude, when *Homer* feigns that *Vulcan* in his Exile was employ'd in making theſe womaniſh Ornaments, while he was yet a Child, he means thereby that thoſe who are to excel in any Art, do give Tokens of it even in their Infancy.

(*d*) *All black with Smoke and Cinders.*] This Picture which cannot be drawn in our (the *French*) Language but in ordinary and vulgar Terms, is of an infinite Nobleneſs in the *Greek*. There is not a Word in the Original but what is harmonious and great. What a Diſadvantage is this to my Tranſlation! But, as I have ſaid in the Preface, my only Deſign is to make *Homer* intelligible, and what I cannot equal, I am content to give the Senſe of.

(*e*) *Laid in a Silver Cheſt.*] This Place is Remarkable; for it ſhews that all *Vulcan*'s Tools were portable. We ſhall have occaſion for it to explain a Paſſage of the *Odyſſey*; but there is here likewiſe ſomething worthy to be obſerv'd, *viz.* the Love *Vulcan* has for his Art; he leaves his Forge but for a moment, and he locks up all his Tools with as much Care as if he was going a Journey. This is the Mark of a good Workman; from one who neglects the Inſtruments of his Art, expect nothing that is beautiful or grand.

Face,

Face, his brawny Shoulder And hairy Boſom, then put on a Robe, Graſping his maſſy Scepter, and went forth, Attended (*f*) by two Female Slaves, both form'd Of Gold ſo lively, that they ſeem'd to breathe, And by the Favour of great *Jove* they ſpake, And thought, and in their Maſter's Art excell'd, Admir'd by Men and Gods. Thus with his Train The God drew near to *Thetis*, and ſaluted Her lovely Hands, then plac'd himſelf beſide her, Upon the ſhining Throne, and thus began:

" O Goddeſs, much belov'd and much e-
" ſteem'd, Why is't that you, a Stranger to
" our Palace, Are come to viſit us? unfold the
" Cauſe: You'll find me ready to obey your
" Orders, If ought within my pow'r can do
" you ſervice.

Thus he; thus *Thetis*, all in Tears, reply'd:
" O *Vulcan!* none of all th' Immortal Pow'rs
" Was ever plagu'd like me, to whom great

(*f*) *Attended by two Female Slaves of Gold.*] Here is another marvellous piece of Workmanſhip of *Vulcan*'s; two Statues of Gold, which look'd as if they were alive, and walk'd with him, and work'd with him. What is humanly impoſſible, becomes both poſſible and probable thro' the Omnipotente of the Gods. But we ought to take notice of the Management of *Homer*, when he ſpeaks of theſe miraculous Works of *Vulcan*. He begins with the Tripods which walk of themſelves; afterwards, his Reader's Mind being already familiariz'd to the Miracle, he introduces two animated Statues of Gold, and then proceeds to the Fabrication of the prodigious Buckler. For my part I confeſs, call it a Woman's Weakneſs or Folly, as you will, I think that *Homer* has mix'd ſo much Probability with all theſe miraculous Places, that I am perfectly deceiv'd by them, and cannot help fancying that I actually ſee the Things he deſcribes.

" *Jove* No Eaſe affords, but loads me with
" Afflictions. From all the *Naids* of the Sea
" he choſe me, To be expos'd to *Peleus*' ha-
" ted Arms, A Mortal he, and I of Race Di-
" vine: Who now oppreſs'd with Age and
" Sorrow pines Within his Palace, whilſt the
" Son of *Saturn* Purſues me with new Cares.
" A Son I bore By *Peleus*, the moſt valiant a-
" mong Men. I nurs'd him like an Olive,
" which ſome Planter Sets by a River-ſide in
" fertile Ground: To *Troy* I ſent him to en-
" gage in Arms, Whence he muſt never to
" my Arms return, Or to his Father's Palace.
" Nor is this The utmoſt of my Grief; for
" all his Life, Short tho' it be, my Son con-
" ſumes in Sorrow, Whilſt I muſt not relieve
" him. The good *Greeks* Gave him among the
" Spoils a lovely Slave, In honour of his Va-
" lour, which the King, Falſe *Agamemnon*,
" from his Arms detains: Long he bewail'd
" her Loſs, and in revenge Refrain'd the Bat-
" tle, whilſt the joyful *Trojans* Rally'd their
" Forces, and beſieg'd the *Greeks* In their own
" Fleet, retiring from the Battle. Then to
" *Achilles* ſtraight ſome choſen Warriors Re-
" pair'd, with coſtly Preſents to invite him
" Back to the War, he obſtinate refus'd, But
" (g) in his room his dear *Patroclus* ſent
" With all his Troops, who at the *Scæan* Gate

(g) *But in his room his dear* Patroclus *ſent.*] There is in this place an infinite *Addreſſe*, but ſo conceal'd that I perhaps had never perceiv'd it of myſelf, if *Euſtathius* had not pointed it out to me. *Thetis*, to compaſs her De-

" All

" All day maintain'd the Fight, and having
" ſtrow'd The Plains with Slaughter and with
" Blood, had ſack'd The Walls of *Troy* (*b*) but
" *Phœbus* interpoſing, Smote the young Hero
" at the Army's head, Then gave the Glory
" of his Death to *Hector*. For this unhappy
" Son, who ſoon muſt die, I come an hum-
" ble Suppliant to your Knees, And beg you
" to exert your Art, and make him A Breaſt-
" plate, Shield, and Buskins, Creſt and Hel-
" met, And a whole Sett of Armour, to ſupply
" Thoſe which his Friend in Battle loſt to
" *Hector*, Whoſe Loſs he now bewails in deep
" Deſpair.

To her the Godlike Artiſt thus reply'd: " O
" Goddeſs, ceaſe to weep, forget your Fears;

ſign, recounts every thing to the Advantage of her Son; ſhe therefore ſuppreſſes the Epiſode of the Embaſſy, the Prayers that had been made uſe of to move him, and all that the *Greeks* had ſuffer'd after the Return of the Ambaſſadors, and artfully puts together two very diſtant things, as if they had follow'd each other in the ſame moment. *He declined*, ſays ſhe, *to ſuccour the* Greeks, *but he ſent* Patroclus. Now between his refuſing to help the *Greeks* and his ſending *Patroclus*, terrible things had fallen out; but ſhe ſuppreſſes them, for fear of offending *Vulcan* with the Recital of *Achilles*'s inflexible Obduracy, and thereby create in that God an Averſion to her Son. This Obſervation ſeems to me to carry a great deal of good Senſe in it.

(*b*) *But* Phœbus *interpoſing.*] *Thetis* ſays that *Patroclus* was kill'd by the Hand of *Apollo* himſelf, on the one ſide to heighten the Glory of *Patroclus*, as if none but a God were capable of conquering him; and on the other ſide, to ſtir up *Vulcan*'s Jealouſy, and thereby prevail with him to employ his whole Art in making the beſt Armour.

" Would I could (*i*) hide *Achilles* from his Doom
" With the ſame eaſe, as I ſhall forge his
" Arms, (*k*) Such as the World ſhall gaze at
" and admire.

Thus he: then to his Forge in haſte retir'd, (*l*) Ordering the Bellows to perform their Task, Which into twenty Furnaces inject The ſounding Breath, and ſometimes gently blow, And ſometimes raiſe a Tempeſt in the Fire, Juſt as the God would have it; then he threw Huge Bars of Tin and Braſs into the Flames, With Gold and Silver Ingots; his bright Anvil Was fitted to its Stand, the pond'rous Hammer His Right Hand held, his Left the ſhining Pincers: And firſt he forg'd the Shield, immenſe and ſolid, Embeliſh'd with rich Work, and hemm'd it round With three Gold Borders, and a Silver Chain; Five Plates of Metal, one above another, He fix'd, in which with Art divine were wrought Wonders to feed the

(*i*) *Hide* Achilles *from his Doom.*] *To hide* is *Vulcan*'s beloved Word, for he had been twice preſerv'd by being hid.

(*k*) *Such as the World ſhall gaze at and admire.*] *Homer* did not foreſee that thoſe Arms would draw upon him the Cenſure of ſome unlucky Criticks: but tho' he had foreſeen it, he would no leſs have promis'd himſelf this Admiration of all Ages; his Arms have always been admir'd, and always will be. It is the moſt beautiful Epiſode, and the greateſt Ornament that Poetry ever employ'd, and *Virgil* was very ſenſible of it.

(*l*) *Ordering the Bellows to perform their Task.*] *Homer* does not ſay, *cauſed his Bellows to work*, but *ordered his Bellows to work*; as if theſe Bellows were animated and capable of Underſtanding. Thus you ſee in *Homer* every thing has Life and Manners.

Eye,

Eye, and charm the Mind. (*m*) There he deſcrib'd the Heav'ns, the Earth, and Seas, The reſtleſs Sun, the Moon, her Orb compleat, And

(*m*) *There he deſcrib'd the Heav'ns, the Earth, the Seas.*] It is the Fortune of theſe Arms of *Achilles*, to occaſion Quarrels and Debates. There have ariſen, even in our days, great Diſputes upon this Subject amongſt the Criticks. *Julius Scaliger* was the firſt and only one, who in the ſixteenth Century preſumed to condemn this Epiſode as vicious, both in the Manner and in the Argument or Deſign, and he was follow'd by other Authors, who were as ignorant as himſelf in the Nature of Epick Poetry. Many antient Criticks, who had more Senſe than *Scaliger*, made it their buſineſs to illuſtrate the *Addreſſe* and Wiſdom of *Homer* in the Fabrick of this Buckler; but eſpecially a Woman named *Damo*, *Pythagoras*'s Daughter, who was yet more commendable for her great Wiſdom than for her profound Learning, wrote a very copious and very argumentative Commentary upon it. I could wiſh Time had not deſtroy'd that Work; it might have ſerv'd me as a Model for the Remarks which I have undertaken upon this Author: for as to this Epiſode, M. *Dacier* has ſo well defended it in his Commentary upon *Ariſtotle*'s Poeticks, that nothing further can be deſir'd. He has demonſtrated that *Homer*, in deſcribing this Buckler, ought not to have ſpoken any otherwiſe than he does, and that the Argument or Subject is ſo far from being extravagant, or the Buckler from being too much croudded with Work, it is on the contrary very ſage, very regular, very diſtinct, in a word the Work of a very great Poet. *Virgil* made the ſame Judgment of it, ſince in an Age as foreign to the *Grecian* Manners as ours, he did not omit to give his Poem the ſame Ornament, and has even loaded his Hero's Buckler with more Matter. I therefore refer my Reader to the Remarks on the Poeticks, for I ſhall only glance at them here. At preſent I only deſire the Reader to obſerve the Wiſdom of *Homer* in the Choice of the Time and Place which he makes to bring in the Deſcription of this Buckler; that is, in the Interval of a Night when the two Armies are ſeparated, and when they expect the Morning to begin the Fight.

all the Stars that grace the ſpangled Sky,
The *Pleiades*, the *Hyades*, and *Bear*, Which
Mortals call the *Wain*, that makes a Circle Still pointing to *Orion*, as it turns, (*n*)
A Conſtellation, which alone diſdains To viſit the wet Ocean with its Beams. (*o*)
Two Cities in another Plate were figur'd: In one, a Nuptial Feaſt was drawn, the Bride
Seem'd to be led along the crowded Streets From her Apartment, compaſs'd round with Torches: Some ſung to *Hymen*, others join'd the Dance With Pipes and Harps, whilſt all the Virgin Train Throng to behold the Rites and

(*n*) *A Conſtellation which alone diſdains to viſit the wet Ocean.*] Some antient Criticks attempted to prove by this Verſe, that *Homer* was very ignorant in Aſtronomy, ſince he was of opinion that the Bear was the only Conſtellation which did not bathe it ſelf in the Ocean; that is, which did not ſet at all, and which was ever viſible: For, ſaid they, this is common to it with all the other Stars of the Arctick Circle, as with the leſſer Bear, the Dragon, the greateſt part of *Cepheus*, &c. *Ariſtotle* has anſwer'd this falſe Criticiſm, by ſhewing that in this place the word *only* ſignifies *the principal, the moſt known*; for what is the moſt known, is always the *only* or *alone*. *Strabo* has juſtify'd *Homer* another way in his firſt Book, by ſhewing that under the name of the Bear that Poet comprehends the whole Arctick Circle, and that People are deceiv'd when they accuſe him of Ignorance in his knowing but one Bear when there were two, for the leſſer Bear was not marked in his Time. See the Obſervations upon *Ariſtotle*'s Poeticks.

(*o*) *Two Cities in another Plate were figur'd.*] The Antients pretended that theſe two Cities were *Athens* and *Eleuſinum*. In *Athens* the Weddings or Nuptial Ceremonies, becauſe Marriage was inſtituted at *Athens* by *Cecrops*, and in *Eleuſinum* the Warlike Preparations. *Homer*'s Aim is to repreſent in this Buckler the whole Univerſe, with all the different Occupations of Mankind.

long

long Proceſſion. On t'other ſide, a *Forum* and Aſſembly Were ſeen, (*p*) in which two Men their Cauſes pleaded About a Fine, exacted for Manſlaughter: He who had done the Fact (*q*) affirm'd the Payment; This he, who was of kin to the Deceas'd, Deny'd, both on their Witneſſes relying: The People were divided into Parties, The Heralds ranging them on either ſide. Midſt theſe, (*r*) the Antients, Judges of the Cauſe, (*s*) Sat round on Seats of white

(*p*) *In which two Men their Cauſes pleaded.*] There is nothing more ſimple or more natural than the Deſcription of this Buckler, and I do not ſee therein one ſingle Word which *Homer* might not have ſaid, even tho' this Buckler had been meerly the Workmanſhip of a Mortal; for there is a great deal of difference between the Figures in a Picture, and a Deſcription of that Picture. The Difficulties that have been made upon theſe two Pleaders are idle and impertinent. Has not *Pliny* ſaid the ſame of *Nichomachus, that he painted two* Grecians, *who pleaded one after the other*? There is nothing in that, but what may be ſaid of this Art, which ought to ſhew what it conceals, as an Ancient very well ſaid of Painting, *oſtendat quæ occultat.* If we were to explain a Piece of *Raphael* or *Pouſſin*, we muſt neceſſarily animate the Figures, as *Homer* animates them here, and make them ſpeak and act conformable to the Deſign of the Painter.

(*q*) *Affirm'd the Payment.*] It appears by this Paſſage, that in thoſe early Times, Baniſhment was not the Puniſhment for Murder, but a pecuniary Amercement; Baniſhment came afterwards into Uſe. This pecuniary Amercement was eſtabliſh'd at *Athens* for the Murder of *Alirrhotius*, the Son of *Neptune*; and it uſed to be paid to the Relations of the Deceaſed, that they might drop the Proſecution.

(*r*) *The Antients.*] It is probable *Homer* does in this place deſcribe the manner of rendring Juſtice even in his time. It was not done by young Men, but old.

(*s*) *Sat round.*] The Place where they adminiſtred Juſtice, was a Circle; becauſe that Figure is the moſt ſpa-

reſpl n-

resplendent Marble: (*t*) The Heralds bore their Scepters, till they rose To give their Judgment one by one in order; Then each his Scepter took, the Badge of Justice: (*u*) Before them lay two Talents of bright Gold, To be adjudg'd to him whose Cause was best, By solid Proofs and Evidence maintain'd.

Around the other City were describ'd (*w*) Two Armies, in a warlike Siege employ'd; One menaces the Town, to lay it low In Ashes, and to ravage, and destroy it, Unless they send and save themselves from Ruin, By yielding up a Portion of their Wealth And Spoils: the other Party with disdain Reject this Offer, and prepare to catch Their Foes by Ambuscade;

cious, and holds most People. Therefore *Sophocles* said, κυκλοέντα θρόνον ἁγορᾶς. *Homer* calls it *Sacred*, because of the Justice that was administred there.

(*t*) *The Heralds bore their Scepters.*] This antient Custom I think worth observing. The Judges had not their Scepters in their Hand while they were sitting to hear the Causes, but they took them from the Heralds when they were going to give their Opinions. This was, 'tis likely, to make the Judges more attentive, when they were going to give their Opinion.

(*u*) *Before them lay two Talents.*] These Talents were not design'd for the Judges, but to either of the two Parties who won the Cause; for it was the antient Custom, before it came to a Hearing, to oblige the Parties to consign a certain Sum, which was to go to him that got the better. It appears by a Passage in *Socrates*'s Apology in *Plato*, that this Sum was a thousand Drachms; that is, a hundred Crowns. And this, in all probability, is what *Homer* calls here two Talents of Gold; for it must not be understood of real Talents.

(*w*) *Two Armies in a Siege employ'd.*] The Antients pretended that *Homer* expressed himself in this Place after so equivocal a manner, that this Passage is capable of three Explications, all

whilst

whilſt their brave Youth, And Women, and Old Men defend their Walls. As under cover they prepare to march, *Pallas* and *Mars*, in Arms of Gold array'd, Glorioufly gay appear, and lead the Van, Their Mien majeſtick, worthy of a God.

Now to a River-ſide the Troops are drawn, Where all the Herds and Cattle quench their Thirſt; And there, in ſilence, cover'd with their Shields, Halting, abide, and ſend their advanc'd Guards To watch the Herds and Flocks, which ſoon came down With Swains and Shepherds, piping as they go, To taſte the Stream; On whom the Squadrons ruſhing, The Sheep and Oxen ſeize, and kill the Ruſticks: At this Alarm, their Foes engag'd in Council, Fly to their Steeds, and try to ſave their Flocks; Juſt by the River's ſide both Armies meet, Felling each other with their pointed Spears: Diſcord and Tumult, and relentleſs Death Mix in the Rout; Fate deals her Terrors round, Array'd in Blood; ſome ſhe reſigns alive To Slavery, and others

different from each other, as may be ſeen in *Euſtathius*, p. 1159. For my part, I think the Poet has ſpoken very clearly and very naturally; it ſeems to me, that what paſſes before *Troy* itſelf, is of wonderful Uſe for the explaining this Picture; for there are ſeen before the Walls the two Armies, that of the Beſiegers, and that of the Beſieged; the one offer'd to withdraw upon certain Conditions, which the other refuſed. The Women, Children, and Old Men, have been ſeen guarding the Walls and the Battlements, a ſure Sign that the Troops of the Place were without; for otherwiſe would the Women, the Children, and the Old Men have been upon the Battlements? Obſcurity is none of *Homer*'s Vice.

fells to Earth: Here one is dragg'd along the dusty Plain, And there another pants beneath his Wounds: (x) The Figures seem'd to move, and breathe, and live. (y) The Artist in another Part had drawn A fertile Field, divided in three Parts, In which the Plowmen turn'd the clodded Glebe, And at each Furrow's End (z) from the deep Bottle Receiv'd a hearty Draught, then to a new Turn'd the bright Share, expecting their Reward: The Earth, tho' form'd of molten Gold, look'd black, As newly plow'd, such was the Artist's Pow'r! (a) Hard by appear'd a Champaign, to some Hero, In honour of his Victories allotted, And spread with stand-

(x) *The Figures seem'd to move.*] *Homer* seems to have foreseen, that there would be Interpreters, who, taking his Expressions too literally, might actually believe that these Figures were animated, and alive, and that they perform'd all sorts of Motions; and therefore he added, *as if they had been Men who were really alive.* This is sufficient to undeceive them, and to shew, that *Homer* only speaks here as any other Man ought to do, who is describing, and explaining a Picture. He gives to his Figures Motion which they have not.

(y) *The Artist in another Place had drawn a fertile Field, in which the Plowmen,* &c.] After *Homer* has painted what is transacted within Cities, during Peace, and during War, he comes to Agriculture, which consists in Tillage of Land, in the Culture of Vines, and in the Pasture and feeding of Flocks. The Poet runs over these three Parts, whereof he makes delightful Descriptions.

(z) *From the deep Bottle receiv'd a hearty Draught.*] These Plowmen fare well; *Homer* therein paints the Manners of his Time, Manners which shew a happy Age.

(a) *Hard by appear'd a Champaign.*] Here we see a Hero who does not disdain to see his Harvest got in, and to be in the midst of his Reapers. This is very conformable to the Manners of the antient Patriarchs, such as they are described to us in Holy Scriptures.

ing

ing Corn; the Reapers ply Their Hooks, and fell the Ears in equal Ranks; Near them the Binders tie the Sheaves; behind, The Boys collect the Grips, and knit the Bonds: Midſt theſe the Landlord walks, and views the Sheaves, Standing in Rows, with ſecret Satisfaction: Beneath an Oak, the fatted Ox is ſlain, Which to the rural Gods his Servants offer: Mean while the Maids prepare a coarſe Repaſt, And gnead the pliant Dough, to feed the Workmen.

Next was deſcrib'd a Vineyard, hung with Grapes Of beaten Gold, but dy'd with purple deep; The Boughs, on Silver Props ſupported, hung, Whilſt with a Hedge of Tin the Field was guarded, Divided by a ſlender Path, (*b*) thro' which The Boys and tender Virgins bore their Baskets, Laden with Fruit; (*c*) a Youth amidſt them play'd On his ſoft Lyre, and join'd

(*b*) *Thro' which the Boys and tender Virgins.*] *Homer* here deſcribes the Vintages as they were in his time in *Greece*. See my Remarks upon the Odes 50 and 52 of *Anacreon*.

(*c*) *A Youth amidſt them play'd on his ſoft Lyre.*] It is in the *Greek*, *In the middle of them a young Boy plays charming Tunes upon his Guitar, the Flax harmoniouſly anſwers his Voice.* Upon which the Scholiaſt writes, that at firſt the Strings of Muſical Inſtruments were of Flax, and not of Gut; becauſe they would have thought it an Impiety, and diſpleaſing to the Gods, if they had apply'd the Guts of Beaſts to that Uſe. I know not whether this be certain; what Sound could they get from a String of Flax? I ſhould rather think, that the *Greeks* call'd the Cords λίνον, *Thread*, becauſe they were drawn out in length in a fine manner like a Thread. We ourſelves now-a-days ſay, when we ſpeak of our Cords made of Gut, that they are *bien, ou mal filées*, (well or ill

his

his warbling Voice, Follow'd by Troops of dancing jovial Swains.

Not far from hence was ſeen a Herd of Oxen, Fram'd out of Tin and Gold, that from their Stall March'd to their Paſture, by ſome running Stream, Whoſe Banks were clad with vocal Reeds reſounding. Four Herdſmen, out of ſhining Metal faſhion'd, Accompany'd their Herds, and round their Feet Nine Dogs ran frisking; then two Lions ſeiz'd A mighty Bull, who roar'd beneath their Gripe: They drag him thro' the Plain, and undiſturb'd Devour their Prey; in vain the Ruſticks halloo Their Dogs upon the Foe, who dare not faſten, But oft turn back, and fly, and bark at diſtance.

Near theſe the God had form'd a golden Vale, In which a Flock of Sheep appear'd to graze, With ſtraggling Hutts, and Cottages, and Folds.

(*d*) Cloſe by, with great Variety and Grace, Was ſeen a Dance, rang'd in a threefold Figure,

threaded in *French*.) The ſame Scholiaſt adds, that λίνον might not ſignify here a String, *de lin* (*quaſi* Linnen in *Engliſh*) but an antient Song, which had been long before made upon *Linus*, *Apollo*'s Son, who was devour'd by his own Hounds: In which Caſe it ſhould have been tranſlated, *And he agreeably ſings the Song of* Linus. *Herodotus* ſpeaks of this Song in his eleventh Book, where he ſays that they ſung it in *Egypt*; as likewiſe in *Phœnicia* and at *Cyprus*, but under another Name.

(*d*) *Cloſe by was ſeen a Dance.*] There would have been ſomething wanting to this Picture of Civil Life, if *Homer*, after having mention'd Peace, War, and Agriculture, had not finiſhed this latter part with the Deſcription of a Dance, or a Feſtival, which is the ordinary Recreation of thoſe who have been at work. *Homer* therefore in this Place gives us a Dance.

Such

(e) Such as the *Gnoſſian Dædalus* invented, For fair *Ariadne*'s Uſe; the Youths and Virgins, Joining their Hands together, nimbly mov'd; The Nymphs wore Golden Crowns, and were array'd In ſhining Silks, the Youths in coſtly Robes, With glitt'ring Swords, that hung in Silver Belts: So juſtly and ſo ſwiftly they turn'd round, (f) No Wheel beneath the Potter's Hand moves faſter, When it is try'd, and whirls impetuous round. (g) Sometimes they form'd the Circle hand in hand, And ſometimes turn'd and doubled, mingling Ranks: The numerous Specta-

(e) *Such as the* Gnoſſian Dædalus *invented.*] It is pretended, that before *Theſeus*, the Maidens and the Batchelors never uſed to dance together; they were always ſeparate Companies. But after *Theſeus* had ſaved from the Labyrinth, and from the Minotaur, the young Batchelors, and the young Maidens, whom the *Athenians* had ſent by way of Tribute; *Dædalus* invented, and put in practice this mixed Dance, which *Homer* here ſpeaks of.

(f) *No Wheel beneath a Potter's Hand.*] Theſe laſt Words, *which a Potter tries*, are not added impertinently: A Wheel which a Potter tries, has a much more rapid Motion than when he works; for beſides that the Weight of the Stuff leſſens its Rapidity, the Workman ſpares his Motion, that he may not ſpoil his Work.

(g) *Sometimes they form'd the Circle, Hand in Hand.*] Theſe young Men and Maids, who ſometimes dance in a Ring, and ſometimes otherwiſe, how could they be repreſented by the graving Tool? This is the Objection of ſome Criticks. A very difficult thing indeed! As if the Workman was not at liberty to repreſent his Figures in different Poſtures! All the other Objections, as to the Soldiers going in Ambuſcade; as to the young Man's ſinging to his Guitar; as to the Bull's bellowing when the Lion devours it; and as to the Conſorts, all theſe are childiſh: Baniſh ſuch Expreſſions, and you muſt never ſpeak of Painting.

tors

tors gaz'd with Pleaſure, Surpriz'd with their Activity and Skill. Two Tumblers flung themſelves amidſt the Dance, And with a Song began their active Sports.

(*b*) All round the Border of the ſolid Shield, The Ocean ran, and clos'd the wondrous Landskip.

Thus when the Shield was finiſh'd, he apply'd His Care to form the Breaſt-plate, which ſurpaſs'd The pureſt Flames in Splendor, (*i*) then he forg'd The Helmet, ſtrong and fit, and full of Beauty, Which he o'erſhaded with a Creſt of Gold: The Buskins out of bending Tin were labour'd.

(*b*) *All round the Border of the Shield*, &c.] *Homer* had here a fair Field to amplify his Deſcription, by introducing upon this Sea, Ships, and by painting Naval Engagements, Ship-wrecks, &c. But among the Occupations of Men, he would not put Navigation, becauſe it always did more hurt than good to Mankind, and becauſe they might very well be without it; for this Deſcription is not only the Work of a Poet, but that of a great Philoſopher, who, together with all the Riches of Art, together with Order and Veriſimility, had the Skill to mingle the grave and the profound. And he is ſo far from being blameable, that on the contrary he deſerves very great Commendations, for having executed with ſo much Order, and with ſo much Harmony, and with ſo few Figures, ſo great a Deſign as that of repreſenting the whole Univerſe, and every thing therein, that makes the Occupation of Mankind, during War and during Peace. To conclude, it appears by this Paſſage, that *Homer* knew the Earth was ſurrounded by the Ocean.

(*i*) *Then he forg'd the Helmet.*] *Homer* does not ſtop to give a Deſcription of the Cuiraſs and the Head-piece, becauſe he has already done it in other places.

Thus

Thus when the glorious Armour was compleat, (*k*) He bore it to the Goddeſs; ſhe inceſſant, Swift as a Hawk, from ſteep *Olympus* flew, And to her Son convey'd th' immortal Preſent, Who with impatience waited her Return.

(*k*) *He bore it to the Goddeſs.*] The Poet does not loſe any time in reporting the Thanks which *Thetis* might have given to *Vulcan*. He omits whatever is ſuperfluous, or of no Uſe, and always proceeds to what is moſt urgent.

Argu-

Argument of the Nineteenth Book.

THETIS *presents the Armour to her Son, which* Vulcan *had made him, and lays them at his Feet; the Clashing, as they fell, terrifies the* Myrmidons. Achilles *is charmed with the Beauty of the Work. He expresses his Fear to his Mother, lest the Body of* Patroclus *should turn to Corruption during his Absence.* Thetis *engages to save it from Corruption; and commands him to assemble the* Greeks. *He coasts round the Shore, and summons all the Generals. When the Council met, he declares that his late Resentment is at an end.* Agamemnon *addresses to him, owns the Fault, and lays it upon the Goddess of* Discord, *whom* Jupiter *had thrown down from Heaven; and tells* Achilles, *that he would make him all those Presents which* Ulysses *had lately promised in his Name.* Achilles *leaves this to his own Choice, but advises to draw out immediately, and engage the Enemy.* Ulysses *gives his Judgment for the Troops to refresh themselves.* Achilles *opposes it.* Ulysses *insists*

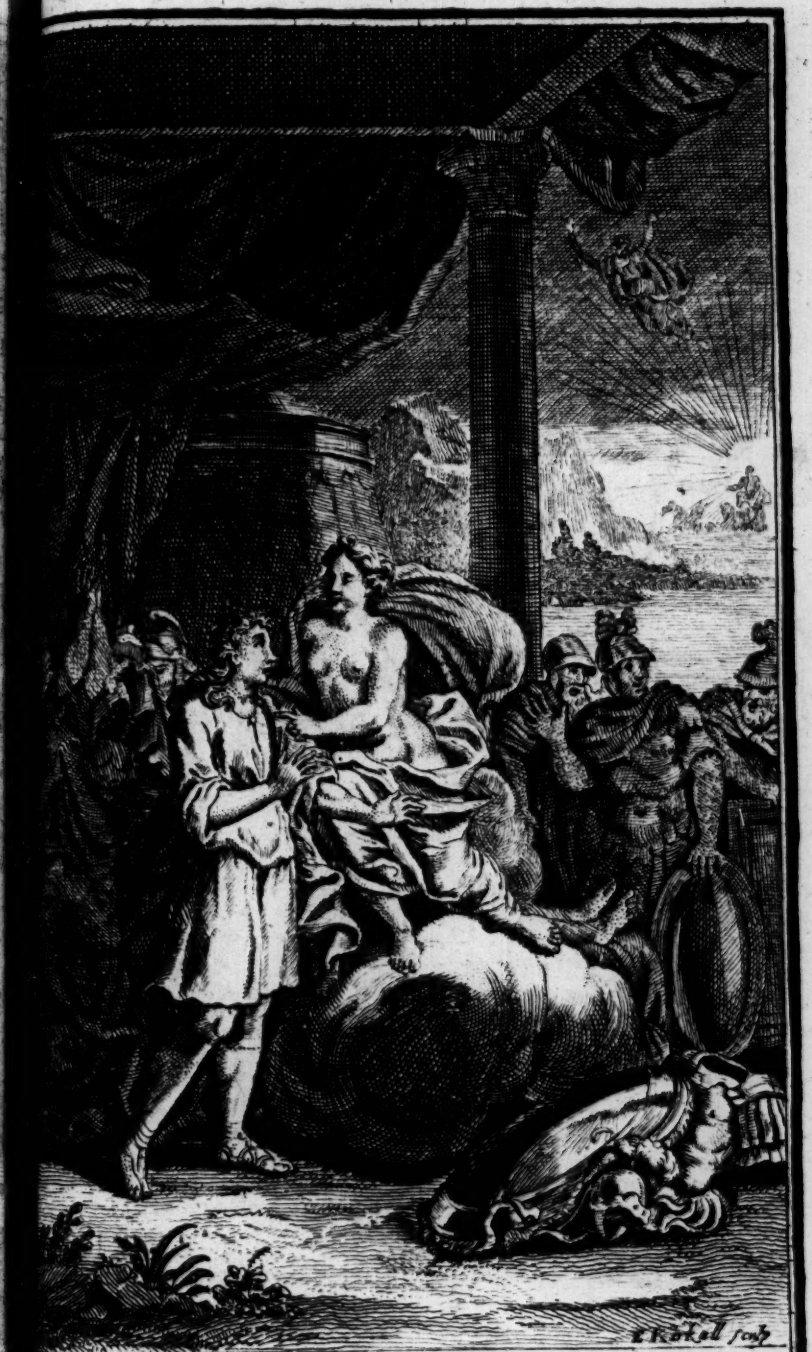
insists, and, without expecting Achilles's *Answer, gives Orders for a Repast; whilst himself, with seven other Commanders, go to* Agamemnon's *Tent, bring the Presents, and lay them in the midst of the Assembly.* Agamemnon *kills a Victim, and throws it into the Sea. The Presents are conveyed to* Achilles's *Tent. The Grief and Lamentation of* Briseis *over the Body of* Patroclus. *The Generals press* Achilles *to eat, which he obstinately refuses. He leaves the Assembly, and continues his Sorrow for the Death of his Friend.* Jupiter *sends* Minerva *to relieve him. He arms himself, and with* Automedon *mounts his Chariot. He speaks to his Horses to encourage them, and reproaches them with the Death of* Patroclus. Xanthus, *one of his Steeds, excuses the Fault, and foretells the same Fate to his Master.* Achilles *is enraged at this Prediction, tho' he owns the Truth of it, and in that Passion drives on, at the Head of his Troops.*

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XIX.

THE (a) ruddy Morning from the Sea aroſe, And both to Gods and Men reſtor'd the Day; When *Thetis* to the Fleet the Armour bore, But found her Son ſtretch'd on *Patroclus'* Body, Oppreſs'd with Grief; his *Myrmidons* ſtood round, And join'd his Tears. The Goddeſs paſs'd the Croud, And near approaching, in her Arms em-

(a) *The ruddy Morning.*] This is the eighteenth Day from *Achilles's* Wrath, and the ſeventh ſince the Battles recommenced.



Thetis brings Achilles new Armour w.ch she procur'd Vulcan
to make for him, Upon w.ch he waves his Anger a gains't Ag
memnon, & prepares to revenge the Death of his Friend. B. 19.

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embrac'd Her Son, then thus began: "My "dear *Achilles!* Tho' great your Loſs and "Sorrow, yet ſince *Jove* Decreed, that brave "*Patroclus* ſhould be ſlain, Leave him to reſt "upon the mourning Bed, (*b*) And come re-"ceive your Arms, the Work of *Vulcan*, "Which he preſents you: Arms ſo bright and "glorious, As never mortal Hero yet put "on.

Thus ſhe, and threw the Armour at his Feet; (*c*) Which as it fell, rung terribly, and gave A Claſhing, that diſmay'd the *Myrmidons*, And forc'd them to retire; ſo bright it ſhone,

(*b*) *Come receive your Arms.*] 'Tis not Poetry only which has had this Idea of divine Arms being ſent to a Hero; we have a very remarkable Example of it in our Holy Books. In the ſecond Book of *Maccabees*, Chap. 16. *Judas* ſees in a Dream the Prophet *Jeremias* bringing to him a Sword as from God, and ſaying to him, *Accipe ſanctum gladium munus a Deo, in quo dejicies adverſarios populi mei Iſrael.* *Take this holy Sword, a Gift from God, with the which thou ſhalt wound the Adverſaries.* Tho' this was only a Dream or a Viſion, yet ſtill it is the ſame Idea. This Example is likewiſe ſo much the more worthy of Obſervation, as it is very poſterior to the Age of *Homer*; and as thereby it is ſeen, that the ſame way of thinking continued a long time amongſt the Oriental Nations.

(*c*) *Which as it fell rung terribly.*] After the marvellous Deſcription which *Homer* has made of theſe Arms, he gives a yet greater Idea of them, in ſaying, that the very Noiſe which they make in falling, frightens the *Theſſalians*, inſomuch that they durſt not look upon them. How much more terrible will they be when they are upon *Achilles*? This alone is a Preparative for all the Prodigies we ſhall ſee him perform; *Homer* always keeps within the Bounds of Probability.

And dazl'd all the Troops: (*d*) *Achilles* only
Could bear the Sight, which in his lab'ring
Soul Rally'd his Courage, and renew'd his
Rage. His Eyes like Lightning ſparkl'd, (*e*)
and freſh Joy O'erſpread him, handling the
immortal Preſent. When he had fill'd his
Mind and fed his Senſes With all the curious
Work, turning to *Thetis*, He thus addreſs'd
her: "This is *Vulcan*'s Preſent, (*f*) And his
"immortal Work, no human Artiſt Such
"Armour could invent; I fly to try it: But
"(*g*) much I fear, the Worms and wandring
"Vermin, When I am gone, will ſeize *Patro-*
"*clus*' Body, Infect his Wounds, and fill him
"with Corruption, E'er I return to give him
"Fun'ral Rites.

(*d*) Achilles *only could bear the Sight.*] How beautiful is this Oppoſition! and how well does *Homer* catch the Features of a Hero!

(*e*) *Freſh Joy o'erſpread him.*] *Euſtathius* was in the right to note here the Artfulneſs of *Homer*, in mingling the Paſſions that make the moſt ſenſible Contraſte. He here makes upon the Viſage of *Achilles*, an admirable Mixture of Joy, Grief, Rage, Vengeance.

(*f*) *His immortal Work.*] *Homer* in this place perfectly well juſtifies the Prodigies he has juſt deſcribed, by the infinite difference there is between the Works of Men and thoſe of the Gods. This Paſſage alone ought to deſtroy all the inſipid Criticiſms that have been made.

(*g*) *But much I fear*, &c.] I never in my life met with a more groſs and more unreaſonable Criticiſm than that which *Julius Scaliger* makes here, in ridiculing what *Achilles* ſays to *Thetis*: His Words are theſe; *Had* Achilles *no little Scoundrel of a Slave to drive away theſe Flies?* A very pretty Objection! If *Scaliger* had had but the leaſt Taſte for fine Poetry, this which *Homer* caſts into this place, would have made him lay down his Pen. To juſtify this Poet, and to ſhew

To

To him the Goddeſs: " Baniſh from your " Mind That Care, and make it mine: I will " attend, And guard him from the ſwarming " Animals, That prey upon the Slain, and " bring Corruption: His Body ſhall remain " whole Years untouch'd, His Beauty ſtill in- " creaſing. But go you, Aſſemble all the Lea- " ders of the *Greeks*, And tell them you are " reconcil'd at laſt To *Agamemnon*; then re- " new the Fight, Exerting all your Courage " and your Strength.

the Beauty of this Paſſage, I ſhall only make uſe of the Remark of Father *Boſſu*, in his excellent Treatiſe upon Epic Poetry, Book 3. Chap. 10. When we would ſpeak of the Sciences and Arts like a Poet, ſays he, we conceal thoſe things under Names and Actions of Perſons, feign'd and allegorical. *Homer* will not ſay, that Salt has the Power to preſerve dead Bodies, and hinder the Flies from engendring Worms therein; he will not plainly ſay, that the Sea preſented *Achilles* with a Remedy againſt Putrefaction: but he will make of the Sea a Deity; he will ſay that the Goddeſs *Thetis* comforted *Achilles*, and told him ſhe would go and perfume *Patroclus*'s Body with an *Ambroſia*, which will preſerve it a whole Year without Corruption. Thus it is that *Homer* teaches the Poets to ſpeak of the Arts and Sciences. It is ſeen by this Example that Flies are the Cauſe of Corruption, and of the Worms which engender in dead Fleſh; therein is ſeen the Nature of Salt, and the Art of preſerving the Corſes without Corruption. But all this is expreſſed poetically, and with all the Conditions neceſſary to ſuch Imitation, which according to *Ariſtotle* is eſſential to Poetry. The whole is reduced to Action; the Sea is made a Perſon, who ſpeaks and acts; and this *Proſopopœia* is accompany'd with Paſſion, Tenderneſs, and Intereſt. In ſhort, there is nothing therein but what is endu'd with Manners.

She ſpake, infuſing in his Soul new Life
And Vigour; then immingling ſweet *Ambroſia*,
And *Nectar*, thro' *Patroclus'* Noſtrils pouring
The Balm, preſerv'd his Trunk from noiſome Smells.

(*b*) Mean while *Achilles*, coaſting round the Shore, Call'd the Commanders with a dreadful Voice. His Sight drew all the Navy; they who ply The Oar, and they whoſe Care is to inſpect The Stores and the Proviſions, with the Pilots, Ran to behold him, joyful at his Preſence, Who had ſo long from Arms and War withdrawn.

Divine *Ulyſſes*, and brave *Diomed*, Came to the Conſult, leaning on their Spears, And took their Seats, ſtill halting with their Wounds. At laſt came *Agamemnon*, ſtill in Pain, Not yet recover'd of the Wound which *Coon*, *Antenor's* Son, late gave him in the Battle.

When all the Chiefs had fill'd the high Aſſembly, *Achilles* from his Seat aroſe, and ſpake: "O Son of *Atreus!* (*i*) ſee the great "Advantage Which your and my Reſentment "have produc'd, That rage'd ſo long, and "prey'd upon our Minds; A little captive

(*b*) *Mean while* Achilles *coaſting.*] *Achilles* does not make uſe of Heralds to convene an Aſſembly of the *Greeks*; he is too impatient, he goes himſelf.

(*i*) *See the great Advantage.*] *Homer*, ever moralizing, ſhews here, by a ſenſible Example, that nothing is more prejudicial to a Party, than Diſſenſion among the Heads of it; and that nothing is ſo advantageous to it as their Union: and this indeed is the whole Subject of the Poem.

"Girl

" Girl the only Cauſe. (*k*) Would ſhe had
" periſh'd by *Diana*'s Hand, When at *Laryſſa*'s
" Siege I made her Prize! How many *Gre-*
" *cian* Lives that one had ſav'd, Who now
" lie ſlain in Duſt on yonder Plains? The *Tro-*
" *jans* led by *Hector*, and encourag'd By my
" Retreat, have made the beſt Advantage Of
" our Diſſenſion, fatal to the *Greeks*. For
" me, tho' full of Grief, yet I'll forget What's
" paſs'd, and to Neceſſity reſign My Quarrel.
" Hence I baniſh Wrath and Anger: 'Tis not
" for me, a Mortal, to conceive Revenge
" that ne'er ſhall die; therefore prepare For
" War, and let our Troops march out to meet
" The *Trojans*; let us ſee if once again They
" will encamp all Night ſo near our Fleet:
" And let that Hero (*l*) ſtretch himſelf at
" eaſe, Who ſhall defend himſelf from *Pe-*
" *leus*' Son.

(*k*) *Would ſhe had periſh'd by* Diana's *Hand.*] That is, would to God ſhe had dy'd a ſudden Death; for the ſudden Deaths of Women were aſcribed by the Antients to *Diana*, and thoſe of Men to *Apollo*. It may further be obſerved here, that *Achilles* ſpeaks as a Man who was by no means fond of his Captive.

(*l*) *Stretch himſelf at eaſe.*] It is in the *Greek*, *will bend the Knee*, which has deceiv'd the Interpreters, who fancy'd that *Achilles* meant, that he who ſhould eſcape from him would thank the Gods with his whole Heart, by falling on his Knees. But *Achilles* does not in the leaſt intend to make thoſe *Barbarians* ſo religious. *To bend the Knee*, in *Homer*, ſignifies nothing but *to ſit*, *to reſt one's ſelf*, as I have already elſewhere obſerved. *Euſtathius* teſtifies the ſame thing: *Note, that* Homer *always puts* to bend the Knee, *to ſignify to ſit, the contrary to ſtanding up; thoſe who came after* Homer, *have made uſe of it to ſignify to pray, to ſupplicate, to adore*, &c. *Heſychius* has

Thus he: the *Greeks* with ſudden Joy were fill'd, becauſe *Achilles'* Anger was appeas'd. Then *Agamemnon* from his Seat began, (*m*) Not ſtanding in the midſt, but kept his Throne.

" Ye *Greeks*, the Followers of *Mars*, at-
" tend, Whilſt, without riſing from my Throne,
" I ſpeak; (*n*) Nor interrupt me with con-
" fus'd Diſcourſe, Or mingled Murmurs, ſuch
" as drown all Words, Tho' by the cleareſt
" Orators pronounc'd. To great *Achilles* I
" direct my Speech; But let the other *Greeks*
" (*o*) recall the Words Which they, condemning
" me, have often us'd, While they pour'd
" forth their loud Reproaches on me: Yet

not forgot to ſet down this firſt Signification: γόνυ κάμψαι, ſays he, ἀναπαύεσθαι, *To bend the Knee ſignifies to reſt one's ſelf.*

(*m*) *Not ſtanding in the midſt.*] The Weakneſs, occaſion'd by his Wound, hindred him from ſtanding up; and the Confuſion and Tumult did not ſuffer him to wait an Opportunity of ſpeaking, till he was in the midſt of the Aſſembly.

(*n*) *Nor interrupt me.*] There is not perhaps a Paſſage that has more exercis'd the antient Interpreters. You may ſee *Euſtathius*, who reports all their Sentiments, in *p.* 1172. As for me, after a thorough Examination of every thing they have ſaid, and the preſent Poſture of Affairs, I adhere to the Reading of ἑζαότως, the Adverb, which ſignifies *in repoſe, in ſilence*, inſtead of the Genitive ἑζαότος, *upright, erect*; for 'tis certain that *Agamemnon* ſpeaks ſitting, ἐξ ἕδρης, *from his Seat*, as *Homer* had juſt before ſaid. The *Greeks*, tranſported with Joy at the ſight of *Achilles*, made a great Noiſe, and began freſh Murmurs againſt *Agamemnon*, by charging on him all their Misfortunes, and all their Loſſes; and this is what obliges the King to begin his Speech in this manner.

(*o*) *Recall the Words.*] I have here follow'd *Euſtathius*, who has very well explain'd this whole Paſſage: συνθέσθαι δὲ ἐνταῦτα, &c. ſays he, *The Greek* συνθέσθαι *is here*

" was

" was not I to blame, but *Jove* and Fate,
" And fell *Erynnis*, who enflam'd my Mind
" With Anger, and engag'd me to detain His
" lovely Captive from *Achilles'* Arms. What
" could I do? (*p*) the Daughter of great *Jove*,
" *Ate*, the Goddeſs of Revenge, inſpir'd me,
" (*q*) Who never from her curſt Deſigns de-
" ſiſts; But ſcorning with her Feet to touch the
" Earth, Flies round the Heads of Men, in-
" ſtilling Strife, And arming Parties, to each
" other's Ruin. (*r*) She ſpar'd not *Jove* him-
" ſelf, her Sire, tho' he Be univerſal King of
" Gods and Men. *Juno*, his Subject, by her
" Sex deceiv'd him, That Day when fair *Alc-
" mena* was deliver'd Of great *Alcides*, in re-
" nowned *Thebes*, When *Saturn*'s Son thus boaſt-
" ed to the Gods:

put to ſhew Conſent; wherefore Homer *adds*, and own your Speeches; *that is, agree with me in calling to remembrance the Language you have uſed againſt me. He does not repeat their Speeches, but only gives the Subſtance.*

(*p*) *The Daughter of great* Jove, Ate.] The Goddeſs *Ate* was a *Dæmon* of Diſcord and Malediction, thrown down from Heaven to Earth, as *Homer* tells afterwards. This Apology of *Agamemnon* is very artful; he accuſes himſelf, but at the ſame time he lays the blame on the Goddeſs of Diſcord, who may well triumph over Men, ſince ſhe makes *Jupiter* himſelf feel her Power.

(*q*) *Who never from her curſt Deſigns deſiſts.*] The Antients did therefore own a *Dæmon*, created by God himſelf, and totally taken up in doing of Miſchief.

(*r*) *She ſpar'd not* Jove *himſelf.*] It looks as if the Authors of this Fable would thereby ſhew, that the Devil ſometimes performs things which make him ſeem ſtronger than God; tho' 'tis certain, nothing comes to paſs without Providence, or contrary to its Laws; and that this Spirit of Diſcord has no Power any further than as

" Hear me, ye Pow'rs! attend my firm De-
" crees; *Illythia*, who preſides o'er human
" Births, Is gone this day to bring into the
" World A Hero, who ſhall ſpread his Em-
" pire far, And govern all Mankind, from me
" deſcended.

" To him thus *Juno* anſwer'd, with deſign
" To ſnare him; " Son of *Saturn*, you deceive
" The Gods, nor will perform your Promiſes:
" Now then confirm it with your ſtrongeſt
" Oath, That he, who ſhall be born this Day,
" ſhall reign O'er all Mankind, deſcended of
" your Blood.

" Then *Jove*, not reaching the cloſe Treache-
" ry, By his moſt ſolemn Oath confirm'd his Pro-
" miſe. Raſh Act! that often griev'd his God-
" like Mind! For *Juno* from *Olympus* ſtraight
" deſcended, And flew to *Argos*, where the
" teeming Wife Of *Stheneleus*, the Son of
" *Perſeus*, lay, (*s*) Then in her ſeventh
" Month; whom ſoon the Goddeſs, Before
" her time, deliver'd of a Son; But kept *Alc-
" mena* back, and ſtopt her Labour: Then
" ſtraight to Heaven returning, thus beſpake
" Her Brother and her Spouſe: " O *Jove*,
" whoſe Arm Scatters the Thunder, hear the
" News I bring: A Son to *Stheneleus*, and *Pe-
" leus*' Grandſon, Is born this Day, deſcended
" of your Blood; Worthy to reign in *Argos*,
" and to wear Thoſe Honours, your Decrees

it pleaſes God to give it him.

(*s*) *Then in her ſeventh Month.*] *Homer* acknowledges here, that for Big-belly'd Women, the ſeventh Month is as good a Term as the ninth.

" have

" have deſtin'd for him. Thus ſhe; the God
" was ſmit with ſudden Sorrow; (*t*) When
" catching *Ate* by the hated Head, He ſwore

(*t*) *When catching* Ate *by the hated Head.*] There have been great Diſputes about this Verſe: Αντίκα δ' ἕιλ' Ἄτην κεφαλῆς λιπαροπλοκάμοιο, to know whether *Homer* means that *Jupiter* took that Goddeſs by the Head, by the Hair, or whether he took her upon his Head; *Euſtathius* has declar'd himſelf for the latter: *It is more probable*, ſays he, *that the Poet means* Jupiter's *Head; becauſe that Goddeſs, who was accuſtomed to tread upon the Heads even of the Gods, did afterwards walk upon thoſe of Men, when ſhe was thrown down.* But this Reaſon does not ſeem to me to be ſolid; for, to walk upon the Heads of Men, it is not neceſſary ſhe ſhould have walk'd upon the Heads of the Gods. The Paſſage is very clear; *Homer* ſays, that *Jupiter took that Goddeſs by the Head*, ἕιλε κεφαλῆς· which is the ſame thing with what he ſaid of *Minerva*, in the firſt Book, that *ſhe took* Achilles *by the Hair*, ξανθῆς δὲ κομης ἕλε Πηλεϊωνα. If he had been minded to ſay, that *Jupiter* took her upon his Head, he would have added a Prepoſition to determine ſuch a Meaning, and would never have given him the Epithet λιπαροπλοκάμοιο, which ſuits only the Head of a Goddeſs, not the Head of the Sovereign of the Gods. But this is not the moſt important part of this Paſſage; the moſt material thing in this Paſſage is the Fiction it contains; a Fiction very remarkable, in as much as it proves that the *Pagans* knew that a *Dæmon* of Diſcord and Malediction was in Heaven, and afterwards precipitated to Earth, which perfectly agrees with Holy Hiſtory. S. *Juſtin* will have it, that *Homer* attained to the Knowledge thereof in *Egypt*, and that he had even read what *Iſaiah* writes, chap. 14. *Quomodo cecidiſti*, &c. *How art thou fallen from Heaven, O* Luciſer, *Son of the Morning? how art thou cut down to the ground, which didſt weaken the Nation?* But our Poet could not have ſeen the Prophecy of *Iſaiah*, becauſe he liv'd 100, or 150 Years before that Prophet; and 'tis this very Anteriority of Time, which makes this Paſſage the more obſervable. *Homer* therein bears authentick Witneſs to the Truth of the Story of

" (*u*) ſhe never ſhould return to Heaven, To
" vex the Gods; then whirl'd her round, and
" flung her To Earth, where now ſhe plagues
" unhappy Mortals. Oft was the God in pain,
" and curs'd that Fury, (*w*) To ſee his Son
" with endleſs Labours tir'd, Which by *Eury-*
" *ſtheus'* Tyranny he bore.

" Thus *Jove* himſelf, and thus was I miſ-
" led; Whilſt *Hector* ſlew our Men with
" deadly Rage, And drove them to the Fleet,
" I was implacable, Nor could ſuppreſs my
" Anger, but was drunk With Paſſion, and
" poſſeſs'd by ſome wild Fury, Which *Jove*
" permitted; but I now perceive My Fault,
" and will with coſtly Gifts repair The Injuries

an Angel thrown from Heaven, and bears this Teſtimony above an hundred Years before one of the greateſt Prophets ſpoke of it; for can it be doubted that this Idea is drawn from Truth itſelf?

(*u*) *She never ſhould return to Heaven.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves here, that *Homer* admoniſhes his Readers with a great deal of Art not to give credit to the Fable which makes Diſcord to reign in Heaven among the Gods, but to give it an allegorical Senſe; for he affirms that Diſcord no longer appear'd in the Manſions of the Immortals from the Day that it was thrown down from thence. This pernicious and evil *Dæmon* ranges throughout the Earth, always ſeeking to do Miſchief.

(*w*) *To ſee his Son with endleſs Labours tir'd.*] The Antients were fully perſuaded of the abſolute and independent Sovereignty of Kings; and *Homer* very ſolidly eſtabliſhes this Truth by the plain Example of *Hercules*, who, though he was *Jupiter's* Son, paid nevertheleſs Obedience to *Euryſtheus*, who was only the Grandſon of that God, becauſe *Euryſtheus* was a King. *Hercules* being born his Subject, ſubmitted to his Commands, and executed all his Orders, tho' never ſo ſevere. No Birth, no Merit can diſpenſe with this Law.

" which

" which in my Rage I did To great *Achilles*.
" Therefore, mighty Warrior! Haſte to the
" Fight, (x) and lead your Squadrons on; I
" go to ſend you all the Spoils and Riches,
" Which in my Name *Ulyſſes* (y) yeſterday
" Engag'd to give you, to appeaſe your Anger.
" Tho' you are eager to renew the Combat,
" Yet e'er you can depart, my Slaves and Peo-
" ple This Moment ſhall convey them from
" my Ships, Before your Eyes, and lay them
" at your Feet.

Thus he: divine *Achilles* thus reply'd:
" Great Son of *Atreus!* Leader of the
" *Greeks!* The Gifts you offer me with ſo
" much Juſtice, (z) 'Tis in your pow'r to
" ſend or to detain; For you are Lord of all:
" but now's the Time For Battle and for
" War, without delay, Too precious to be
" ſpent in idle Talk; We muſt retrieve the
" Loſſes of the *Greeks*. Then let us march,
" and when the Troops behold me Felling the

(x) *Lead your Squadrons on.*] This is very dextrous for the aſſuaging *Achilles*: *Agamemnon* ſeems to yield to him the whole Authority of the General. But this was not till after he had himſelf given him Orders; *Haſte to the Battle.*

(y) *Yeſterday engag'd to give.*] In the Embaſſy which he, together with *Ajax*, perform'd to *Achilles*, the Night between the 16th and 17th. Therefore *Agamemnon* ſays very well, *which* Ulyſſes *yeſterday engag'd to give.*

(z) *'Tis in your power to ſend or to detain.*] *Achilles* neither refuſes nor demands *Agamemnon*'s Preſents. The firſt would be too contemptuous, and the other would look too ſelfiſh; it would ſeem as if *Achilles* fought only for Pay, like a Mercenary, which would be utterly unbecoming a Hero, and diſ-

" *Trojans* with my bloody Spear, Let each " Man follow me and my Example.

Then roſe *Ulyſſes* from the Bench, and ſpake: " Divine *Achilles*, tho your valiant " Soul Burns with impatience to begin the Bat- " tle; Yet whilſt the Men are ſpent with Toil " and Hunger, If they are led to fight, the " *Trojan* Troops With eaſe may bear the " Shock, and long maintain The Fight, nor " will your ſingle Arm decide it: Therefore " command the Men aboard the Fleet Refreſh " themſelves a while; for Bread and Wine " Are Strength and Valour to the weary Sol- " dier. How can a Warrior, preſs'd with " meager Famine, Endure the Toils of Bat- " tle, till the Sun Has run his Courſe, and " haſtens to the Ocean? For tho' his Courage " fail not, yet his Strength Will ſoon decay; " for Thirſt and pinching Want Will tame " him, and his Knees and feeble Joints Sink " down, unable to ſuſtain their Load; Whilſt " he, whoſe Soul is cheer'd with ſprightly " Wine And ſtrong Repaſt, can all day long " endure The Combat, nor will leave the " duſty Field, Whilſt any Foe remains; for " his brave Mind Is fill'd with freſh Recruits, " his Strength increaſes, And thro' his Limbs " the vigorous Juices flow. Then be adviſ'd, " and let the Troops partake Their due Re- " freſhments; but (a) let *Agamemnon* Mean

honourable to that Character. *Homer* is wonderful as to the Manners.

(a) *Let* Agamemnon *mean while produce his Preſents.*] This Advice of *Ulyſſes*, who

" while

" while produce his Preſents, in the ſight Of
" all the *Greeks*, to let *Achilles* ſee The Ho-
" nour he intends him, and reſtore His Cap-
" tive, by a ſolemn Oath affirming, That he has
" never to her Bed aſcended, Or taſted the
" ſweet Favour of her Sex; To free *Achilles'*
" Mind from jealous Fear: Then let him treat
" him at a ſplendid Banquet, Performing all
" the Rites, which may procure The Satiſ-
" faction to his Honour due. And you, O Son
" of *Atreus!* for the future Temper your Con-
" duct, and reſtrain your Paſſion, (*b*) Nor
" think it an Indignity, that Kings Should con-
" deſcend to do their Subjects juſtice.

He ſpake, and *Agamemnon* thus reply'd:
" With pleaſure, wiſe *Ulyſſes*, I have heard
" Your good Advice, with Reaſon and with
" Judgment Pronounc'd: what you propoſe,
" I will perform. I am prepar'd to take that
" ſolemn Oath, Nor ſhall with perjur'd Lips
" invoke the Gods. Only let great *Achilles*,
" tho' impatient To march into the Field and
" try the Combat, Awhile refrain, and you

is for having the Preſents brought thither inſtantly, is very ſubtle and very ſenſible. He would leave no handle to the Difference between *Agamemnon* and *Achilles*, but would have the *Greeks* owe all the Obligation to *Agamemnon*, by ſeeing what he ſacrifices to appeaſe him. And in this he waſtes no uſeful Time, for it all happens whilſt they are preparing the Sacrifice neceſſary to confirm that Union.

(*b*) *Nor think it an Indignity.*] A truly Divine Maxim! All Injuries ought to have Reparation, this is the Law; therefore no body is exempted from obeying it, and it is glorious for thoſe who bear the Scepter of Juſtice to ſubmit thereto.

" aſſem-

" assembled *Greeks* Stay till the Presents from
" the Fleet are brought; And we by mutual
" Leagues have sign'd our Friendship. Yours
" be the Charge, *Ulysses*, to command Some
" of our (*c*) chief Attendants to convey The
" Captives and the Presents from our Ships,
" All that by you I promis'd to *Achilles*; Whilst
" by my Order, to the *Sun* and *Jove*, *Talthybius*
" shall perform the (*d*) Sacrifice.

Then thus *Achilles* spake: " O *Agamemnon*,
" Let us defer these Rites, till we return From
" Battle, and this mighty Fury cools That
" rages in my Breast: Our valiant *Greeks* Lie
" scatter'd on the Plains, by *Hector* slain, When
" *Jove* with Glory crown'd his bloody Arms,
" Whilst you invite me to the Wine and Ban-
" quet. Fain I would lead our Squadrons to
" the Field, Tho' tir'd and hungry; when the
" Day is done, We may with Joy and Feast-
" ing spend the Night, Already sated with
" Revenge and Slaughter. For me, till then
" no Wine nor Nourishment Shall touch my
" Lips, since I have lost *Patroclus*, (*e*) Who
" now lies stretch'd before my lofty Tent, A-

(*c*) *Chief Attendants.*] *Agamemnon* will not have these Presents brought by the common Soldiers, but by the Principal Officers, to do the more Honour to *Achilles*.

(*d*) *The Sacrifice.*] Κάπρος does not signify here a wild Boar, as the Interpreters were of opinion. They had not time to go a hunting to take a Boar alive; it means a Hog. And *Eustathius* gives the Reasons which obliged them on this Occasion to make choice of this Victim. *See him, p.* 1183.

(*e*) *Who now lies stretch'd before my lofty Tent.*] It is in the *Greek*, *lies extended in my Tent with his Face turned towards the Door*, ἀνὰ πρόθυρον

" midst

" midſt his weeping Friends; till I avenge
" His Death, my Soul no other Pleaſures craves
" But Blood and Slaughter, Noiſe and dying
" Groans.

Thus he: The ſage *Ulyſſes* thus reply'd:
" O Son of *Peleus*, you in Strength and Va-
" lour Excel, (*f*) but I in Wiſdom and good
" Counſel, For I have more Experience and
" more Years; Then liſten to my Words, let
" me prevail: The braveſt Warriors are with
" Combat cloy'd. (*g*) The Ears of Corn in
" Harveſt do not fall So thick, beneath the
" Reaper's crooked Sickle, (*h*) As fall thoſe
" Troops in Battle, againſt whom Great *Jove*,

τεθραμμένος, that is to ſay, as the Scholiaſt has very well explain'd it, having *his Feet turn'd towards the Door.* τετραμμένης ἔχων ἐν ἀυτῇ τὰς ποδας; for thus it was that in *Greece* they placed the Dead in the Porch of their Houſes, as likewiſe in *Italy*, and *Perſia*: ——*In portam rigidos calces extendit.* The ſame Cuſtom is to this day obſerved among us,

(*f*) *But I in Wiſdom.*] *Ulyſſes* does not attribute the Advantage he here gives himſelf over *Achilles*, either to his own Ingenuity, or his Induſtry; but aſcribes it ſolely to his great Age. And thereby he ſoftens that Preference which he gives himſelf, by ſhewing that ſince thoſe Qualities, Prudence and Experience, are the Gift of Age, *Achilles* may likewiſe have them with Time. It is not diſhonourable to Youth to be without that which Age alone can give.

(*g*) *The Ears of Corn.*] *Ulyſſes* means to ſhew to *Achilles*, that Troops that are faſting can make no long Reſiſtance; that as ſoon as they once give way, there is a cruel Execution made among them; and that they have not Strength either to ſtand it out or run away: and he urges it the more, that *Achilles* may be prevailed upon to Eat before he Fights. He dares not ſay it in expreſs terms, but he inſinuates it by an Image.

(*h*) *As fall thoſe Troops.*] That is to ſay, *Thoſe who*

" the

" the Judge of War, with angry Hand (*i*)
" The fatal Balance weighs. It is not lawful
" For *Greeks* to faſt for their dead Friends:
" If this Had been the Cuſtom, when ſhould
" we have known The Taſte of Dainties, who
" have loſt ſuch Numbers Slain in the War?
" Our Country Rites command To bury our
" departed Friends in Earth, Spending the
" Day in Sorrow and in Tears: But they who
" from the doubtful Fight eſcape, Should
" with due Nouriſhment repair their Strength;
" That with freſh Force they may return to
" Arms, (*k*) And manfully ſuſtain the furious
" Charge. When the Repaſt is done, and we
" are call'd (*l*) To march againſt the Foe in

eſcape from the Rout, are very few. *Ulyſſes*'s Expreſſion is very remarkable; he calls καλάμην, *Stipulam, Straw, Chaff*, ſuch as are kill'd in the Battle; and he calls ἄμεϱδον, *the Crop*, ſuch as make their Eſcape. This is very conformable to the Language of the Holy Scripture, wherein thoſe who periſh are call'd *Chaff*, and thoſe who are ſaved are call'd *Corn*.

(*i*) *The fatal Balance weighs.*] This is a very Poetical Phraſe, to ſignify *putting one of the two Parties to the Rout*; which does not happen till he has cauſed one of the Scales of the Balance to ſink down. *Jupiter*'s Balances are ſufficiently ſpoken of elſewhere.

(*k*) *And manfully ſuſtain,* &c.] There is in the Text a Mutation of the Perſon, which is remarkable; for *Homer* inſtead of ſaying, *to the end that they may be able*, as the Connection requires, ſays, *to the end that we may be able*, to make himſelf of the Party, and likewiſe *Achilles*, by ſhewing him that he ſhould likewiſe eat, or otherwiſe will wrong his Courage. I did not dare in my Tranſlation to risk this Change of the Perſon, as being too foreign to our Tongue.

(*l*) *To march againſt the Foe.*] This is very *adroit*: *Ulyſſes*, to prevail upon *Achilles* to let the Troops take Repaſt, and in ſome ſort to ſecond his Impatience, gives

" War-

" Warlike Order, Let Miſchief be his Lot
" who quits the Ranks, Or to his Ship with
" wretched Fear retires.

Thus he: Then from the thick Aſſembly choſe The Sons of *Neſtor*, *Meges* born to *Phyleus*, *Thoas* and *Lycomedes*, and ſtout *Merion*, And *Menalippus*: theſe together went To *Agamemnon*'s Tent, from whence they took The Spoils, ſeven maſſy Chargers, twenty Bowls, Twelve Steeds, and ſeven Talents of pure Gold, With ſeven fair Slaves, expert in curious Arts, All which the King had promis'd to *Achilles*: *Briſeis* was the eighth, of lovely Mien. *Ulyſſes* led the Train, and bore the Talents: The other Chiefs the other Preſents carry'd, And midſt th' aſſembled *Grecians* laid them down. Then *Agamemnon* roſe, and ſage *Talthybius* Leading the Boar, came near, and ſtood before him: (*m*) The King his Dagger drew, which near his Belt He wore, and from the Beaſt (*n*) ſome Briſtles cut, As the firſt

with the ſame Breath! Orders for Battle, by commanding the Troops to march, and to expect no further Orders. Thus the Troops go to take Repaſt; for it looks as if they do not loſe a moment's time, but are going to put themſelves in Array of Battle. It is aſtoniſhing to ſee how all the beautiful Places of *Homer* have been disfigured by his Tranſlators.

(*m*) *His Dagger drew, which near his Belt.*] I have already taken notice of this Cuſtom of the Princes, in wearing a Dagger near their Sword.

(*n*) *Some Briſtles cut, as the firſt Offering.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves, that this Cuſtom of cutting off the Briſtle or Hair of the Victim was to put him in mind of the antient Veſtments of Mankind, before they found the Art of ſpinning Wool, and making Stuffs thereof; for they uſed to cover themſelves with

Off'ring:

Off'ring: Then to *Jove* he lifted His Hands, whilſt all the *Greeks* in decent Silence Sate liſtning to the Words of *Agamemnon:* He looking up to Heav'n, thus pray'd aloud:

" Let *Jove*, the greateſt and the beſt of Gods,
" Be witneſs, with the Earth, and Sun, and
" Furies, That dwell below, and puniſh Breach
" of Oaths; If ſince *Briſeis* at my Tent re-
" main'd, I offer'd any Violence againſt The
" Laws of Modeſty, or tempted her To ſhare
" my Bed, then let the injur'd Gods, If I
" have falſly ſworn, pour on my Head Thoſe
" Ills, which they reſerve for perjur'd Mor-
" tals.

Thus he: Then ſheath'd his Dagger in the Swine, And ſtraight (*o*) *Talthybius* flung into the Sea The bleeding Heart, a Prey to greedy Fiſhes.

Then roſe Divine *Achilles*, and thus ſpake: (*p*) " O *Jove*, from thee our greateſt E-
" vils come; The Gods, whene'er they
" pleaſe, can blind our Minds; The Son of
" *Atreus* ne'er had injur'd me, Nor had I

Rayment made of the Hair of Beaſts.

(*o*) Talthybius *flung into the Sea the bleeding Heart.*] For it was not lawful to eat the Fleſh of the Victims, that were ſacrificed in Confirmation of Oaths; ſuch were Victims of Malediction.

(*p*) *O Jove, from thee our greateſt*, &c.] *Achilles*, to let them ſee that he is intirely appeaſed, juſtifies *Agamemnon* himſelf, and enters into the Reaſons with which that Prince had colour'd his Fault. But in that Juſtification he perfectly well preſerves his Character, and illuſtrates perfectly well the Advantage he has over that King who offended him.

" rage'd

" rage'd with Anger and Reſentment; But
" 'twas decreed by you to plague the *Greeks*:
" Who can reſiſt your Pow'r, or ſtop your
" Orders? Then haſte, and let the Troops
" refreſh a while, And after march and try
" the deadly Combat.

Thus he; the great Aſſembly ſoon diſpers'd,
And each Commander to his Ship repair'd.
Mean while the *Myrmidons* with Care convey'd
The Preſents to the Tent of great *Achilles*,
There laid them down, conducting the fair
Slaves: Then to the Paſture led the warlike
Steeds.

But when *Briſeis*, whoſe reſplendent Beauty
Like *Venus* ſhone, beheld *Patroclus'* Body, With
Sorrow fill'd, ſhe flung into his Arms, Rending her Boſom, Neck, and lovely Cheeks:
Then thus with piercing Cries expreſs'd her
Grief:

" Unhappy I, to loſe my dear *Patroclus*,
" Who did with friendly Pity eaſe my Sor-
" row! Alas! when from the Tent I was
" convey'd, You then in lively Youth and
" Vigour flouriſh'd; Why do I ſee you thus
" at my Return? The Gods with freſh Af-
" flictions ſtill purſue me. Theſe Eyes beheld
" my Husband, (q) to whoſe Arms My tender

(q) *To whoſe Arms my tender Parents.*] *Euſtathius* obſerves here, that *Homer* expreſſes himſelf very properly; for the Wife is given to the Husband, and not the Husband to the Wife. Wherefore the Husband is the Maſter, and the Wife ought to ſubmit to him: Thus the *Greeks* call'd the Wife Δαμαρ, as who ſhould ſay, δαμαζομένη, *ſubjected, ſubmitted, and under the Yoke*

" Parents

" Parents gave me, ſlain in Battle, And my
" three Brothers falling by his ſide. I ſaw
" *Achilles*, cover'd o'er with Blood, Ravage
" my Country, ſack my native Town: All
" this I ſaw, and you allay'd my Grief, (*r*)
" And promis'd me, *Achilles* ſhould eſpouſe
" me, Make me his Princeſs, and to *Phthia*
" bear me, With Nuptial Pomp; with you
" thoſe Hopes are gone: With you, whoſe
" Goodneſs and whoſe gentle Nature Were
" all my Comfort once, and now my Sorrow.
Thus ſhe: The Torrents from her Eyes deſcended, Whilſt all her Siſter Captives join'd their Tears, (*s*) Not for *Patroclus*' Loſs, but for their own.

of the Husband; and at *Athens* the Husband was call'd Κύριος, *Lord*, *Maſter*.

(*r*) *And promis'd me* Achilles.] Now-a-days, when our Manners are ſo different from the antient Manners, and that we ſee in our Climates no ſuch diſmal Cataſtrophes which laid whole Kingdoms waſte, and ſubjected Princeſſes and Queens to the Power of the Conqueror, it will perhaps ſeem aſtoniſhing, that a Princeſs of *Briſeis*'s Birth, the very day that her Father, Brothers, and Husband were kill'd by *Achilles*, ſhould ſuffer herſelf to be comforted, and even flatter'd with the Hopes of becoming the Spouſe to their Murderer. But ſuch were the Manners of thoſe Times, as antient Hiſtory teſtifies: And a Poet repreſents them as they are; but if there was a Neceſſity for juſtifying them, it might be ſaid that Slavery was at that time ſo terrible, that in truth a Princeſs like *Briſeis* was pardonable to chuſe rather to become *Achilles*'s Wife than his Slave.

(*s*) *Not for* Patroclus' *Loſs, but for their own.*] *Homer* adds this Touch to heighten the Character of *Briſeis*, and to ſhew the Difference there was between her and the other Captives. *Briſeis*, as a well-born Princeſs, really bewail'd *Patroclus* out of Gratitude; but the others, by pretending to bewail him, wept only out of Intereſt.

Mean

Mean while the Leaders round *Achilles* preſs'd,
Inviting him to taſte ſome Nouriſhment: (*t*)
But he with Sighs and Tears refus'd the Offer.
" If you, he ſaid, are Friends indeed, forbear,
" And leave me to my Sorrow, which rejects
" All Food: to Grief my Senſes are reſign'd.
" Here let me weep, till the bright Sun goes
" down.

He ſpake, and to their Tents diſmiſs'd the Chiefs: Only *Ulyſſes*, both the Sons of *Atreus*, Old *Phœnix*, *Neſtor*, and *Idomeneus*, Stay'd to appeaſe his Grief, and comfort him; Which they in vain attempted, he abandon'd His Soul to Sorrow: No Allay he found, No Conſolation, but the cruel Hope That he ſhould live to be reveng'd on *Hector* For his *Patroclus*' Loſs, no other Name Was heard within his Lips: " My dear *Patroclus!* He cry'd, Unhappy " Youth, of all my Friends The neareſt to my " Soul: How oft have you, (*u*) When in a " Morning our Commanders call'd me To

(*t*) *But he with Sighs and Tears refus'd.*] *Homer* had here a fair Opportunity to diſplay his Knowledge, and his Art, in giving to each of theſe Princes ſuch Speeches as were conformable to their Manners and Character. It is certain the Reader would have been pleaſed to have ſeen what thoſe great Perſonages could have ſaid to *Achilles* to comfort him; but *Homer* ſtudies only to afford the Pleaſure which his Fable requires. Such Conſolatory Speeches would have been ill placed; the Time refuſes them as well as *Achilles*. *Homer* therefore, as *Euſtathius* has very well obſerved, rejected this Occaſion, and contented himſelf with making the Reader ſenſible that he did reject it. He proceeds to what is more important and more urging.

(*u*) *When in a Morning.*] The Generals preſs *Achilles* to eat; *Achilles* refuſes them,

" ſome

" ſome Attack againſt the *Trojan* Ramparts,
" Serv'd up the hearty Banquet in my Tent?
" And do I now embrace you on your Herſe?
" How often at this Table have we ſate In
" ſweet Society? O fatal Wounds, That rob
" me of my Friend! No other Grief Could
" equal this: (*w*) Not tho' a Meſſenger From
" *Phthia* brought the News of *Peleus'* Death,
" Who now conſumes with Grief within his
" Palace, And never hopes to ſee his wretched
" Son. Whilſt I remote from *Greece*, engage in
" War Againſt the *Trojans* for pernicious *Helen*.
" My dear *Patroclus!* I no more ſhall ſee My
" Son, if yet he lives, young *Neoptolemus*, At
" *Scyros* left. Alas! I vainly thought That on-
" ly I ſhould fall before theſe Walls, And you
" ſurvive, to ſail to *Greece* again, Who might
" conduct my Son to fertile *Phthia*, There
" place him in my Kingdom, ſince my Father
" Is now no more, or full of Years and Care,
" Will ſoon reſign his Life, when he ſhall
" hear The fatal News, that I am ſlain at
" *Troy*.

and this awakens in his Mind the Idea of the Food which *Patroclus* brought to him every Morning before they went to Battle: And with that he begins his Lamentations. This is very natural, and admirably well conceals the Art of drawing the Subject of his Diſcourſe from the very things that preſent themſelves.

(*w*) *Not tho' a Meſſenger.*] *Achilles* therefore in this place prefers his Friend not only to his Son, but likewiſe to his Father. A Man may love a Friend more than a Son, but it is forbidden to love him more, or even ſo much as a Father; for, next to God, Fathers are thoſe who ought to be moſt beloved and honour'd by their

Thus

Thus he; and mingled Tears amidſt his Words: His Sorrows forc'd the Chiefs that ſtood around him, To weep the ſad (x) Remembrance of ſome Loſs, Which to their Minds his mournful Sight recall'd.

Jove, touch'd with his Diſtreſs, to *Pallas* thus Addreſs'd his high Commands: "Is great *Achil-*
"*les* No more regarded? ſee, oppreſs'd with
"Grief, Where in his Ship he lies, and mourns
"the Loſs Of his *Patroclus*; whilſt the other
"*Greeks* Are at the Banquet, only he abſtains;
"Go you, inſtill into his Breaſt the Dainties

Children. How then comes *Homer* to preſent here an Example which ſeems ſo contrary to good Morals? Does he mean to give *Achilles* the Sentiments of an unnatural Son, to load that Character? No, doubtleſs; for on the contrary he gives him all the Virtues that are conſiſtent with that Ground-work of Obduracy which he attributes to him, and he has already ſhewn that *Achilles* tenderly loved his Father. What *Achilles* ſays here, is not in the leaſt the Sentiment of an unnatural Son, and he himſelf gives very ſenſible and plain Reaſons for it: his Father is loaded with Years, and is perhaps no longer alive; or if he is alive, it is certain he will not long ſurvive the News of his Death. *Patroclus* was young, and *Achilles*, who had but a few Days to live, hoped that after his Death his dear Friend would be as a Father to his Son, and put him into the Poſſeſſion of his Kingdom. *Neoptolemus* would in *Patroclus* find *Peleus* and *Achilles*; whereas when *Patroclus* was dead, every thing was dead to him. *Homer* is particularly admirable for the Sentiments, and always follows Nature.

(x) *Remembrance of ſome Loſs.*] This is a very natural Thought, and ſuch is the Effect which the Complaints of *Achilles* ought to produce in thoſe Princes who behold themſelves almoſt in the ſame Condition with him. *Homer* is never wanting in any thing which a Subject can furniſh, the moſt tender and the moſt touching.

"Of

" Of Nectar and Ambrosia, to sustain him,
" Lest Thirst and Hunger quell his martial
" Strength.

Minerva, of her self dispos'd to succour The Hero, soon obey'd her Father's Words; Then from *Olympus* flew, swift as an Eagle, Just as the *Greeks* were arming; to *Achilles* She came, instilling Nectar and Ambrosia Into his Breast, to give him Strength and Vigour To bear the Combat; then return'd as swiftly To *Jove*'s high Palace. From the Camp and Fleet The *Greeks* in Order drew, and lin'd the Shore. As when the Northern Wind impetuous drives Thick Flakes of Snow, that whiten the bright Air; So look'd the shining Breast-plates, Shields, and Casks, And Spears, that issu'd from the Tents and Ships: The Blaze to Heaven extended, and the Earth Smil'd with new Glory, clad in shining Brass, Under the trampling Troops and Steeds resounding. Amidst the rest, *Achilles* took his Arms, (z) Burning with Fury; from his Eyes the Flames, Like Lightning

(y) *Of Nectar and Ambrosia.*] This Miracle isfounded upon the Knowledge which the *Pagans* had, that God could support Men without any Nourishment as long as he pleased. Here are seen the Beauties which *Homer* takes from this Obstinacy of *Achilles* in not eating. *Jupiter* sends *Minerva* to support him with a Divine Food, which is far more glorious for that Hero, and has a much greater Effect as to Poetry.

(z) *Burning with Fury.*] I did not dare to risk what *Homer* says, that *they heard the Grinding of his Teeth.* This is the Advantage which foreign and figurative Terms have over common and ordinary ones. *Homer* here admirably well paints a Hero whom Rage transports, and who is arming himself for Battle.

flew,

ſlew, Sorrow immix'd with Rage Poſſeſs'd his Soul, impatient to revenge *Patroclus'* Death; he ſeiz'd his poliſh'd Arms, The Work and Gift of *Vulcan*, then put on His Buskins, which by Golden Buckles hung, Then his bright Breaſt-plate, and his Belt that bore His deadly Sword, and next his Buckler took, That caſt a beamy Splendor, like the Moon. As when ſome Lanthorn from a lofty Hill, Or Tow'r, along the Ocean ſpreads its Luſtre, To light the Mariners by Tempeſts toſt Far from the Shore, on which they wiſh to land; Such Beams from great *Achilles'* Buckler ſhone: Then on his manly Head he plac'd the Helmet, On which the Creſt reſembled ſome red Star, Threatning Mankind; the Plume of fine-wrought Gold Nodded above, and floated in the Wind.

Thus clad, the Hero try'd to walk, and move His Limbs, eſſaying if the Armour ſate Light and well fitted, and (*a*) like Wings he found it, That made him ſtill more Active, Free, and Gay.

(*a*) *Like Wings he found it.*] What Poetry is here! When one would have thought *Homer* had exhauſted all the Miracles upon this Armour, behold a new one! Far from being cumberſome, they are like Wings which raiſe that Hero up, and make him more lively and active. And this whole Miracle is in order to ſpeak Poetically a very plain thing, That theſe Arms are ſo exact, and ſo well proportion'd to *Achilles's* Shape, that they do not in the leaſt embaraſs him.

Then from his Armory he took his Spear,
Maſſy and long, a Preſent from his Father:
No other Warrior in the Troops but he
Could wield or throw it: *Chiron* cut it down
From *Pelion*'s craggy Top, and gave it *Peleus*,
To be the Death of many valiant Heroes.

Mean while *Automedon* and *Alcimus* Harneſs the Steeds, and join them to the Chariot: *Automedon* aſcending took his place, Prepar'd to drive with Whip and Reins, *Achilles* Behind him ſate, (*b*) in Armour that outſhin'd The Sun, then with a ſtern Regard and Voice, Thus to his warlike Steeds his Orders gave:
" *Xanthus* and *Balius*, Sons of *Podagra*, Wor-
" thy your Race, (*c*) obey your Charioteer,
" And bear me into Battle, where my Rage
" May ſate it ſelf with Blood; and do not
" leave me Stretch'd on the Plain, as late
" you left *Patroclus*.

Xanthus, diſdaining theſe Reproaches, turn'd His Head, and as he turn'd, his dangling Mane Swept the ſmooth Plain, then to his Maſter thus Reply'd, for *Juno* gave him Pow'r to

(*b*) *In Armour that outſhin'd the Sun.*] After what he ſaid of the Luſtre of his Cuiraſs, and that of his Buckler, all this being put together upon *Achilles*, who is in his Chariot, was likely to make him appear as the Sun in his Carr environ'd with Glory. This is well purſued, and *Homer* arrives at this Compariſon by degrees, and with a great deal of Exactneſs.

(*c*) *Obey your Charioteer.*] *Achilles* only ſpeaks of his Driver *Automedon*; he ſays nothing concerning himſelf, for he is prepared to die.

ſpeak.

ſpeak. " Valiant *Achilles!* from the deadly " Combat (*d*) We'll bear you ſafe this day: " But know, your Death Draws near, nor can " you blame your warlike Steeds: *Jove* and the " Fates have fix'd their firm Decrees. 'Twas " not our Fault, our Sloth, or Cowardice, By " which *Patroclus* fell, and loſt his Arms: " But the far-ſhooting Son of great *Latona* " Smote him, and then to *Hector* gave the " Glory. For us, our nimble Hoofs can o- " vertake The *Zephyrs*, ſwifter than all other " Winds. But who can ſave you, ſince the

(*d*) *We'll bear you ſafe this day.*] Upon this Fiction of *Homer*, who makes a Horſe to ſpeak, it is worth while to obſerve the ſage Conduct of this Poet. Fable, which gives Manners and a Voice not only to brute Beaſts, but likewiſe to Plants, as is ſeen even in the Holy Scripture; Tradition, received among the Greeks, that the Ram of *Phryxus* ſpoke; and antient Hiſtory, wherein many the like Miracles are reported, as that an Ox ſpoke: all theſe, I ſay, ſeem to authorize *Homer*, and to give him the liberty of making this Horſe of *Achilles* to ſpeak without any other Preparative, and without expoſing him to the leaſt Poſſibility of Condemning that Hardineſs: He, however, does not paſs to that Prodigy without much Gradation and Management. He had already inſinuated to his Reader, that thoſe Horſes are of an immortal Race, and that they lamented the Death of *Patroclus*: by this the Reader is beforehand diſpoſed to conſider them as endued with Underſtanding. And laſtly, the Goddeſs *Juno* intervenes, who renders this Miracle very probable, and who ſets forth the very Nature of the Prodigy, for *Juno* is nothing but the Air. Beſides, *Homer* might have heard of the Miracle of *Balaam's* Aſs, *Numb.* 22. 28. The Poet therefore cannot be blamed by any but thoſe who are utterly ignorant of the Nature of an Epick Poem; which, without loſing ſight of the Bounds of Probability, ſeeks for the Admirable and the Prodigious.

" Fates decree, (*e*) That by a God and by a
" Man ſubdu'd, You ſhall be ſlain before the
" Walls of *Troy*?

More he had ſaid, but the (*f*) fell Furies ſtopt him. Then thus *Achilles*, full of Rage, reply'd: " *Xanthus*, muſt you upbraid me with
" Misfortunes, And thus foretel my Death?
" Too well I know That on this Shore, far
" from my native Country, I ſhall reſign to
" Fate; yet e'er I fall The *Trojans* ſhall with
" Slaughter dye the Plain.

Thus he; then with a Shout drove ſwiftly on, And led the firm Battalions to the Field.

(*e*) *By a God and Man ſubdu'd.*] Since it was neceſſary that *Hector* ſhou'd be aided by a God to kill *Patroclus*, it is much more likely that *Achilles*, who is more valiant than *Patroclus*, cannot be ſlain by a Man alone.

(*f*) *Fell Furies ſtopt him.*] Why the Furies, and not *Juno*? This is an Objection made by ſome of the Antients againſt *Homer*: *Euſtathius* anſwers it very well; his Remark is as follows: This is taken from the moſt profound Philoſophy; the Poet had offended againſt Probability if he had made *Juno* do it; for how could *Juno* take away the Voice, ſhe who is the Cauſe thereof? Beſides, the Poet was willing to ſignify, that the Privation of the Voice is ſo diſmal and melancholy a thing, that none but the Furies can take upon them ſo cruel an Employ. I would add to *Euſtathius*'s Remark, that it ſeems, according to the Theology of the Antients, that the Furies had a Commiſſion to repair whatever was done againſt the ordinary Laws of Nature. There is nothing more contrary to thoſe Laws than for a Horſe to ſpeak; it therefore belongs to the Furies to ſtop the Courſe of ſo ſurprizing a Prodigy.

Argu-

Argument of the Twentieth Book.

WHILST *the* Greeks *and* Trojans *prepare for Battle,* Jupiter *orders* Themis *to ſummon the Gods to Council. He acquaints the Aſſembly with his Deſigns; and permits the Gods to go down, and be preſent in the Engagement, and to take either Party, as their own Inclinations led them. They divide themſelves on both ſides, whilſt the Armies with great fury charge one another. A prodigious Storm of Thunder, with a dreadful Earthquake; ſo violent, that* Pluto *is frighted with an Apprehenſion that his Dominions would be laid open, and Day break in upon him.* Apollo *encourages* Æneas *to engage* Achilles. *The Gods retire, and take their Stations to behold the Combat.* Achilles *and* Æneas, *after a long Converſation on both ſides, meet and charge one another.* Æneas, *juſt as* Achilles *is ready to kill him, is convey'd away by* Neptune, *who knew his Deſtiny, that he ſhould be King of the*

ARGUMENT.

Trojans. Achilles *in revenge ſacrifices ſeveral other Commanders to his Reſentment. He kills* Polydore, Priam's *youngeſt Son.* Hector *advances to revenge his Brother's Death, and throws his Lance.* Achilles *runs in to diſpatch him, but* Apollo *reſcues him, by hiding him in a thick Cloud.* Achilles *purſues the* Trojans *as they fly towards the City with all his Vigour, and makes ſo great a Slaughter of them, that the Plain is cover'd with dead Bodies.*

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Achilles *clad in his new Armour, having vigorously attack'd* [illegible] **Trojans**, *falls with fury upon* **Hector**, *whom he is upon y* [illegible] *of Sacrificeing to his Resentment; but* **Apollo** *covering hi* [illegible] *with a thick Cloud delivers him from that Danger.* B.2

THE ILIAD OF *HOMER.*

BOOK XX.

WHILST from the Fleet the *Greeks* repair'd to Arms, Led by *Achilles*, eager for the Fight, And on a rising Ground the *Trojan* Troops Drew out in warlike Order to receive them; (*a*) *Themis*, by *Jove*'s Command, was sent to summon The

(*a*) Themis, *by* Jove's *Command.*] *Iris* and *Mercury* are the ordinary Messengers of *Jupiter*. Here he makes use of *Themis*; for the Business being to decide the Fate of the *Trojans*, and to punish those Ravishers and

Gods, who (*b*) round *Olympus'* Top reſided,
(*c*) To a grand Council: they obedient came
From every ſide to *Jove*'s eternal Palace; The
Rivers, and the Sea-Gods, (*d*) only *Ocean* Excepted, and the Nymphs that dwell in Woods,
In Springs, and Meads, were preſent in th' Aſſembly: All ſate in ſhining Niches of bright
Gold, Which *Vulcan* for his Father *Jove* had fram'd.

Neptune, among the reſt, obey'd the Orders,
and from his watry Realm came to the Preſence,

Treaty-Breakers, *Jupiter* employs *Themis*, that is to ſay, Juſtice, who aſſembles the Gods round *Jupiter*, becauſe it is from him that all the Powers of Nature take their Virtue and receive their Orders: and *Jupiter* ſends them to the Relief of both Parties, to ſhew that nothing falls out but by his Permiſſion, and that neither Angels nor Men, nor the Elements, act but according to the Power which is given them. This Paſſage is very beautiful, and *Proclus*, to explain it, has written a whole Chapter, which deſerves to be read.

(*b*) *Who round* Olympus' *Top reſided.*] That is, from the ſundry Heavens and all the celeſtial Spheres and different Heights of Mount *Olympus*, becauſe of the Nymphs of the Waters and Foreſts.

(*c*) *To a grand Council.*] With what Art does *Homer* ſet off the Grandeur and Glory of *Achilles*! So ſoon as he takes Arms, the Affair becomes ſo important, that *Jupiter* ſummons an Aſſembly of the Gods.

(*d*) *Only* Ocean *excepted.*] For whether the Ocean be conſider'd according to the Truth couch'd under the Allegory, he cou'd not be preſent in the Palace of *Jupiter*; that is, the Element of Water cannot mount above the Place it poſſeſſes. Whether we conſider him according to the Fable, as the Father of all the Gods, he ought not to have repair'd to that Aſſembly, to be Witneſs of the War which his Deſcendants were going to make on one another.

And

And took his Seat, then (*e*) thus of *Saturn*'s Son Ask'd, for what Cauſe he had the Gods aſſembled: " Father of Gods and Men! whoſe " Arm ſends forth The Thunder, tell us, " wherefore we are met: Is it to take new " Meaſures on th' Affair Of *Greece* and *Troy*, " whoſe Troops are now drawn forth, And " with new Rage reſolve to try the Combat?

To him thus *Jove*: " The Subject of our " Councils, And my Deſign, by *Neptune* has " been told. I cannot ſee ſo brave a Race of " Men Unpity'd fall, and therefore I intend " To view the Battle from *Olympus*' Top: Go " you into the Plain, (*f*) and take the Party " You favour moſt, each God aſſiſt his Friends; " Should great *Achilles* by himſelf attack The

(*e*) *Thus of* Saturn's *Son ask'd.*] *Pluto* not being at this Aſſembly, for Reaſons which I ſhall ſoon give, *Neptune* was, next to *Jupiter*, the greateſt of the Gods; and therefore he ſpoke firſt.

(*f*) *And take the Party you favour moſt.*] *Euſtathius* informs us that the Antients were very much divided upon this Paſſage of *Homer*. Some have criticized it, and others have anſwer'd their Criticiſm; but he reports nothing more than the Objection, without vouchſafing to tranſmit the Anſwer to us. Thoſe who condemned *Homer*, ſaid, *Jupiter* is for the *Trojans*: he ſees the *Greeks* are the ſtrongeſt; ſo he permits the Gods to declare themſelves, and go to the Battle. But therein that God is deceived, and does not gain his Point; for the Gods who favour the *Greeks* being ſtronger than thoſe who favour the *Trojans*, the *Greeks* will ſtill have the ſame Advantage. I do not know what Anſwer the Partizans of *Homer* made, but for my part, I think this Objection is more ingenious than ſolid. *Jupiter* does not pretend that the *Trojans* ſhould be ſtronger than the *Greeks*, he has only a mind that the Decree of Deſtiny ſhould be executed. Deſtiny had refuſed to *Achilles* the Glory of taking *Troy*, but if A-

" *Trojans*, they would ſcarce ſuſtain the Charge:
" How can they bear his Fury now redoubled
" By young *Patroclus'* Loſs, who yeſterday
" Naked, unarm'd, diſmay'd them with his
" Preſence? Therefore make haſte, leſt in
" his Rage he ſack The Walls of *Troy*, in
" ſpite of Fate's Decree.

Thus ſpake the Son of *Saturn*, and engag'd The Gods on either Side: (g) *Juno* and *Pallas*, And *Neptune*, and the God of Arts and Cunning, Swift *Mercury*, with *Vulcan* breathing

chilles fights ſingly againſt the *Trojans*, he is capable of forcing Deſtiny; as *Homer* has already elſewhere ſaid, that there had been brave Men to whom that had happen'd. Whereas if the Gods took part, tho' thoſe who follow the *Grecians* are ſtronger than thoſe who are for the *Trojans*, the latter wou'd however be ſtrong enough to ſupport Deſtiny, and to hinder *Achilles* from making himſelf Maſter of *Troy*. This was *Jupiter's* ſole View: Thus is this Paſſage ſo far from being blameable, it is on the contrary very beautiful, and infinitely glorious for *Achilles*.

(g) Juno *and* Pallas, *and* Neptune, *&c. aided the* Greeks.] The Reader muſt by no means imagine that *Homer* made this Diviſion by chance. It is founded upon very ſolid Reaſons; and drawn from the very Nature of thoſe two Nations. He places on the Side of the *Greeks* all the Gods who preſide over Arts and Sciences, to ſignify that in that reſpect the *Greeks* bear away the Bell from all other Nations. *Juno*, *Pallas*, *Neptune*, *Mercury* and *Vulcan* are for the *Greeks*: *Juno*, not only as the Goddeſs who preſides over Marriage, and who is concern'd to revenge an Injury done to the Nuptial Bed; but likewiſe as the Goddeſs who repreſents Monarchical Government, which was better eſtabliſhed in *Greece* than any where elſe: *Pallas*, becauſe being the Goddeſs of War and Wiſdom, ſhe ought to be for thoſe who are wrong'd; beſides, the *Greeks* underſtood the Art of War better than the *Barbarians*: *Neptune*, becauſe he was an Enemy to the *Trojans* upon account of *Laomedon's* Perfidiouſneſs, and be-

Rage,

Rage, Aided the *Greeks:* (*b*) *Apollo*, and *Diana*, And *Mars*, *Latona*, *Xanthus*, and fair *Venus*, The Queen of Laughter and of Love, were rang'd On t'other Side, and took the *Trojan* Party.

E'er the high Pow'rs deſcended to the Field, The *Greeks*, aſſur'd of Victory, march'd on; For now *Achilles* in the Van appear'd, After ſo long retiring from the War. New Terrors ſeiz'd the *Trojans* at his ſight, Shining in Arms, and with a Mien like *Mars*; But when the Gods came down and join'd the Troops, Both Armies fluſh'd with equal Ardour flew To meet each other, and begin the Charge. *Pallas* along the Shore and high Intrenchments Ran, to incite the *Grecians* to the Battle. *Mars*, like a Whirlwind raging to oppoſe her, From all the *Trojan* Ramparts and the Banks Of *Si-*

cauſe moſt of the *Greeks* being come from the Iſlands or Peninſula's, they were in ſome ſort his Subjects: *Mercury*, becauſe he is a God who preſides over Stratagems of War, and becauſe *Troy* was taken by that of the Wooden Horſe: and laſtly *Vulcan*, as the declared Enemy of *Mars* and of all Adulterers, and as the Father of Arts.

(*b*) Apollo *and* Diana, *&c. took the* Trojans *part.*] The Reaſons why *Mars* and *Venus* engage for the *Trojans* are very obvious; the Point in hand was to favour Raviſhers and Debauchees. But the ſame Reaſon, you will ſay, does not ſerve for *Apollo*, *Diana*, and *Latona*. It is urg'd that *Apollo* is for the *Trojans*, becauſe of the Darts and Arrows which were the principal Strength of the *Barbarians*; and *Diana*, becauſe ſhe preſided over Dancing, and thoſe *Barbarians* were great Dancers; and *Latona*, by reaſon of her Children, as likewiſe to ſignify that the *Trojans* do nothing but Deeds of Darkneſs, for *Latona* is the Symbol of the Night. *Xanthus* is a River of *Troas*, he is intereſted for his Country.

mois, and the high Hill that ſhades the Stream, Fair *Callicolone*, with dreadful Voice Rous'd *Hector*'s Men, and led them to the Charge. Thus on each Side the Deities aſſiſted, And flung themſelves amidſt the fighting Squadrons.

(*i*) Mean while the Sovereign Sire of Gods and Men, From his Æthereal Palace in the Heav'ns, Scatter'd his Lightnings and his burning Bolts; While *Neptune* from the Chambers of the Deep Rolling his Waves, the Shores and Mountains ſhook: All *Ida* and its low Foundations trembled, The Walls of *Troy*, the Fleet, and Field of Battle, Rock'd with the dreadful Blow; (*k*) the God of Hell, *Pluto*, the Tempeſt felt, and from his Throne

(*i*) *Mean while the Sovereign Sire of Gods.*] What Prodigies! So ſoon as *Achilles* appears in order to fight, all Nature is agitated; Heaven and Earth ſeem to be the Heralds of that Warrior to foretel his March.

(*k*) *The God of Hell*, Pluto, *the Tempeſt felt.*] What Poetry is here for deſcribing an Earthquake! In order to make the Grandeur and Beauty of this Paſſage perceiv'd, there needs only to give the Words of *Longinus*, who, ſtruck with this Sublime, cries out, *Behold, my dear* Terentianus, *the Earth opening as far as its very Centre, Hell almoſt diſcovered, and the World's Machine ready to be deſtroy'd and overturn'd; that is, Heaven, Hell, Things Mortal and Immortal, are engaged in this Battle, and whole Nature is in danger. Virgil*, who ſaw the wondrous Beauty of theſe Verſes, was willing to adorn the Eighth Book of his *Æneis* with them; for ſpeaking of the Opening which *Hercules* made in *Cacus*'s Cavern, by rooting up a great Rock that cover'd it, he adds,

Non ſecus ac ſi qua penitus vi terra dehiſcens
Infernas reſeret ſedes, & Regna recludat

Starting,

Starting, cry'd out, that *Neptune* with his Trident Had pierc'd the Earth, and let in Light upon him, And on his gloomy Regions, which diſclos'd Their Horrors, terrible to Gods and Men. Such was the Storm, when Gods encounter'd Gods. (*l*) *Apollo* arm'd his Quiver againſt *Neptune*, *Pallas* engag'd with *Mars*, and chaſte *Diana* Oppos'd her Strength to *Juno*; *Mercury* Conteſted with *Latona*, and the

Pallida, Diis inviſa, ſuperque
immane barathrum
Cernatur, trepidentque immiſſo
lumine Manes.

But this Copy is in every reſpect inferior to the Original, both for the Diction and Vivacity of the Image; and its principal Defect proceeds from *Virgil*'s having made a Compariſon of that with which *Homer* has made an Action. This occaſions an infinite Difference, and which is eaſy to be perceiv'd.

(*l*) Apollo *arm'd his Quiver againſt* Neptune] *Longinus* ſays very well, that all theſe Ideas are terrible, and that if they are not taken in an Allegorical Senſe, they are utterly impious, and very unſuitable to the Majeſty of the Gods. *Apollo* is therefore oppos'd to *Neptune*, becauſe Hot and Moiſt are perpetually jarring; *Minerva* is oppos'd to *Mars*, becauſe Wiſdom is always againſt Folly and Violence: *Diana* fights againſt *Juno*, becauſe there is nothing more contrary to Marriage than Celibacy; and ſo for the reſt. And a great Evidence of *Homer*'s Wiſdom is, that he has not engaged the other Gods, *Pluto*, *Ceres*, *Bacchus*, becauſe he could not find, with reſpect to thoſe Gods, any probable Foundations of Allegory. *Pluto* indeed cannot appear in aid of any Party, becauſe he is a God who loves nothing but the Death of Men: *Who*, as *Sophocles* ſays, *enriches himſelf with their Groans and their Tears, and who never ſays* enough. Neither can *Bacchus* and *Ceres*, who nouriſh Men, appear in a War which lays waſte the Fields, and carries Deſolation in all parts. This is *Euſtathius*'s Remark, which alone may ſerve to ſhew that *Homer* never departs from Probability, Natural or Supernatural, and that his Fictions have always ſome Foundation.

River

River Whom Mortals call *Scamander*, and the Gods *Xanthus*, with *Vulcan* fought: But only *Hector* Could ſtay *Achilles'* Rage, for whom he ſearch'd The cloſe Battalions, thirſting for his Blood, (*m*) To kill him in the ſight of *Mars*, his Friend.

Mean while *Apollo* with new Rage inſpir'd *Æneas*, to engage with *Peleus'* Son: To whom, aſſuming young *Lycaon's* Shape And Voice, he ſpake; "Where now is all your Boaſting, "*Æneas*, when amidſt the coſtly Banquet (*n*) "You told the *Trojan* Chiefs, that you alone "Would in the Fight encounter with *A-* "*chilles*?

To him *Æneas*: "Wherefore, Son of *Pri-* "*am*, Muſt I againſt my Will engage *Achilles*? "Long ſince by fatal Proofs I try'd his Va- "lour, When he attack'd our Troops on *Ida's* "Mount, And ſpoil'd fair *Pedaſus* and rich "*Lyrneſſa*. Then in the Field I met him, "but great *Jove* Came to my Aid, and lent "me Wings to fly His deadly Rage, elſe I had "fell beneath His bloody Spear, and (*o*) dread "*Minerva's* Anger, (*p*) Who march'd before "him, ſpreading Day around, To crown his

(*m*) *To kill him in the ſight of* Mars.] Theſe are Touches worthy of entring into the Character of *Achilles*; he wou'd kill *Hector*, but this does not ſatisfy him, he wou'd kill him under the Eyes of *Mars*, and in ſpite of the Protection with which that God honours him.

(*n*) *You told the* Trojan *Chiefs.*] That is, before *Priam* and the Princes his Sons.

(*o*) *Dread* Minerva's *Anger.*] This is to ſoften *Æneas's* Flight. It is no ſhame to fly before a Hero whom Wiſdom itſelf conducts.

(*p*) *Who march'd before him, ſpreading Day around.*] *Homer*

"Arms

" Arms with Glory, and ſubdue The *Lelegean*
" and the *Trojan* Forces By his deſtroying
" Sword. What Mortal dares Encounter him,
" whom ſtill ſome Deity Defends, and aims his
" bloody Spear aright, That none of all his
" Blows are dealt in vain? Would *Jove* be-
" tween us weigh his equal Scales, He ſhould
" not with ſuch Eaſe ſubdue *Æneas*, Tho' he
" comes clad in his immortal Arms.

Thus he: and thus *Apollo* ſoon reply'd:
" Invoke the Gods with Pray'r, and they will
" aid you: (*q*) Of *Venus* you were born, who
" dwells on high, Daughter of *Jove*; the Mo-
" ther of *Achilles* Is *Nereus'* Offſpring, and re-
" ſides below: Therefore advance, and try the
" mortal Hero, And let not Words and Menaces
" affright you.

He ſpake, infuſing Vigour through his Soul, And ſent him to the Van to meet *Achilles*. *Juno* beheld him ruſhing thro' the Ranks, Then ſummoning the Gods of her own Party, Thus ſhe began: " O *Neptune* and *Minerva*, The
" Enemy have form'd a new Deſign; *Æneas*
" is in ſearch of great *Achilles*, Sent by *Apollo*;
" therefore we muſt take New Meaſures, and
" reſtrain his bold Career, Or ſend ſome God

ſhews thereby, that *Achilles* fell in the Night-time upon theſe Flocks.

(*q*) *Of* Venus *you were born.*] It appears by this Paſſage of *Homer*, that Men were always conceited of their Birth; but it likewiſe appears, that this Poet meant to ſhew, by this very ſenſible Example, that the greateſt Birth did not always ſhew the greateſt Virtue. The Son of *Thetis* was very ſuperior to the Son of *Venus*.

" to

" to animate *Achilles*, And to ſupport him
" with new Strength and Glory, To let him
" ſee the greateſt Pow'rs above Are on his
" ſide, and thoſe who favour *Troy* The weak-
" eſt Gods. On this Deſign we came Down to
" the Fight, to ſave the Son of *Peleus* This Day
" in Battle. The relentleſs Fates, Who at his
" Birth his fatal Thread began, May take ſome
" other time to execute Their harſh Decrees
" upon him. Make haſte then, And let him
" know that we reſolve to aid him; (*r*) Leſt,
" when the hoſtile God appears, his Soul Be
" ſeiz'd with Terrors, and he fall or fly: (*s*)
" What Man can bear the Preſence of a God?

To her thus *Neptune*: " Mighty Queen of
" Gods! Why, without Cauſe, does Rage tranſ-
" port your Soul? Such Anger ill becomes
" ſo great a Goddeſs; 'Tis my opinion, ſince
" we far exceed The *Trojan* Gods in Strength,
" that we decline The Combat, leſt they call
" more Pow'rs to help them From high *Olym-*
" *pus'* Top. Let us retire, And leave the Ar-
" mies to decide their Quarrel, Whilſt on an
" Eminence we take our Station, And view
" the Battle: if the God of War, Or *Phœbus*

(*r*) *Leſt when the hoſtile God appears, his Soul be ſeiz'd with Terrors.*] *Homer* always gives to *Achilles* a ſort of Religion which may agree with the main of his Character, which is Anger and Rage.

(*s*) *What Man can bear the Preſence of a God?*] One would think that *Homer* had heard ſpeak of this famous Expreſſion of the antient *Hebrews*; *We ſhall ſurely die, becauſe we have ſeen God*; Judges 13. 22. Wherefore they ſaid to *Moſes*, *Speak thou with us, and we will hear; but let not God ſpeak with us, leſt we die*: Exod. 20. 19.

" ſhould

" ſhould engage, and arm their Party Againſt
" *Achilles*, then we may deſcend, And meet
" them; I preſume they will not ſtand The
" Charge, but to *Olympus* wing their Flight.

He ſpake, and led the way to a ſteep Hill, (*t*) Once *Hercules'* Intrenchment, which the *Trojans* And *Pallas* had erected, to protect him From a devouring Monſter of the Sea, When from the Waves it iſſu'd to aſſail him: Here *Neptune* and his Party took their Seats, And hid themſelves within a pitchy Cloud.

The Gods, who favour'd *Troy*, on t' other ſide Steep *Callicolone* their Station choſe, And ſat, with *Mars* and *Phœbus* in the midſt. Both Parties paſs'd the time in cloſe Debate, Conſulting on new Meaſures; both refus'd The Combat, whilſt great *Jove* from his high Seat The Conſult view'd, and gave his dread Command.

Mean while the Plain was fill'd with warlike Troops, (*u*) Shining with Braſs, that cover'd

(*t*) *Once* Hercules' *Intrenchment.*] *Laomedon* having refuſed to pay to *Neptune* the Recompence he had promiſed him for the Walls of *Troy*, that God, irritated at his Perfidiouſneſs, ſent a Sea-Monſter, to which *Laomedon* was obliged to expoſe the Princeſs *Heſione*, his Daughter; but *Hercules* came to fight the Monſter, and deliver her. The *Trojans* then rais'd a Retrenchment of Earth, at ſome diſtance from the Shore, that *Hercules* in the Combat might there cover himſelf againſt the Purſuit of that Monſter. And as this Stratagem was full of Prudence and Wiſdom, it is ſaid that *Pallas* aided them in that Deſign. *Homer* does not give way to the Temptation of relating this Hiſtory; for the preſent Poſture of Affairs does not give him time for it.

(*u*) *Shining with Braſs.*] You ſee by this, that there were Horſes arm'd with Iron, in *Homer's* Time.

Men

Men and Horſes, And as they march'd, the hollow Shores reſounded. The Sons of great *Anchiſes* and of *Peleus* Advanc'd before the reſt, to charge each other. *Æneas*, cover'd with his Shield, drew near, Wielding his Lance, and menacing Revenge. *Achilles* from the adverſe ſide came forward, Burning with Rage, reſembling ſome mad Lion Hemm'd in by Ruſticks, daring a whole Village; He with diſdain moves ſlowly round his Foes: But if ſome Hunter wound him, turns his Head And yawning Jaws, beſpread with ſilver Foam, And mutters Fury with a hollow Groan; Then with his Tail laſhing his brawny Sides, Provokes himſelf to fight, and rolls his Eyes, Ejecting Flames, and ruſhes on the Swains, Reſolv'd to be aveng'd, or elſe to periſh Amidſt the Throng of Foes, and pointed Javelins: Such Rage and Fury animate the Soul Of *Peleus'* Son, encountring with *Æneas*. As they drew near, *Achilles* firſt began:

" With what Deſign, *Æneas*, art thou come
" So far to meet me? Is it to engage, and by
" my Death to ſignalize thy Valour? Has *Priam*
" promis'd to reward this Action With all his
" Kingdom? He has many Sons, Who will ſuc-
" ceed him, and diſdains ſuch Meaſures, So
" weak, and ſo injurious to his Race: Or have
" the *Trojans* to endow you ſworn, (*w*) With
" ſome large Tract of Land, in Grapes or

(*w*) *With ſome large Tract of Land.*] As it was the Cuſtom of the *Greeks* and of the *Barbarians*, to give a certain Encloſure of Ground to Heroes, after any important Service. It has elſewhere been often ſpoke of.

" Corn,

" Corn Abounding, if by you *Achilles* falls?
" Believe me, you ſhall dearly win the Prize.
" (x) Already you have taſted of my Valour,
" When I attack'd your Herds on *Ida's* Mount;
" Then from my ſight you fled, and would
" not turn Once to reſiſt me; to *Lyrneſſa's*
" Walls You ſped; I follow'd, and beſieg'd,
" and ſack'd The Town, and made your Wo-
" men Slaves; for *Jove* And *Pallas* gave me
" Strength: you then eſcape'd me; *Jove* and
" the other Gods preſerv'd you then: But now
" perhaps they may admit me puniſh Your
" raſh Attempt: then be advis'd, return To
" your own Troops, e'er Miſchief overtake
" you; Fools, when their Folly's paſt, repent
" too late.

Thus he; and thus the Son of *Venus* an-ſwer'd: " Think not, *Achilles*, to divert my " Rage With childiſh Taunts, Reproaches " ſuch as Boys Throw at each other: did not " Shame forbid me, I too could uſe them. " But for us, we know Our Dignity, and from " what Race we ſpring: And tho' our Eyes " ne'er ſaw the Goddeſſes That bore us; the " Story we have often heard, How *Peleus* was " your Sire, and *Thetis* bore you, A Goddeſs " of the Sea: renown'd *Anchiſes* My Fa-ther was, and *Venus* gave me Life: This is " the publick Voice; nor do I think We both " ſhall part unhurt, and only combat With

(x) *Already you have taſted my Valour.*] *Achilles* particularizes a little more here upon the Hiſtory which *Æneas* juſt mention'd. *Homer* manages his Narrations ſo well, that he is never guilty of any Repetition.

" Words,

" Words, but one of our great Mothers mourn
" A Son, this Day in hardy Battle ſlain. If
" you would know my Origin and Birth More
" fully, I can trace it to the Fountain: Nor
" will I ſpeak but what Mankind may wit-
" neſs. Great *Jove* gave Birth to *Dardanus*,
" and he Founded *Dardania*; for as yet fair
" *Troy* Was deſert Plain, (*y*) when round
" the Foot of *Ida* Our great Forefathers
" dwelt; from *Dardanus* Sprang *Erichthonius*,
" in his time the richeſt Of all his Neighbours,
" for his fertile Paſtures; (*z*) Three thouſand
" Mares, with each a friſking Colt, Fed near
" the Shore, with whoſe fair Beauty won,
" (*a*) *Boreas* transform'd him to a Horſe, and
" mingl'd The lovely Herd; from his Em-
" braces came Twelve other Mares, ſo ſwift,

(*y*) *When round the Foot of* Ida. I have tranſlated the Word ὑπωρείας, *the Declivity of the Mountain*; tho' others have explain'd it, *the Foot*; and I have follow'd *Euſtathius*, who ſays, *Obſerve that the Word* ὑπωρείας *is very different from the Word* πέδιον, *which ſignifies the* Plain; *for* ὑπωρείας *is not a Plain, it is lower than the Top of the Mountain, and higher than the Plain, than the Bottom.* And this agrees with what the Antients have written, that after the Deluge of *Deucalion*, Men inhabited the Top of the Mountains; that in proceſs of Time they deſcended lower; and that at length, their Fear being entirely ceaſed, they began to inhabit the Plain. See *Strabo*, *lib.* 13.

(*z*) *Three thouſand Mares.*] This great Number ought not to aſtoniſh any body, ſince, according to *Herodotus*, the Governour of *Babylon* had in *Cyrus*'s Stud, beſides War-Horſes, eight hundred Horſes, and ſix thouſand Mares.

(*a*) Boreas *transform'd him.*] What an ingenious Fiction is this, to praiſe the Lightneſs and Swiftneſs of a fine Horſe!

" that

" that when they skimm'd The Plains, (*b*) the
" Ears of Corn beneath their Hoofs Stood up-
" right; when they wanton'd in the Floods,
" Left no Impreſſion on the curling Waves:
" From *Erichthonius*, *Tros* deriv'd his Birth,
" The Founder, and the King of *Troy*; his Sons
" Were *Ilus*, *Ganymed*, *Aſſaracbus*; So beau-
" tiful was *Ganymed*, the Gods Bore him to
" Heav'n, at their eternal Banquet To wait,
" and (*c*) bear the Cup to mighty *Jove*: *Ilus*
" was Father to *Laomedon*, Whoſe Sons were
" *Tython*, *Priam*, *Lampus*, *Clytius*, And *Ice-*
" *taon*: from *Aſſaracus*, *Capys* deſcended, and
" from him *Anchiſes*; I am *Anchiſes'* Son, and
" *Hector*, *Priam's*. (*d*) This is the Race I
" boaſt: Let *Jove*, the King Of Gods and Men,
" inſpiring Strength and Courage, (*e*) Vouch-
" ſafe the Conqueſt to which ſide he pleaſe.

(*b*) *The Ears of Corn ſtood upright.*] For being born of *Boreas*, they ought rather to fly than run. This ſoftens the Hyperbole, which otherwiſe would ſeem overſtrained.

(*c*) *Bear the Cup of* Jove.] It was an honourable Function, amongſt the Antients, to be Cup-Bearer in great Entertainments, and in publick Feſtivals it was always given to Children of the firſt Quality. *Sappho* praiſes, in her Verſes, her Brother *Larichus*, becauſe he had the Honour to be Cup-Bearer in the Prytaneum of *Mitylene*.

(*d*) *I am* Anchiſes' *Son.*] Thus *Æneas* and *Hector* were Kinſmen in the third Degree, having both of them *Tros* for their Great Grandfather.

TROS.

Ilus.	*Aſſaracus.*
1.	1.
Laomedon.	*Capys.*
1.	1.
Priam.	*Anchiſes.*
1.	1.
Hector.	*Æneas.*

(*e*) *Vouchſafes the Conqueſt.*] *Æneas* ſpeaks thus, to juſtify the Flight which *Achilles* reproach'd him with. 'Tis all one as if he had ſaid, Jupiter *took away my Courage when you attack'd me, and he reſtores it me now.*

" 'Tis

" 'Tis an improper time to war in Words And
" vain Reproaches, in the ſight of thouſands;
" Theſe at our pleaſure we may uſe, increa-
" ſing To ſuch a Load, as not a Ship, that
" glides Beneath a hundred Oars, with eaſe
" ſhould carry: The Tongue is voluble, and
" full of Noiſe, And we may talk an Age on
" either ſide, Ranging a Field of Words;
" what one can utter, Another may return:
" (*f*) then let us not, Like Women, ſpend

(*f*) *Then let us not like Women.*] It ſeems as if *Homer* foreſaw that his Cenſors would reproach him with this long Diſcourſe between *Æneas* and *Achilles*, as miſplaced and not agreeing with the preſent Condition of Affairs, at the beginning of a Battle, which ſhould be ſo furious, and even leſs ſuitable to the Impatience and Fury of *Achilles*, who flies to the Battle to revenge his Friend. Wherefore that Poet is the firſt to condemn it, by ſaying ſometimes, that they do like Children, and ſometimes that they imitate Women. *Homer* therefore knew what would be in this Place vicious. Why did he do it then? Undoubtedly to give ſomething to this Barbarous and Aſiatick Character: nor is there Probability wanting in it; for *Æneas* being known to be a pious and ſage Perſon, the two Armies, who ſee him ſpeaking ſo long with his Enemy, flatter themſelves that it is a Conference about Peace, and wait to ſee what will be the Iſſue of it. This is very well as to *Æneas* and both Armies; but what becomes of *Achilles*'s Fury? Is it extinguiſhed all of a ſudden? When he takes his Arms, his Teeth are heard to grind, his Eyes dart Lightning, he devours his Enemy before-hand; and as ſoon as he approaches *Æneas*, all this vaniſhes. *Euſtathius* upon this ſays, that *Homer* often takes delight to ſurprize his Reader, by giving him quite another thing than what he expected; he here expected to ſee a furious Battle, concluding with the Death of one of the Heroes; and he ſees theſe Heroes retiring without a Wound, after a very calm Converſation, follow'd by a ſlight Combat: but the Poet makes

" the

" the Time in Raillery, Who greet each other " in the Streets with Taunts; And, as their " Rage inſpires, mix Truth and Falſhood In " their Debates. I am not to be tam'd With " Menaces, nor will abate my Fury, Till I have " try'd your Arm, and pointed Spear; Our " Weapons, not our Tongues, ſhall end the " Combat.

He ſpake; and threw his Spear at great *Achilles*, Maſſy and long, beneath whoſe ſolid Point The Shield reſounded, which the Son of *Peleus* Held at Arm's length; for much he fear'd the Lance Would pierce it deep, not knowing that no Weapon, Flung by a mortal Hand, could hurt the Arms, Which a God made; (*g*) yet thro' two Plates it paſs'd, And reſted on the third, of beaten Gold; For *Vulcan*

us amends with Advantage: Κερδίνησι δὲ καὶ, &c. *The Lovers of* Homer *gain here, beſides abundance of poetical Beauties, a Croud of antient Hiſtories, with which the Converſation of thoſe Heroes is fill'd. Euſtathius*, page 1203. And Probability is in no wiſe hurt therein. *Achilles*'s Spleen is againſt none but *Hector*; and meeting with *Æneas*, whom he does not look upon as any formidable Enemy, and who is, like himſelf, the Son of a Goddeſs, he readily moderates the Ardour that tranſports him, and yields to the Converſation.

(*g*) *Yet thro' two Plates it paſs'd, and reſted on the third of beaten Gold.*] The Antients have very much tormented themſelves upon the Explication of this Paſſage, to know where this Plate of Gold was put. The Grammarian *Autochthon* was of opinion, that it poſſeſſed all the firſt Place, that it made the upper part of the Buckler; and, inſtead of ἔλασε, *pierced*, he read θλάσε, *bent*. According to him, the firſt Plate was Gold, the ſecond Braſs, the third and fourth Pewter, and the fifth Braſs. *Æneas*'s Pike bent the firſt

with

with five Plates had arm'd the Shield, And two of Tin, and two of Braſs were forg'd, That in the middle was of Gold; (*h*) and there The Spear of brave *Æneas* lodg'd, unactive. *Achilles* ſoon return'd the Blow, and ſmote, With his long Lance, *Æneas'* maſſy Shield, Juſt by the Border, where the Braſs and Hide Were thinneſt, and unable to ſuſtain The Shock, but to the piercing Point gave way; *Æneas*, ſtooping forward, and advancing His Buckler at full length, eſcap'd the Blow, Cloſe by his Head it paſs'd, and ſtuck in Earth. But when the Hero ſaw how near the Danger Approach'd

Plate, that which was of Gold, and the ſecond, which was of Braſs, but did not pierce them; thus the Golden Plate ſuſtain'd the Blow, ſince it was only bent and dented in. What likelihood is there, ſays he, that the Plate of Gold ſhould be put the third, between the other four? Thus this Grammarian argues, tho, in my opinion, very wrongly. *Homer* ſeems to me to ſay very clearly, that the firſt and laſt Plate were of Braſs; that between theſe two, there were two of Pewter; and that the Golden one was in the midſt. *Æneas's* Pike pierced the firſt, which was Braſs, and the ſecond, which was Pewter, and ſtopped at the third, which was Gold. But is it likely that *Vulcan* would conceal the moſt precious Metal? Yes, very likely. This Buckler was enriched with ſo much Work, glittering with Gold, that it was neceſſary for the firſt Plate, (which ſerved as a Ground for the whole Work) not to be Gold, but Braſs; and if that Grammarian had made this Reflection, he would not have been guilty of that falſe Criticiſm.

(*h*) *There the Spear of brave* Æneas *lodg'd.*] *Homer* does not mean that the Pike remain'd therein fixed, but that it did not penetrate further, and that it was repelled: thus *Ariſtotle* explains it in his Poeticks, *Chap.* 26. which is a further Confirmation of the preceding Remark.

him,

him, all diſmay'd he ſtood, his Eyes O'erwhelm'd with Clouds; whilſt *Peleus'* Son diſdaining That he had ſtruck in vain, drew out his Sword, And ruſh'd upon *Æneas*: He oblig'd To quit his Buckler, ſeiz'd a mighty Stone, So large, no Mortal of the modern ſize Could lift it, and with eaſe advancing threw The Load upon *Achilles'* Cask and Buckler, That ſav'd him from the Blow; whilſt brave *Æneas* That Day beneath his Sword had kiſs'd the Duſt, (*i*) If *Neptune* interpoſing had not ſtay'd His Fate, (*k*) for well he knew *Æneas'* Fall Would fatal prove to *Greece*; then thus he ſpake:

"Ye Pow'rs, with grief I ſee *Æneas* fal-
"ling Beneath *Achilles'* Spear, and juſt de-
"ſcending To the low Shades, betray'd by
"*Phœbus'* Counſel, Who firſt engag'd him in
"the raſh Attempt, And now deſerts and
"leaves him to his Fate. Why ſhould he

(*i*) *If* Neptune *interpoſing.*] *Neptune*, tho' on the *Grecian* ſide, goes to the Relief of *Æneas*. *Homer* thereby teaches two very remarkable Things; the firſt, that true Virtue always finds Protection even among Enemies, and that the Gods always diſtinguiſh between the Innocent and the Guilty; the ſecond, that there are Occaſions wherein we ſhou'd be ſo far from doing againſt our Enemies all that might be done for their Deſtruction, that we ought rather to prevent their Ruin.

(*k*) *For well he knew his Fall*, &c.] I have added theſe two Lines for the clearing up a Fact which at firſt ſurprizes the Reader. *Neptune* ſoon explains himſelf; he was afraid leſt *Jupiter* ſhou'd revenge upon the *Greeks* the Death of *Æneas*, who was pleaſing in his eyes becauſe of his Piety, and who was to reign over the *Trojans*.

" ſuffer for another's Fault, Who with repeat-
" ed Off'rings has appeas'd Our Deities ſo
" often? Let us ſave him, Tho' of the ad-
" verſe ſide: *Jove* will reſent His Fall, to
" whom the Deſtinies had promis'd A longer
" Life, unwilling to extinguiſh The Race of
" *Dardanus*, whom *Jove* loves more Than
" all his Sons of mortal Mothers born. To
" *Priam*'s Race he is implacable, And will
" transfer the Kingdom to *Æneas*, (*l*) Who
" ſhall for many Ages ſway that Peo-
" ple.

(*l*) *Who ſhall for many Ages ſway that People.*] This Paſſage is very conſiderable, for it ruins the famous *Chimæra* of the *Roman* Empire, and of the Family of the *Cæſars*, who both pretended to deduce their Original from *Venus* by *Æneas*; alledging, that after the taking of *Troy*, *Æneas* came into *Italy*, and this Pretenſion is hereby actually deſtroy'd. This Teſtimony of *Homer* ought to be look'd upon as an Authentick Act, the Fidelity and Verity whereof cannot be queſtion'd. *Neptune*, as much an Enemy as he is to the *Trojans*, declares that *Æneas*, and after him his Poſterity, ſhall reign over the *Trojans*. Wou'd *Homer* have put this Prophecy in *Neptune*'s mouth, if he had not known that *Æneas* did not leave *Troy*, that he reign'd therein, and if he had not ſeen in his time the Deſcendants of that Prince reign there likewiſe? That Poet wrote 260 Years or thereabouts after the taking of *Troy*, and what is ſtill very remarkable he wrote in ſome of the Towns of *Ionia*, that is to ſay, in the Neighbourhood of *Phrygia*; ſo that the Time and Place give ſuch a weight to his Depoſition, that nothing can invalidate it. All that the Hiſtorians have written concerning *Æneas*'s Voyage into *Italy*, ought to be conſider'd as our Romances, made on purpoſe to deſtroy all Hiſtorical Truth; for the moſt antient is poſterior to *Homer* by many Ages. Before *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, ſome Writers being ſenſible of the Strength of this Paſſage of *Homer*, undertook to explain it ſo as to reconcile it with this Fa-

Thus

Thus he: Thus *Juno* anſwer'd; "Mighty "Sea-God! Be it your Care to ſave the Man

ble, and they ſaid that *Æneas* after having been in *Italy* return'd to *Troy*, and left his Son *Aſcanius* there. *Dionyſius* of *Halicarnaſſus*, little ſatisfied with this Solution, which did not ſeem to him to be probable, has taken another Method: He wou'd have it by theſe Words, *he ſhall reign over the* Trojans, *Homer* meant, *he ſhall reign over the* Trojans *whom he ſhall carry with him into* Italy. *Is it not poſſible*, ſays he, pag. 43. *that* Æneas *ſhou'd reign over the* Trojans, *whom he had taken with him, though ſettled elſewhere?* That Hiſtorian, who wrote in *Rome* itſelf, and under the very Noſe of *Auguſtus*, was willing to make his Court to that Prince, by explaining this Paſſage of *Homer*, ſo as to favour the Chimæra he was poſſeſs'd with. And this is a Reproach that may with ſome Juſtice be caſt on him: for Poets may by their Fictions flatter Princes, and welcome; 'tis their Trade: but for Hiſtorians to corrupt the Gravity and Severity of Hiſtory, to ſubſtitute Fable and Lyes in the place of Truth, is what ought not to be pardon'd. *Strabo* was much more Religious, for though he wrote his Books of Geography towards the beginning of *Tiberius*'s Reign, yet he had the Courage to give a right Explication to this Paſſage of *Homer*, and to aver, *that this Poet ſaid and meant, that* Æneas *remain'd at* Troy, *that he reigned therein*, Priam's *whole Race being extinguiſh'd, and that he left the Kingdom to his Children after him.* Lib. 13. It is needleſs to mention here the merry Correction which *Strabo* informs us was made in *Homer*'s Text, by certain Criticks, who read πάντεσσι, inſtead of Τρώεσσι, *he ſhall reign over all the Univerſe*, inſtead of *he ſhall reign over the* Trojans: as if *Homer* had known and predicted from that very time, that the Empire of the whole World was promiſed to the Family of *Æneas*; it is too viſible a Flattery of *Auguſtus*. This is enough for one Remark, tho' the Subject wou'd require a whole Book. You may ſee a Letter from the famous M. *Bochart* to M. *de Segrais*, who has prefix'd it to his Remarks upon the Tranſlation of *Virgil*. I have contented my ſelf with adding my Reflections to what that learned Man has written. But after having explain'd the Hiſtorical Part of the Paſſage, it is not unne-

" you favour. For me and for *Minerva*, we
" have ſworn By all that Gods think ſolemn,
" ne'er to aid One of this Brood, though we
" ſhould ſee their Town In Flames, and all
" their Plains beſpread with Slaughter.

Thus *Juno*. *Neptune* from his Station flew, And ran amidſt the claſhing Arms and Croud Of Troops, where both the Heroes were engage'd. Around *Achilles'* Eyes he caſt a Cloud, And from the Shield transfix'd drew out his Spear, And laid it at his Feet; then ſeiz'd *Æneas*, And thro' the crouded Squadrons and Battalions (*m*) Puſh'd him along, and drove him thro' the Plain, (*n*) Behind the Rear, where the *Cauconians* fought; Then near approaching, thus beſpake the Hero.

ceſſary to ſhew the Inſtructive Part of it, as to Morals. *Æneas* is to reign at *Troy*; upon what is this founded? The Houſe of *Priam* is an impious Houſe, and hated of *Jupiter*; it ſhall therefore be extinguiſh'd, and reign no more. *Æneas* is a pious and juſt Prince, it is to him therefore that the Kingdom has an eye.

(m) Puſh'd him along.] He does not carry him himſelf, but he puſhes and lances him like a Dart. God ſaves Men as he pleaſes, either by cauſing them to be tranſported by an Angel from one place to another, or by driving them by the Spirit which he communicates to them.

(n) Behind the Rear where the Cauconians *fought.*] The *Caucons* were, like the *Pelaſgi*, a wandring and vagabond Nation; therefore *Homer* puts them together in the tenth Book. There was of them in the *Peloponneſus*, as we ſhall ſee in the *Odyſſey*. The *Caucons*, whom *Homer* ſpeaks of here, dwelt in the Neighbourhood of *Heraclea*, as far as *Coppadocia* and the River *Parthenius*. *Strabo* informs us, that it was pretended that theſe People were named in the Catalogue of the Auxiliary Troops

" What

" What God, *Æneas*, with pernicious Coun-
" ſel So raſhly led you on to meet *Achilles*,
" Whoſe Valour, Strength, and Favour with
" the Gods, You cannot boaſt ? Beware, how
" you engage Once more, but ſhun him as
" your ſure Deſtruction, Leſt you untimely
" viſit the low Shades, In ſpite of Fate's De-
" crees ; when he is ſlain, Decline not to en-
" counter with the braveſt ; No other Hand is
" deſtin'd to ſubdue you.

With this Advice he left him, and return'd To great *Achilles*, and diſpers'd the Cloud That hid his Eyes in Night ; he gazing round him, Full of Diſdain and Wonder thus began :

" What Prodigy is this I ſee ! my Spear
" Laid at my feet, but he at whom I threw it,
" Is gone ? Some kindly God protects *Æneas*,
" Whoſe Favours let him boaſt, and bleſs
" their Aid That he eſcape'd the Fate he well
" deſerv'd. He'll ſcarce return once more

of the *Trojans*, and that after Verſe 855 of the ſecond Book,

Κρῶμνάν τ' Αιγιαλόν τε καὶ ὀψηλὸς Ἐρυθίνους;

Homer had added two Verſes, which no longer appear in our Editions :

Καύκωνας αὖτ' ἦγε Πολυκλέος υἱός ἀμύμων
Οἱ περὶ Παρθένιον πο͂ αμὸν κλυτὰ δώματ' ἐναίον.

The brave Son of Polycles *commanded the* Caucons *who dwelt upon the Banks of* Parthenius. *Calipthenes* therefore reſtor'd them in the Edition of *Alexander*. They who reviſed *Homer* after him rejected them, probably becauſe they thought that theſe *Caucons* were compris'd under the Name of *Paphlagonians*, whom the Poet had juſt before mention'd.

" to tempt my Valour; Whilſt I to other
" *Trojans* turn my Arms, And animate my
" warlike Troops to Battle.

Thus he: then flung into the thickeſt Ranks.
" Ye *Greeks*, he cry'd, no more at diſtance
" skirmiſh, But charge the *Trojans* boldy Man
" to Man, And follow where I lead, whoſe
" ſingle Arm Will not ſuffice againſt a nu-
" merous Hoſt; Not *Mars* nor *Pallas*, tho'
" Immortal Beings, Can meet whole Armies
" with their ruſhing Spears: For me, come
" ſee th' Example which I give you, Who care-
" leſs of my Safety will pierce through The
" thickeſt Troops, and make whole Squadrons
" ſtagger, Repenting they approach'd too near
" *Achilles*.

Thus he: whilſt *Hector* from the adverſe Side Infus'd new Courage through his firm Battalions, Himſelf reſolving to engage *Achilles*.
" Fear not, he cry'd, the talking Son of *Pe-*
" *leus*, Renown'd for Menaces, his greateſt
" Glory: Who could not with the Gods
" themſelves contend, If only Words were to
" decide the Quarrel? Theſe are *Achilles'*
" Weapons, he can boaſt And ne'er give o'er;
" did you believe his Tongue, You'd think he
" had an Arm could cope with Thunder; Yet
" though it had, and though his Soul breath'd
" Flames, I'd ſearch the thickeſt Ranks to
" meet and fight him.

He ſpake; the *Trojans* with uplifted Spears Advanc'd with dreadful Shouts, and charg'd the Foe. Then *Phœbus* drew near *Hector*, and thus ſpake:

" Be-

" Beware, how you engage with *Peleus'* Son
" In ſingle Combat, at your Army's Head;
" But join the Troops, and there abide the
" Onſet: If you engage him Hand to Hand,
" you die.

Thus he: The Hero trembled at his Voice, And own'd the God, then mingled in the Ranks.

Mean while *Achilles* raging, thro' the Squadrons With dreadful Outcry broke, and with his Spear Slew brave *Iphition*, (*o*) whom in *Hyda's* City *Nais* a Sea-Nymph, near the Foot of *Tmolus* Cover'd with Snow, to King *Otrynteus* bore; Whom ruſhing forward on the Head he ſmote, And cleft it in two parts; he with a Groan Fell to the Earth, then thus the Victor triump'd:

" Son of *Otrynteus*, once ſo terrible, Now
" you are tame'd: Why from (*p*) the milky
" Banks Of *Gyges*, and from *Hylla* ſtor'd with
" Fiſh, And *Hermus*, leaving your Paternal
" Wealth, Would you in ſearch of Death to
" *Troy* repair?

Thus he inſulted, whilſt *Iphition's* Eyes Were clos'd in Night, and o'er his mangl'd Trunk The *Grecian* Chariots drove. *Demo-*

(*o*) *Whom in* Hyda's *City.*] *Hyda*, a Town of *Lydia*. After the War of *Troy*, it changed its Name, and was call'd *Sardis*; wherefore *Strabo* ſays, that *Sardis* is poſterior to the War of *Troy*.

(*p*) *The Milky Banks of* Gyges.] This Lake is the ſame as the Marſh *Gygæa* mention'd by *Homer* in the ſecond Book. See my Remark there.

leon next, *Antenor*'s valiant Son, fell by his Hand: For on his Helmet, charg'd with brazen Cheeks, He ſmote, and burſt his Skull, through which the Brains Came flowing with his Soul. From him the Victor Turn'd to *Hippodamas*, (*q*) who left his Chariot, And fled on foot; deep in the Back he ſtruck him; He with a dreadful Outcry fell, and dy'd: (*r*) So roars the Bull, to *Neptune*'s Altar led In *Helice*, the God with pleaſure hears His Cries,

(*q*) *Who left his Chariot.*] We ſaw in the fifth Book a *Trojan* Captain alighting from his Chariot, to run away from *Diomed*. See the Remark upon that Place, where I have anſwer'd the Criticiſm of *Zoilus*. Here is another *Trojan* Captain who does the ſame thing to run away from *Achilles*. To confound, once for all, the impertinent Cenſor who condemns theſe Paſſages, I need only report a Place perfectly alike in the Book of *Judges*, Chap. 4. ver. 15. *Perterruitque Dominus Siſaram, & omnes currus ejus, univerſamque multitudinem in ore gladii ad conſpectum Barac, in tantum ut Siſara de curru deſiliens pedibus fugeret.* *And the Lord diſcomfited* Siſara, *and all his Chariots, and all his Hoſt with the Edge of the Sword before* Barak, *ſo that* Siſara *alighted down off his Chariot, and fled away on his feet.* This Paſſage confirms my Remark, and ſhews that *Homer* knew better than his Cenſors what Fear is capable of, and what falls out in Battles.

(*r*) *So roars the Bull to* Neptune's *Altar led.*] In *Helice*, a Town of *Achaia*, three quarters of a League from the Gulph of *Corinth*, *Neptune* had a magnificent Temple, where the *Ionians* offer'd every Year to him a Sacrifice of a *Bull*; and it was with theſe People an auſpicious Sign, and a certain Mark that the Sacrifice would be accepted, if the Bull bellow'd as it was led to the Altar. After the *Ionic* Migration, which happen'd about 140 Years after the taking of *Troy*, the *Ionians* of *Aſia* aſſembled in the Fields of *Priene* to celebrate the ſame Feſtival in honour of *Heliconian Neptune*; and as thoſe of *Priene* valued themſelves upon be-

and

and with the Victim is aton'd. From him the Hero rush'd on *Polydorus*, (*s*) Old *Priam*'s Son, the youngest of his Race, Whom most he lov'd, and with Paternal Care Forbad the Combat: He with youthful Valour Inspir'd, and trusting to his nimble Feet, Fought in the foremost Ranks, till Death o'ertook him; *Achilles*, as he pass'd him, with his Spear Smote him behind, just (*t*) where the Golden Buckles Clos'd his rich Mail, the Point went thro' and thro': He falling, gather'd up his bursting Entrails, And with a Groan his Eyes were clos'd in Death.

Hector, who saw his Fall and frightful Wound, Oppress'd with Sorrow, roll'd his

ing originally of *Heliæ*, they chose for the King of the Sacrifice a young *Prienian*. It is needless to dispute from whence this Poet has taken his Comparison; for as he liv'd 100 or 120 Years after the *Ionic* Migration, it cannot be doubted that he took it in *Ionia* of *Asia*, and at *Priene* it self, where he had doubtless often assisted at that Sacrifice, and been witness of the Ceremonies therein observed. This Poet always appears strongly addicted to the Customs of the *Ionians*, which makes some conjecture that he was an *Ionian* himself.

(*s*) *On* Polydorus.] *Euripides*, in his *Hecuba*, has therefore follow'd another Tradition, when he makes *Polydorus* the Son of *Priam* and of *Hecuba*, and makes him slain by *Polymnestor* King of *Thrace*, after the taking of *Troy*; for, according to *Homer*, he is not the Son of *Hecuba*, but of *Laothoe*, as he says in the following Book, and is slain by *Achilles*. *Virgil* too has rather chosen to follow *Euripides* than *Homer*.

(*t*) *Where the Golden Buckles.*] He means here the quilted Truss which was used to be put at the Bottom of the Cuiras, and which was fasten'd behind with Clasps: enough has been said of it elsewhere.

gloomy Eyes, And prompted to purſue his dire Revenge, Ruſh'd on *Achilles* with his brandiſh'd Spear.

The Hero ſaw, and ſoon advanc'd to meet him, And full of Tranſport, ſparkling from his Eyes, Thus ſpake: "Behold the Man, whoſe "bloody Arm Has wounded deep my Soul "with piercing Grief, And robb'd me of my "deareſt Friend *Patroclus!* In vain I ſought "him 'midſt the thickeſt Troops. Then thus regarding *Hector* with a Frown: "Draw "near, he cry'd, and pay me with thy Blood. To him thus *Hector* unconcern'd reply'd: "Think not to fright me like a Child with "Words; Will your Reproaches kill me? "which with eaſe I could return, but Juſtice "bids me own (*u*) Your Valour and Re-"nown, to mine ſuperior; (*w*) Yet the "Succeſs depends upon the Gods: And I the

(*u*) *Your Valour to mine ſuperior.*] Here is a very ſincere Confeſſion made by one of the moſt Valiant of the *Trojans*. It will undoubtedly be contrary to the Reliſh of our Warriors, for now-a-days there is ſcarce a common Soldier who does not think himſelf as brave as the braveſt. But there is a great deal of difference between Valour and Preſumption. I believe it is with Valour as with all other Qualities; ſome have more than others, and ſome have leſs: and there is nothing more commendable in a generous Man, than to allow of and confeſs the Pre-eminence that others have over him, be it in what it will. *Hector* owns *Achilles* to be more Valiant than himſelf, and yet fights him. This is the utmoſt that the greateſt Courage could do; this Action had not been ſo glorious, if he had thought him his Equal.

(*w*) *Yet the Succeſs depends*, &c.] *Homer* cou'd not have more expreſly ſaid,

"weakeſt

" weakeſt, in *Achilles'* Fall May triumph, and " my Javelin reach his Life, That can like his " pierce through the ſtrongeſt Armour.

Thus he, then flung his Spear with all his Force; But *Pallas* interpoſing, with a Blaſt Repell'd it from *Achilles*; back it flew, And fell at *Hector's* Feet: Then with a Shout *Achilles* ruſh'd upon him, but *Apollo* Exerting all his God-head, ſtept between, And flung a pitchy Cloud before the Champion, Conveying *Hector* from his dire Revenge; Thrice he advanc'd to ſtrike, and thrice he loſt His Blow in Shades of Night: at length attempting Once more to charge, he ſaw his fatal Error, And diſappointed of his ſweet Revenge, Thus ſpake his Indignation: " Moſt deteſted Of Men! once " more thou haſt eſcap'd my Fury, E'er I " cou'd reach thy Blood; but great *Apollo*, " Whoſe Aid thou ſtill implor'ſt when clad in " Arms, Has ſav'd thee from my Spear: A " Time will come When we ſhall meet again; " and then my Vengeance Shall be compleat, " when ſome propitious God Fights on my " Side; till then, my Rage ſhall pour Upon " the *Trojan* Troops, and ſeek new Victims " To my Revenge, among the firſt Com- " manders.

He ſpake, then threw his Spear at valiant *Dryops*, Which pierc'd his Neck, and laid him at his Feet: Then on ſtout *Demuchus*, *Phile-*

that it is not Valour that preſerves Man; but that it is God alone who beſtows the Victory as he pleaſeth.

tor's Son, He ruſh'd, and with his Lance he gor'd his Knee, And drawing out his ſhining Blade diſpatch'd him. *Laogonus* and *Dardanus*, the Sons Of *Bias*, from their Chariots he flung headlong, One with his Sword, and t'other with his Spear. To him thus raging, hanging on his Knees *Alaſtor* came a Suppliant, to implore His Life, in pity to his Youth, reſigning His Liberty and Arms; alas! he knew not *Achilles*' Temper raging with Revenge, Implacable and Savage; for he ſmote him, As he lay proſtrate, with his bloody Sword, And pierc'd his Heart; his reeking Blood o'er-ran His Arms, and endleſs Night enroll'd his Eyes. On *Melius* next he dealt a mighty Blow, That both his Ears transfix'd; then brave *Echeclus*, *Agenor*'s Son, juſt on the Head he ſtruck, And dy'd his Sword with Blood; relentleſs Fate And Death in Clouds around his Eye-lids hover'd. With him *Deucalion* fell, *Achilles* broke The Nerves which bore his Arm, as he advanc'd To meet him not diſmay'd tho' Death appear'd Preſented to his Eyes, then with his Sword Brought down his Head and Helmet to the Earth. *Rhigmus*, a valiant Chief, the Son of *Peres*, Who came from *Thrace*, a brave Ally to Troy, In vain attempted to avoid *Achilles*: Deep in his Sides he lodg'd his deadly Spear, And threw him from his Chariot. *Areithous*, Who bore his Arms, eſſay'd to turn his Horſes And fly, but on the Back *Achilles* ſmote him, And threw him by his Maſter, whilſt his Steeds Champing the Bit, ran frighted thro' the Plain.

Plain. (x) As when devouring Flames, around the Sides And Top of ſome high Mountain cloth'd with Woods, Scatter Deſtruction, by the Winds aſſiſted, That lay a mighty Foreſt waſte in Aſhes: So with a Mien like *Mars*, *Achilles* ravag'd The *Trojan* Troops; beneath his warlike Arm Numbers of Heroes tumbled to the Duſt, And Streams of Blood the purple Champaign dy'd. (y) As when the Oxen, in a ſpacious Floor, Tread out the Sheaves of Corn, with Grain o'erloaded: So o'er the Arms and Trunks of proſtrate Heroes, *Achilles'* Steeds and whirling Chariot drove; His Wheels were red with Slaughter, and his Seat, And Arms, and Harneſs ſhone with ſanguine Tincture; Ruſhing he ſpread new Terrors all around, Inſatiable of Glory and Revenge.

(x) *As when devouring Flames.*] *Homer*, to divert his Reader, quits on a ſudden the Simplicity of an hiſtorical Narration, and ſtarts aſide into two very lively Compariſons. He does not content himſelf with comparing the Ravages of *Achilles* to thoſe of a great Conflagration; he likewiſe repreſents his Horſes under an Idea, which being borrow'd from a gentle and peaceful Art, has here a wonderful Effect; and this is what Painting cannot do. It has the Advantage of ſetting the thing itſelf before one's Eyes, a very great Advantage; but it has not the Advantage of aſſembling together ſuch different Ideas.

(y) *As when the Oxen in a ſpacious Floor.*] In *Greece*, inſtead of threſhing the Corn as we do, they caus'd it to be trod out by Oxen; and this was likewiſe practiſed in *Judæa*, as is ſeen by the Law of God, who forbad the *Jews* to muzzle the Ox who trod out the Corn: *Non ligabis os bovis terentis in area fruges tuas*, Deutron. 25.

Argu-

Argument of the Twenty-firſt Book.

THE Trojans, *purſu'd by* Achilles, *divide themſelves. One Party flies towards the Town, the other to the River* Xanthus. *That Party which retired to* Troy, *are by* Juno *concealed from the Sight of* Achilles, *who therefore attacks the other, and follows them into the River, with a very great Slaughter. Here he makes twelve young Noblemen Priſoners, with deſign to ſacrifice them at the Funeral of* Patroclus. *After this, he kills* Lycaon *the Son of* Priam, Aſteropeus *General of the* Pæonians, *with ſeveral other brave Commanders.* Xanthus, *enraged againſt him, attacks him in a very furious manner with all his Waves.* Achilles, *almoſt drowned, implores the Aid of* Jupiter. Neptune *and* Pallas *come to his Relief, by whoſe Aſſiſtance he ſurmounts the Deluge.* Xanthus *calls in* Simois *to ſecond him.* Achilles *begins a new Combat with both thoſe Rivers.* Juno, *afraid for his Safety, ſends* Vulcan *to engage* Xan-

ARGUMENT.

Xanthus. *He covers the Field with Flames, and almoſt burns up the River.* Xanthus, *juſt ready to be conſumed, intreats* Juno *to oblige* Vulcan *to retire. This Combat ended, the other Gods on both ſides begin the Charge.* Mars *attacks* Minerva, *who fells him with a large Stone.* Venus *tries to raiſe him, but* Minerva *with another Blow lays her by his ſide.* Neptune *offers the Combat to* Apollo, *who, out of reſpect, declines it.* Diana *accuſes him of Cowardice.* Juno, *offended at her Inſolence, revenges the Affront.* Diana *goes to make her Complaint to* Jupiter. Achilles *continues the Slaughter.* Priam, *obſerving his Motions from the Tower of* Ilium, *orders the Gates to be opened, to receive the flying Troops.* Apollo *incites* Agenor, *and gives him Courage to ſtand Combat with* Achilles. *He attacks him, but is convey'd away by* Apollo, *juſt as* Achilles *was about to kill him.* Apollo, *in* Agenor's *Shape, deludes* Achilles, *and whilſt he purſues him in that Diſguiſe, gives the* Trojans *an Opportunity of retiring into their City.*

THE

THE ILIAD OF HOMER.

BOOK XXI.

WHEN to the Banks of *Xanthus*, Son of *Jove*, Push'd by *Achilles'* Arms and dreadful Fury, The *Trojan* Troops retir'd, their frighted Army Fled in two Parties; one to *Troy* retreated, Thro' the same Plains, where *Hector* in his Rage, The Day before, had chas'd the trembling *Greeks*; (a) O'er these great *Juno* flung a pitchy Cloud: The rest

(a) *O'er these great Juno flung a pitchy Cloud.*] This Passage has strangely deceiv'd some: ἐρυκέμεν does not

on

Achilles having driven the Trojans into the Xanthus, plunges in after them, & makes a great Slaughter: That River displeas'd at his Cruelty, almost smothers him with his Waters in the midst whereof Neptune & Pallas support him, & Vulcan by drying up the River, delivers him.

B. XXI.

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on *Xanthus'* Shore purſu'd their way, And there ſurrounded, plung'd into the Deep; Their Outcries mingling with the roaring Tides, Rung horribly, and eccho'd from the Banks: The Stream was full of Troops, that ply'd their Arms, To reach the other Shore, and ſhun the Danger. (*b*) As Swarms of Locuſts, chas'd by hoſtile Flames, Fly to ſome River, to avoid the Fire, And cluſter on the Surface; ſo the *Tro-*

here ſignify, *to hinder them from flying*, but on the contrary, *to ſave them, to ſteal them from* Achilles. *Juno*, to hinder *Achilles* from purſuing that half of the Enemy's Army which fled towards the Town, covers it with a thick Cloud; for *Achilles* would undoubtedly have turn'd himſelf to that ſide, in order to have enter'd *Troy* with the Run-a-ways. As the Fates had refuſed him that Glory, *Juno* hinders him from loſing his Time there, and by that means obliges him to purſue the other half which fled towards the River. This was neceſſary for the OEconomy of the Poem, and gives the Poet an Opportunity to deſcribe a Battle that is fuller of Prodigies, and of greater Novelty. I do not think there's a Book in *Homer* wherein there is ſo much Strength of Poetry, or wherein the Poet's Fancy, always ſublime, and always ſage, appears with ſo much Luſtre.

(*b*) *As Swarms of Locuſts.*] Hiſtory informs us, that whole Countries have often been infected, and deſtroyed by Clouds of Locuſts. There was no other way to get rid of them, than by kindling Fires in the Fields. The Locuſts being driven away by the Fire, were at length reduced to caſt themſelves into the Rivers. This was often done in the Iſle of *Cyprus*; and thereupon ſome of the Antients pretended, that our Poet was born there, ſince he reports the Cuſtoms of that Iſland: but this is a weak Argument. *Homer* relates the Cuſtoms of many different Countries. This Allegation can only ſupport the Conjecture, that he was of *Ionia*, (from whence *Cyprus* is not very remote) becauſe *Homer* appears more addicted to follow the Uſages of the *Ionians*, than of any other People.

jans,

jans, Preſs'd by *Achilles*, Men and Steeds, and Chariots, Crowded into the Stream; mean while the Victor Among the Willows left his bloody Spear, And drawing out his Sword, around him dealt Such deadly Blows, that all the Air reſounded With dying Groans, and Outcries of the Wounded, Whilſt *Xanthus* ran with Blood: (*c*) So from the Dolphin, Ranging the Sea with wide devouring Jaws, The leſſer Fry to Holes and Creeks retire, As from *Achilles'* Rage the *Trojans* fled, To cloſe Receſſes of the winding Stream. He, when with Slaughter tir'd, around him look'd, And choſe twelve Youths, then drew them from the River, All in a Troop, like Colts, half-dead with Fear; Then ty'd their Hands behind them, (*d*) with the Cords They carry'd to bind others, and deliver'd The Captives to his Men;

(*c*) *So from the Dolphin.*] While *Achilles*, fighting on Land, puſhes the *Trojans* into the *Xanthus*, *Homer* compares him to the Fire which drives the Locuſts into the Water. But ſo ſoon as *Achilles* is in the Water, as well as the *Trojans*, he compares him to a mighty Dolphin, in purſuit of Shoals of other Fiſh. This Remark, which *Euſtathius* quotes out of the old Interpreters of *Homer*, ſerves to let us ſee the Exactneſs of our Poet in his Images.

(*d*) *With the Cords they carry'd to bind others.*] Theſe Throngs or Straps were not their Girdles, but Pieces of Leather, which thoſe young Princes had taken with them, through a raſh Preſumption, to tie the Priſoners they ſhould take. It was a common thing for Soldiers to carry about them ſuch Straps or Thongs, for the aforeſaid Uſe. Examples are ſeen of it in Hiſtory; and in this View it was that *Horace* ſaid to *Iccius*, (Ode 29. lib. 1.) *Horribili; Medo nectis Catenas*; *You at the ſame time prepare Chains for the terrible* Medes.

they

they to his Ships Conducted them, whom he design'd as Victims To his *Patroclus'* Ghost, himself returning To *Xanthus'* Stream, pursu'd the deadly Slaughter.

Lycaon, *Priam*'s Son, was his first Conquest, Who late had been his Captive; for *Achilles*, (*e*) As o'er his Father's Fields one Night he rang'd, Found the young Prince in a wild Fig-tree, felling Some Timber for his Chariot; who, surpriz'd, In vain by Flight attempted to escape; *Achilles* to the Isle of *Lemnos* bore him, And there to *Jason* sold him as a Slave: From him *Eetion*, of the Isle of *Imbros*, Who was, by many Favours, much oblig'd To the old King, bought the young Slave, and thence (*f*) Convey'd to fair *Arisba*, where the Prince Stole from his Guards, returning safe to *Troy*. Pleas'd with his happy Fortune and Escape, Amidst his young Companions he remain'd Eleven Days in Mirth and Jollity; But on the twelfth took Arms, and join'd the Battle, Fated to fall by great *Achilles'* Hand, Who to the Shades below sent him a Captive, Thence never to return; upon the Shore He stood, and

(*e*) *As o'er his Father's Fields one Night.*] This young Prince was cutting down Timber in the Night, because he cou'd not do it in the Day-time, by reason of the Enemy. But is a wild Fig-tree altogether so fit to make the Fellies of a Chariot? The *Trojans*, 'tis like, were reduc'd to this necessity, because the Enemy during so long a War had cut down the most substantial Timber.

(*f*) *Convey'd to fair* Arisba.] This was not to detain him, but out of Friendship to *Priam*; he was minded to keep him there till the end of the War, for fear, if he sent him back, he might fall into the Enemy's hands.

dreading

dreading to advance, and plunge Into the Stream, tir'd with Fatigue and Sweat, He threw away his Helmet, Spear, and Buckler, Which when *Achilles* ſaw, and knew the Prince, He thus expreſs'd his Wonder: "Mighty Gods! What "Miracle is this? In vain I kill The *Trojans*, if "from Hell they can return; For ſee a Youth "appears, whom late I took, Gave him his Life, "and (*g*) ſold him into *Lemnos*; The Ocean, "that detains all other Mortals, Has ſent him "back; but with my Spear I'll try Whether "a Tomb can hold him, and the Earth, That "keeps all others down, confine this Prince.

Thus he: *Lycaon* trembling at his Words, And willing to eſcape the Death he menac'd, Ran to embrace his Knees, and beg his Pity. *Achilles* threw his Lance with all his Force, Which the young Prince avoided; then approaching, He fell beneath his Feet, and with one Hand Hung on his Knees, With t' other held his Lance, That ſtuck into the Earth, then thus conjur'd him:

"*Achilles*, (*b*) at your feet I lie a Sup-"pliant: Pity my Youth, and let my Pray'rs

(*g*) *Sold into* Lemnos.] *Achilles* is amaz'd that *Lycaon*, whom he believ'd to be a Slave at *Lemnos*, was return'd to *Troy*; the *Greeks* being Maſters of the Sea. He looks upon it as no leſs a Miracle, than if one had riſen from the Dead.

(*b*) *At your Feet I lie a Suppliant.*] He dares not ſay that he is his Suppliant, ἱκέτης; for a Suppliant is one that comes purely of his own Motion to throw himſelf on the Mercy of another, and implore his Aid. *Lycaon* had been taken Priſoner, and went in his own deſpight: Therefore he ſays, *as it were, and in ſome ſort, your Suppliant*, &c. And he means

"pre-

" prevail, Since you're ally'd to *Jove*; accept
" your Vot'ry, Who, when your Captive, taſted
" your ſweet Bounty, And, as your Slave, was
" from your Table fed. Far from my royal
" Father, and my Country, You ſold me into
" *Lemnos*, and receiv'd An hundred Oxen, as
" my Price, from *Jaſon*. You ſhall have thrice
" the Ranſom for my Life. 'Tis but twelve
" Days ſince I return'd to *Troy*, And from a
" thouſand Miſeries eſcape'd; And muſt I die
" beneath your bloody Sword? Thrice has
" great *Jove* reſign'd me to your Pow'r, And
" mark'd me as the Object of his Anger. *La-
" othoe*, the Daughter of King *Altes*, Who
" ſway'd the *Lelegeans*, fam'd in War, And
" reign'd in *Pedaſus*, on *Satnion*'s Banks, Was
" my unhappy Mother: ſhe to *Priam* Two
" Sons brought forth, and both reſerv'd to die
" Beneath your Arm; already you have ſlain
" My Brother *Polydorus*, in the Flow'r Of
" Youth, and I muſt be the ſecond; For ſince
" the Fates have left me in your pow'r, I can-
" not hope for Life; yet this remember, *Priam*
" had many Wives, nor was I born Of her,
" who brought forth *Hector*, your great Foe, By
" whom your Friend, your dear *Patroclus* fell,
" So famous for his Sweetneſs and his Valour.

Lycaon thus invok'd *Achilles*' Pity, But ſoon receiv'd a moſt inhuman Anſwer: " Vain

that *Achilles* ſhould not conſider him abſolutely as his Priſoner, but as a Man to whom he had already given his Life, whom he had taken into his Houſe, and who is become as it were his Suppliant, who had for a long time lodg'd and eaten with him. This is very crafty: Suppliants were ſacred Perſons.

" Youth,

" Youth, to talk of Pity or of Ranſom; Once
" I took pleaſure in a numerous Train Of Cap-
" tives, and could ſpare a Suppliant's Life,
" E'er on this Shore my dear *Patroclus* dy'd;
" But now whoever is of *Trojan* Race, Much
" more of *Priam*'s, if they meet my Arms, And
" yield, ſhall ſurely die, and ſo ſhalt thou,
" Nor ſhall thy Tears protect thee: my *Patro-*
" *clus*, Whoſe Valour far exceeded thine, is
" dead: And I, tho' now ſucceſsful, and the
" Son Of *Thetis* and of *Peleus*, *Jove*'s great
" Offspring, Yet muſt reſign to Fate, nor is
" that Day Far off; ſome *Trojan* Soldier, who
" now flies My Preſence, with his Spear ſhall
" bring me low, and gain immortal Honour by
" my Death.

Theſe cruel Words transfix'd the Prince's Soul; His Limbs forgat their Strength, his Knees grew feeble, His Hand let go the Spear, whilſt ſtern *Achilles* Drew out his Sword, and plung'd it in his Boſom; He fell upon his Face, and with his Blood Dy'd the red Shore, from which *Achilles* threw him Into the rapid Stream, and thus inſulted:

" Go, wretched Prince! and feed the hun-
" gry Fiſhes, Who from thy Wound ſhall
" lick the trickling Blood; Thy Mother need
" not dreſs the mourning Bed, Weep o'er thy
" Trunk, or with vain Pomp ordain Thy Obſe-
" quies; *Scamander* (*i*) ſhall convey thee Into

(*i*) *Shall convey thee into the Ocean.*] Becauſe dead Bodies, after they have been ſome time in the Water, ſwim upon the Surface.

" the

" the boundleſs Ocean, where ſome Monſter,
" Inhabiting the Seas, ſhall ſwallow thee, And
" in his ſpacious Bowels make thy Tomb. So
" let the *Trojans* periſh, till proud *Ilium* Be
" laid in Duſt, whilſt I purſue their Troops
" Thro' their own Plains, and cover them with
" Slaughter. *Xanthus*, to whom they ſacrifice
" whole Herds Of Bulls, and with (*k*) live
" Steeds appeaſe his Waves, No Succour ſhall
" afford, but ſure Deſtruction And Death pur-
" ſue them, till the Blood I ſpill Shall be ſuf-
" ficient to atone the Shade Of my *Patroclus*,
" and thoſe numerous *Greeks*, Who in my Ab-
" ſence near their Ships were ſlain.

Thus he: his Words provok'd the watry God, *Xanthus*, and fill'd his Mind with various Counſels, How to allay his Rage, and ſave the *Trojans*.

Mean while *Achilles*, wielding his long Spear, March'd to attack *Aſteropeus*, the Son Of *Pelagon*, whom lovely *Peribea*, The eldeſt Daugh-

(*k*) *Live Steeds appeaſe his Waves.*] It was a very antient Cuſtom to caſt live Horſes into the Sea and the Rivers, to honour, as it were, by theſe Victims, the Rapidneſs of their Stream. This Practice continued a long time, and Hiſtory ſupplies us with notable Examples of it. *Aurelius Victor* ſays of *Pompey* the Younger; *Cum mari feliciter uteretur, Neptuni ſe filium confeſſus eſt, eumque bobus auratis & equo placavit.* *As he had been pretty fortunate upon the Sea, he gave out that he was the Son of* Neptune, *and endeavour'd to make that God propitious, by offering to him Oxen whoſe Horns were gilded, and a Horſe.* He offer'd Oxen in Sacrifice, and threw a live Horſe into the Sea, as appears from *Dion*; which is perfectly conformable to this of *Homer*.

ter

ter of *Aceſſumenus*, Bore to the River *Axius*; he undaunted Came forward on the Shore, to meet the Hero, Arm'd with two Spears, which in both Hands he wielded; For *Xanthus* gave him Strength and manly Vigour, Enrag'd againſt *Achilles*, who had ſlain Such Numbers on his Banks, without Compaſſion. When near each other, both the Heroes came, *Achilles* thus: "Speak, whence, and what you are, "Who thus oppoſe my Valour: only they "Who from unhappy Parents are deſcended, "Attempt ſuch Boldneſs. Thus the valiant Son Of *Pelagon* reply'd: "Divine *Achilles*, Why "would you know my Country and Deſcent? "From fair *Pæonia*, leading numerous Troops, "Arm'd with long Spears, to *Troy*'s Defence I "came; (*l*) This the twelfth Morning is "ſince I arriv'd: The River *Axius*, rolling his "fair Stream Along the fertile Plains, to *Pe*-"*lagon* Gave Birth, From whom I reckon my "Deſcent. But wherefore ſhould we ſpend "the time in Talk, Which Heroes may em-"ploy in deadly Combat?

Thus he: *Achilles* graſp'd his maſſy Spear: *Aſteropeus*, whoſe either Hand could wield His Arms with equal Eaſe, two Lances flung; One

(*l*) *This the twelfth Morning is.*] He was a new General, whom the *Pæonians* had ſent, after the Death of him who came with the Fleet, and was killed. This is the Ground of *Achilles*'s Queſtions, *Who art thou, and whence comeſt thou?* For *Aſteropeus*, not arriving before the Time that *Achilles* refrain'd from fighting, could not be known to him. *Homer* gives a Reaſon for every thing, and eſtabliſhes Probability throughout.

lodg'd

lodg'd upon *Achilles'* maſſy Buckler; (*m*) But the firm Gold, forg'd by the Hand of *Vulcan*, Repuls'd it, whilſt the other graz'd his Elbow, And drew the purple Blood, thence o'er his Head Flew at ſome diſtance, lighting on the Ground.

Achilles, thirſty of Revenge and Blood, Return'd the fierce Aſſault, and threw his Spear, Which paſſing near *Aſteropeus*, ran deep Into the Shore: then from his valiant Thigh He drew his Sword, and charg'd with dreadful Fury; Three times *Aſteropeus* eſſay'd to draw *Achilles'* Javelin from the Ground, and thrice Fail'd of Succeſs; then bending the firm Wood, Had ſnapp'd it ſhort, but with his ſhining Blade The Hero interpos'd, and in his Belly Sheathing it deep, drew out his reeking Entrails, And clos'd his Eyes in everlaſting Darkneſs. The Victor ſtanding o'er him, ſeiz'd his Arms, Then triumph'd thus: "Lie there, "and take the Death Thy Raſhneſs merited; "the Sons of *Jove* Are not a Match for thoſe "of Rivers born; (*n*) You boaſted your De- "ſcent from *Axius'* Stream, But I am ſprung "from *Jove*; *Peleus*, who reigns In *Theſſaly*, "my Father was, himſelf The Son of *Æacus*, "the Son of *Jove*; As *Jove* in Pow'r the

(*m*) *But the firm Gold repuls'd it.*] That is, *Aſteropeus's* Javelin pierc'd the two firſt Plates of *Achilles's* Buckler, and ſtopt not before it came to the third, which was of Gold. This has been ſufficiently explain'd.

(*n*) *You boaſted your Deſcent from* Axius' *Stream.*] It is worth while to obſerve, ſays *Euſtathius*, with what *Addreſſe Homer* mingles the Simplicity of Genealogical Narrations, amidſt the greateſt Vivacity of the Action, to give variety to his Poem, and refreſh his Reader.

" River-Gods excels, So muſt his Offspring be " more brave than theirs. *Xanthus*, a mighty " River, flows juſt by thee, And might have " lent thee Aid; but that he knows He can't " contend with *Jove*: nor could *Achelous*, Tho' " greater far than he, nor *Ocean*'s ſelf, With " all his deep Abyſſes, from whoſe Source " The Rivers, Seas, and Fountains take their " Riſe; He, tho' the firſt of all the Water-" Gods, (*o*) Muſt yield to *Jove*, when from " the burſting Clouds, Down to the Deep, he " flings his rattling Thunders.

Thus he: then from the Shore with eaſe drew out His Spear, and left his Enemy extended Upon the Sands; the tiding Waves and Surges Flow'd over him; the Eels and hungry Fiſhes Fed on his Fat, and gnaw'd his bloody Entrails. Mean while *Achilles* turn'd his dreadful Arms On the *Paonian* Squadron, as they fled By *Xanthus*' Stream, when they beheld their Leader Slain on the Shore; *Thersilochus* and *Mydon*, *Aſtypylus* and *Mneſus*, *Opheleſtes*, *Thraſius*, and *Anius*, fell beneath his Spear; And more his wild Revenge had ſacrific'd; But *Xanthus*, with his Slaughter much incens'd, Taking a human Figure, thus addreſs'd him:

" Divine *Achilles*, nothing can reſiſt Your " Valour; nor did ever Hero yet Such Con-" queſts boaſt: the Gods are on your ſide;

(*o*) *Muſt yield to* Jove.] He adds this, to qualify the Defiance he had juſt made to *Xanthus*; a Defiance, which, being made to a God, might ſeem impious, without this ſoftning Turn.

" Yet

" Yet if great *Jove* decrees the wretched *Tro-*
" *jans* Should be deſtroy'd by you, remove the
" Slaughter Far from my Banks; already I
" am clogg'd With Numbers of the Slain, that
" fill my Channel, and interrupt my Waves
" from paſſing down, To pay their wonted Tri-
" bute to the Ocean; Let it ſuffice that you
" have done ſuch Actions, As even I, a God,
" with Wonder view.

Thus he; and thus *Achilles*: " Son of *Jove*,
" Divine *Scamander*, I'll obey your Orders,
" But will not ceaſe to deal my hotteſt Fury
" Upon that perjur'd Brood, till I have ſhut
" them Within their Walls, or have encoun-
" ter'd *Hector*; For whom I'll ſearch the Plains,
" reſolv'd to reach His hated Life, or die be-
" neath his Hand.

He ſpake, and (*p*) threw himſelf into the Battle; Whilſt, with his Inſolence enrag'd, the River Addreſs'd *Apollo* thus: " O Son of *Jove*,
" Skill'd in the Bow, why are the dread Com-
" mands Of your great Sire thus ſhamefully
" neglected, Who gave you Orders to ſupport
" the *Trojans* With all your Forces, till the Sun
" ſhould viſit The Weſtern Sea, and ſable
" Shades ariſe?

Thus he; and whilſt *Achilles* ruſh'd along, Divine *Scamander* rais'd his lofty Waves, And threw the floating Bodies on the Shore, With

(*p*) *Threw himſelf into the Battle.*] 'Tis impoſſible to paint with livelier Colours, a Battle which is fought amidſt an Inundation. It is very probable, that ſo many Springs, which ran from Mount *Ida* into the Plain of *Troy*, often cauſed an Overflowing of the Rivers that waſhed it.

which *Achilles* had damm'd up the Stream; The noiſy Billows, loud as roaring Bulls, Daſh'd o'er the Banks, whilſt in his ſecret Creeks And Caverns, from the Fury of the Victor He ſav'd the trembling *Trojans*, then aſſembling His Waves, upon the Son of *Peleus* ruſh'd, Bore down his Shield, and with ſuch Force aſſail'd him, His Legs refus'd their Load, and he unable To ſtand the Shock, reach'd out and graſp'd an Elm, That fortunately grew beſide the Stream; The ruſhing Waves and Hero's pond'rous Arm Tore from its Roots the Tree and laid it flat Acroſs the Stream, where like a Bridge it reſted: *Achilles*, to avoid the deadly Waves, And Danger that approach'd him, ſought to gain The Shore by Flight; but *Xanthus*, to revenge The Slaughter, and relieve the conquer'd *Trojans*, Renew'd the ſharp Attack with all his Waves, And roll'd his gloomy Surface o'er the Banks. *Achilles*, ſwift, as is the warlike Eagle, The ſwifteſt and moſt valiant of all Birds, Sprung forward a Spear's Caſt, with active Force, Claſhing his Arms, whilſt with tremendous Roar His rapid Foe purſu'd him thro' the Plain. (*q*) As when ſome Delver turns a flowing Stream From its own Channel, thro' a new-made Dyke, To water a fair Garden, ſtor'd with

(*q*) *As when ſome Delver.*] This changing of the Character looks charming. No Poet ever knew, like *Homer*, to paſs from the Vehement and the Nervous, to the Gentle and the Agreeable. Such Tranſitions, when properly made, give a ſingular Pleaſure; as, when in Muſick, a Maſter paſſes from the Rough to the Tender. *Demetrius Phalereus*, who only praiſes this Compariſon for its Clearneſs, has not ſufficiently recommended its Va-

Plants;

Plants; He with his Spade removes the adverſe Clods: The Waters ruſhing in with mighty Noiſe, Flow down the Steep, and mix the ſounding Pebbles, And oft out-run the Guide who ſhews their way: So *Xanthus* overtook the flying Hero, Swift tho' he was; for Mortals muſt ſubmit To thoſe of Race divine. Oft when he try'd To ſtand the Charge, not doubting but the Gods Purſu'd him, all collected in a Body, And turn'd to meet the Shock, divine *Scamander* Mounted his Waves, and preſs'd his manly Shoulders; Whilſt he, with frequent Leaps, and nimble Force, Try'd to eſcape, oppreſs'd with Grief and Horror: The adverſe Flood ſtill beat againſt his Knees, And waſh'd away the Duſt beneath his Feet, Unable to ſupport him; then to Heav'n He bent his Cry, and with uplifted Eyes Addreſs'd himſelf to *Jove*: "Almighty Father, Is there no God "to pity my Diſtreſs, And ſave me from the "Fury of theſe Waves? What would I not "endure to be reliev'd? Of all the Gods that "treat me with ſuch Rigour, None merit my "Complaints ſo much as *Thetis*, Who gave "me Birth, and made me hope in vain, That "I ſhould periſh near the Walls of *Troy*, By "great *Apollo*'s Darts. Would I had dy'd By "*Hector*'s Hand, the braveſt Chief in *Troy*; "His Valour would have recompens'd the "Loſs Both of my Arms and Life: but now

lue. *Virgil* was ſo ſtruck with it, that he has transferr'd it into his firſt Book of the *Georgics*.

Deinde ſatis fluvium inducit &c.

Virgil's is fine Poetry; but how much inferior is it to the Original!

" inglorious, Like ſome baſe Ruſtick croſſing a
" deep River, I ſhall lie buried in devouring
" Waves.

He ſpake, and to his Aid *Minerva* came, With *Neptune*, who in human Forms approach'd him, And with theſe Promiſes ſuſtain'd his Courage; Reaching their Hands to his: " Great Son " of *Peleus!* Fear not, nor be diſmay'd; for " I who rule The watry World, and *Pallas*, " are deſcended, With *Jove*'s Conſent, to aid " you in Diſtreſs: 'Tis not in Fate, that you " ſhould periſh here, In *Xanthus*' Stream, whoſe " Rage will ſoon abate. Only purſue our " Counſels, nor give o'er The Slaughter, till " the *Trojans* are repuls'd Within their Walls; " then to your Fleet return, When you have " ſlain bold *Hector*; for that Action Is by our " Pow'r reſerv'd, to crown your Arms.

Thus *Neptune*; then with *Pallas* ſoon return'd To their high Station; whilſt the Son of *Peleus*, Encourag'd by ſuch Words, renew'd his Efforts, To reach the Land: the Surges rag'd around, And floating Bodies of the Slain, that fell That Day by his ſtrong Arm, in heaps ſwam by him; His manly Knees bore up againſt the Torrent, Nor could the Stream detain him, ſince *Minerva* Lent him new Strength: yet ſtill *Scamander* rag'd With freſh Reſentment, calling all his Waves Forth to renew the Combat with *Achilles*: At laſt, imploring Aid of *Simois*, Thus he began; " Dear " Brother, let us join Our Streams, and try " to rout this deadly Foe, E'er he attempt the " Ruin of our *Troy*, Whoſe frighted Troops " in vain reſiſt his Valour. Then haſte to my

" Aſ-

" Aſſiſtance, drain your Channel, And from
" your Fountains, every Source, and Spring;
" Bring all your Waters, ſwell the raging
" Torrent, Cover'd with Trees, and floating
" Rocks, and Iſlands; Drown all the Plains,
" and fill the ſounding Banks With Terrors,
" and the Noiſe of roaring Surges: (r) And
" let us tame this Victor, whoſe Succeſs Is
" more than human, worthy of a God. If
" you unite with me, not all his Force, Nor
" Godlike Form ſhall ſave this mighty Hero;
" Nor yet the Arms he boaſts, which ſoon
" ſhall lie Deep in our Boſoms, ſtain'd with
" Blood and Mud. I'll rouſe my ſable Waves
" like Mountains high, And cruſh him; roll
" my Sands around his Trunk, That none of
" all the *Greeks* ſhall ever find His Bones, nor
" of his Obſequies take care; Whilſt juſtly
" puniſh'd for his daring Pride, He lies ſecure
" within his liquid Tomb.

Thus he, then with aſpiring Waves he ruſh'd Upon *Achilles*, cover'd o'er with Blood, And Foam, and floating Trunks; His lofty Tides Obey'd the God, and lifted high as Hills, Burſt on the Hero with tremendous Roar. *Juno* with dreadful Outcry ſhew'd her Fear, Leſt *Peleus'* Son ſhould founder in the Deep,

(r) *And let us tame this Victor.*] What Reſources does *Homer* find in himſelf, to praiſe *Achilles*, and to improve upon all the Elogiums he has already given him! This whole Run is ſo admirable, that I thought it would make its own way to the Reader's Underſtanding, without the additional Help of any Remark, and even in my very Tranſlation of it.

And with impatience thus to *Vulcan* ſpake: (*s*)
" Ariſe, my Son! ſee *Xanthus* is in Arms
" To meet you, and is worthy your Revenge.
" (*t*) Then arm in your Defence, (*u*) with
" all your Flames, Whilſt from the Deep I
" rouze the Weſt and South Impetuous Winds,
" that ſhall a Tempeſt raiſe, To blow your
" hoſtile Fires along the Plain, To ſcorch the
" *Trojan* Troops, and melt their Armour:
" Haſte you and burn the Trees that ſhade
" the Banks Of *Xanthus*' Stream, and ſpread

(*s*) *Ariſe, my Son.*] It is in the *Greek*, *riſe, my Clump-foot, my Son*; ὄρσεο κυλλοποδιον ἐμὸν τέκος. And upon this, I cannot forbear reporting an Obſervation out of *Plutarch*, who ſays, that *Juno* calls her Son *Clump-foot*, out of Fondneſs, and to careſs him; and that *Homer* by this meant to laugh at thoſe who are aſhamed of ſuch Defects; not eſteeming that to be blameworthy which is not ſcandalous, nor that to be ſcandalous which is Fortune's Fault, not ours. I durſt not, however, preſerve it in my Tranſlation; for our Word, *Boiteux*, *Clump-foot*, and the *Greek* Term, κυλλοποδιον, are two very different Terms. This is perceivable by any Ear of the leaſt Delicacy.

(*t*) *Then arm in your Defence.*] If *Homer* has with Life deſcribed an Inundation, he points with no leſs Force the Drought, which alone can battle it, and make it withdraw its Waters. There is nothing in Nature, which this Poet does not imbelliſh his Poem with. But in his greateſt Enthuſiaſm, he ſhews a wonderful Diſcretion; and in his moſt ſublime Fictions, he never departs from what is natural: for it is from beautiful Nature that the true Sublime ariſes; nor can there be a true Sublime in what is not natural.

(*u*) *With all your Flames.*] So does this Verſe mean, if you read ἀυτον without an Aſpirate; but if you read it ἅυτον with an Aſpirate, as *Euſtathius* does, it ſhould be tranſlated, *Caſt yourſelf, with all your Fires, into the midſt of his Waves.* Each of thoſe two Readings has its Beauty; but that which I have follow'd, ſeems to me to be the more natural, and agrees with what *Homer* adds ſoon after; *The River itſelf is all on fire.*

" your

" your Flames all o'er him: Let neither Me-
" naces nor kind Intreaties Win you to Pity,
" or abate your Fury: But when you hear
" my Voice, be that the Signal, And then re-
" tire, and quench your burning Rage.

Thus ſhe; then *Vulcan* kindled all his *Forces*, And ſpread his rapid Flames along the Plain, Conſuming the dead Bodies, which *Achilles* Had ſcatter'd here and there; all the wide Field Appear'd on Fire, the Waters were diminiſh'd, And ebb'd apace, as when the Northern Blaſts In Autumn chace the Rains and riſing Springs, That lay'd ſome Field or Garden under Water; So in an Inſtant all the Plain grew dry, And Heaps of mangled Trunks were turn'd to Aſhes. Then on the Stream the God his Fury pour'd, And burnt the Trees that grew along the Shore Down to the Root, the Willow, Elm, and Poplar, The Tamariſk, and Lime, and Reed, and Cypreſs; The Fiſhes felt the Heat, and ſought in vain For Refuge in the Caverns of the Deep, Each panted juſt expiring with the Flames, And often leap'd to ſeek the cooler Air. *Xanthus* himſelf was ſcorch'd, and thus complain'd; " O *Vulcan*,
" (*w*) who of all the Gods can combat
" With thy devouring Pow'rs? then how can
" I Reſiſt thee? Wherefore would you ſtoop
" ſo low To bend your fiery Arms againſt a
" River? Unhappy I! to mingle in the Quar-
" rel, And ſuccour *Troy*! but I deſiſt, and

(*w*) *Who of all the Gods.*] For Fire is invincible, and conquers every thing; *Jupiter* himſelf has occaſon for its Aid; he borrows his Thunderbolts from it.

" yield That City to be raz'd by great *Achil-*
" *les.*

He ſpake, almoſt conſum'd and ſpent with Heat; His Waves boil'd up, as when a mighty Cauldron Throws up the bubb'ling Fat of ſome rich Victim, Compaſs'd with crackling Flames: ſo *Xanthus'* Stream, Bubbled with waſting Heat, and ſpent with Flames, (x) No further could expand his flaming Waves.

Chas'd from the Plain he fled into his Channel, Purſu'd by hungry Flames; then thus to *Juno* Addreſs'd for Pity, and implor'd her Aid.

" O *Juno*, why am I expos'd a Prey To
" your devouring Son, let looſe upon me
" With all his burning Forces? I am not So
" much to blame as are the other Gods Who
" take the *Trojan* ſide; but here I promiſe No
" more to aid that Race, then let your *Vul-*
" *can* Draw off his Flames; a ſolemn Oath I
" take, Never to help the *Trojans*, though re-
" duc'd To Ruin, (y) though I ſee the *Gre-*
" *cian* Fires Surround their Walls, and lay
" their Town in Aſhes.

Thus he and *Juno* heard him, then to *Vulcan* She call'd: " Deſiſt, my valiant Son, ſhe
" cry'd, And with your Flames retire, for 'tis

(x) *No further cou'd expand.*] Inſtead of *he can no longer*, *Homer* ſays, *he will no longer*; and *Euſtathius* obſerves very well that the *Greeks* often ſaid, *to will*, inſtead of, *to be able.*

(y) *Tho' I ſee the* Grecian.] This ſays plainly that *Troy* is to periſh by Fire, but it does not ſay either When, or by Whom; and therefore to determine it, the River adds, *and the* Greeks *lay it in Aſhes.*

" unjuſt

" unjuſt, Gods ſhould be puniſh'd, for the " ſake of Mortals.

Thus ſhe: Her Son obey'd, and quench'd his Flames, And *Xanthus* in his wonted Channel roll'd His Waters to the Sea, for *Vulcan*'s Pow'r Had tame'd him, and the Combat was decided By *Juno*, who relented of her Wrath. Mean while the other Gods began new Diſcord From either Party, and with dreadful Noiſe Charg'd one another, (z) *Jove* the Signal gave With Thunder, and the Earth's low Caverns roar'd; He on the Top of ſteep *Olympus* ſate, And ſmile'd to ſee the Gods engage in Battle: At length approaching, Hand to

(z) Jove *the Signal gave.*] *Homer* ſays,

Ἀμφὶ δ' ἐσάλπιξεν μέγας οὐρανός.

The vaſt Heaven ſounded the Trumpet. And here I can do no leſs than quote an Obſervation out of *Euſtathius*, which ſeems to me to be of ſome uſe. *This Expreſſion*, Heaven ſounded the Trumpet, *does not equal the Greatneſs of this Fight; for what Greatneſs is there in ſaying, that* Heaven ſounded the Trumpet *when he ſhou'd rather have ſaid that* Heaven thunder'd? *And yet* Homer's *Expreſſion ſeems fitter for a Fight; for the Signal for a Battle is not Thunder, but a Trumpet. Moreover, the Poet having already ſaid* (Book 20.) *in ſpeaking of the Battle between the* Trojans *and* Greeks, *that the* Sovereign Ruler of Gods and Men thunder'd from the Height of Heaven; *here, to diverſify his Phraſe, and make his Thought the newer, he ſays that* Heaven ſounded the Trumpet. *The Beginning of a Battle, as leſs conſiderable, he heighten'd by this great Idea,* Jupiter thunder'd from the Top of the Heavens; *but as for this Battle of the Gods, which takes all its Greatneſs from the Gods themſelves, he contents himſelf with ſaying that* Heaven ſounded the Trumpet. It may likewiſe be ſaid, that it is a Prodigy more ſuitable to grand Poeſy, to repreſent Heaven ſounding the Trumpet, as if it had a Mouth. Whereas if he had barely ſaid *Heaven thunder'd*, there had been nothing extraordinary or ſurprizing in that.

Hand they fought, (a) *Mars* wielding his vaſt Spear, on *Pallas* ruſh'd, And thus reproach'd her with inſulting Words:

" O moſt audacious of Immortal Beings!
" Your raſh imprudent Bravery excites you
" With mortal Diſcord to divide the Gods;
" Well you remember when, by you inſpir'd,
" Bold *Diomed* attack'd me, when you join'd
" The Fight, and with your ſhining Spear ad-
" vancing Still urg'd him on to wound me
" with his Lance; See now a fair Occaſion is
" before me, And I'll improve it, to avenge
" my Wrongs.

He ſpake; and on th' immortal Shield of *Pallas*, The dreadful *Egid*, which the Bolts of *Jove* Could never cruſh, his maſſy Javelin flung; The Goddeſs ſtepping back, took up a Stone Of mighty ſize and weight, which long had ſtood Unmov'd, an antient Land-mark on the Plains, Which at the God ſhe threw, and beat him backward, His claſhing Armour rattling with the Fall; His Hair was dawb'd with Duſt, and ſeven Acres Were cover'd with his vaſt extended Body; Whilſt *Pallas* ſmiling, triumph'd in his Fall:

" Raſh God, who thus preſum'ſt to meet
" my Rage; Now be convinc'd I do not boaſt

(a) Mars *wielding his vaſt Spear.*] By this very ingenious Fiction *Homer* means that in all Wars and all Combats, 'tis Folly always that begins firſt, by oppoſing it ſelf againſt Wiſdom. For, pray whence ariſe Wars and Conteſts? Is it not from Injuries and doing wrong? And are not ſuch Injuries and Wrong-doing ſuggeſted by Folly, Ignorance and Brutality?

" in

" in vain (*b*) My Pow'r to thine ſuperior; ſee,
" the Vengeance With which the Furies exe-
" cute the Curſes Thy Mother gave thee,
" when thou, treacherous God, Didſt leave the
" *Greeks*, to aid the perjur'd *Trojans!*

Thus ſhe: then turn'd aſide her ſhining Eyes, (*c*) Whilſt *Jove*'s fair Daughter, *Venus*, ſoon drew near, And bent her Hand to raiſe him, for his Breath Came ſhort, expreſſing Pain, and near reſembling The Pangs of Men juſt ready to expire.

Juno beheld her marching to his Aid, Then animated *Pallas* to engage her.

" Daughter of *Jove*, ſee *Venus*, whom I hate,
" With all her Impudence attempts to reſcue
" The proſtrate God, and bear him from the
" Field: Haſte, and prevent her, and revenge
" the Affront.

She, raviſh'd with the hopes of puniſhing So vile an Action, ruſh'd upon the Goddeſs, And with ſuch Fury ſmote upon her Stomach, That down ſhe fell, (*d*) depriv'd of Strength and Breath, (*e*) And lay near *Mars*, extend-

(*b*) *My Power to thine ſuperior.*] *Homer* would thereby ſhew that Prudence is always victorious over blind and irrational Strength.

(*c*) *While* Jove's *fair Daughter*, Venus.] This Fiction is very Ingenious and very Moral. *Homer* thereby teaches, that *Minerva*, *i. e.* Wiſdom, no ſooner turns away her Eyes from Men, but they are deliver'd over to all ſorts of Paſſions.

(*d*) *Depriv'd of Strength and Breath.*] *Venus* does not reſiſt *Minerva*. Let but Wiſdom make ever ſo little uſe of her Advantages, ſhe triumps over the Paſſions, and has no need of any of her Arms.

(*e*) *And lay near* Mars.] *Venus* and *Mars* are the two Gods who kindled this bloody War; behold them now laid in the Duſt. *Homer* thereby foretels to his Reader, that the War will ſoon be at an end, and the *Trojans* puniſh'd.

ed

ed on the Plain. Then *Pallas* glory'd thus: "Would *Jove* permit, That all the Gods who "ſuccour perjur'd *Troy* Againſt the *Greeks*, "were lay'd thus low, and met The ſame Suc- "ceſs with *Venus*, thus preſuming To ſuc- "cour *Mars*, and ſtand my Warlike Arm, "This fatal Diſcord, that infeſts the Gods "Would ſoon be o'er, and *Troy* conſume to "Aſhes.

She ſpake, and *Juno* with a Smile approv'd Her Victory; mean while the Sea-God *Neptune* To great *Appollo* thus addreſs'd his Speech:

"Whilſt all the Gods on either ſide engage, "Why do we two at diſtance view each o- "ther? With what Diſgrace, not having try'd "the Combat, Shall we return to Heav'n, and "*Jove*'s high Palace? Do you begin, you are "the youngeſt God; I, who have ſeen old Age "and long Experience, Scorn to attack a "Youth ſo much inferior To me in Arms, "but will expect the Charge. Yet where- "fore are you ſo intent to ſuccour The *Tro- "jan* Race? have you ſo ſoon forgot The "baſe Indignities we ſuffer'd once, Within "this perjur'd and unfaithful City? When by "Command from *Jove* we ſerv'd their King, "The fierce *Laomedon*, a live-long Year; Con- "tracting for a Price, like Slaves we ſerv'd "him; I built the Walls and Fortreſſes that "guard Proud *Troy*, impregnable by human "Force; Whilſt you with conſtant Labour "fed his Herds Upon Mount *Ida*, till at "length (*f*) the Hours Brought round the

(*f*) *The Hours.*] In *Homer* the Word *Horæ*, *Hours*, is always us'd for *Seaſons* It was not till after *Homer* that the *Greeks*

"Year,

" Year, in pity to our Toils. But then the " unjuſt Tyrant would not pay The Recom- " pence of our long Servitude; Diſmiſs'd us " with vile Menaces and Taunts, (*g*) Threa- " ten'd to bore our Ears, like Slaves to tie us " With Cords, and ſell us to ſome foreign " Maſter: We, diſappointed of our juſt Re- " ward, Left him, enrage'd and meditating " Vengeance. Yet you can aid this falſe, this " perjur'd Brood, And will not join with us " to puniſh them; To lay their City low in " Duſt and Aſhes, Their Virgins, Wives, and " all their Youth in Chains.

Him thus *Apollo* anſwer'd; " Mighty *Nep-* " *tune*, (*b*) Well you might think me raſh,

uſed the word Hour, to ſignify a part of the Day; and *Anacreon* was one of the firſt Poets that apply'd it in that Senſe, in *Ode* 3.

Μεσονυκτίοις ποθ' ὥραις.

(*g*) *Threaten'd to bore our Ears.*] The *Greek* ſays, *and cut off our Ears*, ἀπολεψέμεν ἄτα χαλκῷ; for ſo it muſt be read, and not ἀποκοψέμεν. Cutting off the Noſe and Ears was the Puniſhment of a Slave; but the Expreſſion not being noble enough in our Tongue, there was a neceſſity to paraphraſe it. It looks as if this Expreſſion of *Homer*, ἀπολεψέμεν ἄτα, were the ſame as *perforare aures* in Holy Scripture, ſpeaking of the Cuſtom among the *Hebrews*, who bor'd holes in the Slaves Ears, to ſhew that they were never to go out of Servitude, and that they cou'd not be ſet free: but I know not whether there are Authorities enough to be found for proving that this Cuſtom paſs'd from the *Hebrews* to other Nations.

(*h*) *Well you might think me raſh.*] Two things hinder *Homer* from making *Neptune* and *Apollo* fight. Firſt, Becauſe having already deſcribed the Fight between *Vulcan* and *Xanthus*, he has nothing further to ſay here; for it is the ſame Conflict between Humidity and Siccity, and Authors muſt avoid Repetitions and Monotonies always tireſome and fatiguing. Secondly, *Apollo* being the ſame with Deſtiny, and the Ruin of the *Trojans* being concluded upon

" if

" if I ſhould combat With any God in favour
" of vain Mortals. Like Leaves they ſpring,
" look green and fair a while, But ſoon dry
" up, and fall and are no more. Therefore
" whilſt others on both ſides engage, Let us
" forbear, nor mingle in the Quarrel.

He ſpake, and from the Sea-God turn'd away; Shame and Reſpect forbad him to engage The Brother of great *Jove*; but chaſte *Diana*, His Siſter, in the Mountain-Chace delighting, Upbraided thus his Cowardice, and ſpake:

" Shall *Neptune* boaſt him in your mean
" Diſgrace, Who fly, and leave the Victory to
" him? Why are you arm'd with Darts, who
" will not uſe them, Unable to defend you?
" Boaſt no more, As late you did among th' aſ-
" ſembled Gods, In *Jove*'s high Palace, when
" you menac'd War Againſt this very Sea-God,
" and foretold, That all the Heav'ns ſhould
" ring with your Exploits.

Thus ſhe: *Apollo* with Diſdain was ſilent; But *Juno* raging with Revenge drew near, And thus reproach'd the Goddeſs: (*i*) Fooliſh
" Maid! Thus to oppoſe your Confidence to
" me; In vain you ſhall reſiſt me, tho' you
" bear A Quiver full of Arrows: (*k*) but ſince
" *Jove* Made you ſurpaſs all Females in Re-

and decided, that God can no longer defer it.

(*i*) *Fooliſh Maid.*] *Homer* often ſuppreſſes theſe Connectives, *and ſaid to him.* Theſe Elliſes are very becoming in any Paſſion, eſpecially that of Anger.

(*k*) *But ſince* Jove, &c.] *Diana* is dreadful to Women, becauſe being the ſame with the Moon, ſhe brings on the Pains of Child-Birth, and was believ'd to be generally the Cauſe of the ſudden Deaths of Women, as *Homer* ſays elſewhere.

" nown,

" nown, As does the Lion the inferior Brutes,
" And ſubjected all Mortals to your Darts,
" Unmindful of yourſelf, you dare attack A
" Goddeſs, who excels you. Hence! be gone!
" And o'er the Hills and Foreſts chace the
" Deer, And do not tempt my Valour to en-
" gage you. Yet if you ſtill perſiſt, (*l*) draw
" near, and try Which of us two can boaſt
" the ſtronger Arm.

Thus ſhe: (*m*) Then both *Diana*'s Hands ſhe graſp'd With her left Hand, and with her right ſhe ſeiz'd Her Quiver where it hung, then buffeted Her Ears and Shoulders with repeated Strokes, Smiling with Indignation; whilſt *Diana* Turn'd every way to ſhun her Rage and Fury, And on the Ground her ſcatter'd Arrows lay. At length, o'erwhelm'd with Tears and Grief, ſhe fled Swift as a Pidgeon, that avoids the Hawk, And to the Caverns of a

(*l*) *Draw near, and try.*] I have added the word *draw near*; for the Ellipſis, which is in the Text, and which perfectly well agrees with the Wrath *Juno* is in, as *Euſtathius* obſerves, has a very good Effect in the *Greek*, but it would be intolerable in our Tongue, by its leaving a Vacancy which wou'd cauſe too great an Obſcurity therein.

(*m*) *Then both* Diana's *Hands.*] I am perſuaded that under the Fiction of this Battle between *Juno* and *Diana*, *Homer* was minded to deſcribe Poetically an Eclipſe of the Moon, which is caus'd by nothing but the Shadow of the Earth, *i. e. Juno*. *Juno* holds *Diana*'s two Hands faſt, that is, ſhe ties up all her Faculties; ſhe takes off her Quiver from her Shoulder, becauſe ſhe hinders the Rays of the Sun from enlightning her. She ſtrikes both her Cheeks, becauſe the entire Face of the Moon is obſcured in a total Eclipſe. And ſhe makes all her Arrows to fall at her feet, becauſe all the Rays are ſtopt and ſuſpended under her.

Rock

Rock retires, (*n*) Preſerv'd by Fate from his deſtroying Talons; So fled the weeping Goddeſs from the Combat.

Then to *Latona Mercury* thus ſpake: (*o*) "Juſtly I fear, O Goddeſs, to engage With you; for who can dare to meet in Arms The Wife of *Jove*? then freely boaſt among the Gods, That you in Combat met me and ſubdu'd.

Thus he: (*p*) *Latona* gather'd from the Ground The Bow, the Quiver, and the pointed Darts, That up and down lay ſcatter'd on the Plain: Then follow'd after her retiring Daughter.

Mean while *Diana* mounted high *Olympus*, And at her Father's Knees in Tears fell proſtrate: Her Veil with Sobs and Sighs alternate mov'd; *Jove* ſmiling, took her in his Arms, and ask'd The Cauſe of her Affliction: "Dear "*Diana*, Who of the Gods has injur'd you "unjuſtly, Incapable of meriting Diſpleaſure?

To him his Daughter thus: "Your Siſter "*Juno* Has us'd me thus, who with her Arts

(*n*) *Preſerv'd by Fate.*] *Homer* acknowledges here that Deſtiny, that is, Providence, extends its Cares even to irrational Creatures; which perfectly well agrees with Orthodox Theology. *Obſerve*, ſays *Euſtathius*, *that* Homer *makes even a Pidgeon depend upon Deſtiny, to ſhew that all Creatures are ſubject to it.*

(*o*) *Juſtly I fear, O Goddeſs.*] *Mercury* will not fight againſt *Latona*, becauſe he is a God of Peace: Beſides, *Homer* gives to underſtand, Allegorically, that the Planets cannot make War upon *Latona*, *i. e.* the Night, who alone makes them appear, and exhibits them to ſight, and between whom there is always a good Underſtanding. It is *Euſtathius*'s Remark, and ſhews that *Homer* in all his Fictions is wiſe, and couches under them many natural and plain Truths.

(*p*) Latona *gather'd from the Ground.*] *Homer* feigns that *Latona* gathers up *Diana*'s Darts, becauſe it is Night that reſtores to *Diana* her Rays.

"has

" has rais'd A deadly War between th' Immor-
" tal Beings.

Whilſt thus *Diana* and her mighty Father Together talk'd, *Apollo* took his way To *Troy*, to guard her Walls and lofty Ramparts; Leſt the victorious *Greeks* that day ſhould ſtorm it, Ev'n tho' the Fates had otherwiſe decreed. The other Gods forſook the Field of Battle, Whilſt ſome with Rage and Indignation burn'd, And others with Succeſs and Glory triumph'd. All to *Jove*'s lofty Palace took their way.

(*q*) Yet ſtill *Achilles* dealt his Fury round Upon the *Trojans* and their warlike Steeds; (*r*) As when the Smoke aſcending from ſome Town Cover'd with Flames, ſent by the angry Gods, Involves the wild Inhabitants with Terrors: So *Peleus*' Son with mortal Dread

(*q*) *Yet ſtill* Achilles.] *Homer* had left *Achilles*, to ſpeak of the Combats between the Gods; and as he never loſes ſght of his Subject, he returns to that Hero, who having miraculouſly eſcaped from the Flood and the Fire, after unheard-of Exploits, continues his Devaſtations in the Plain, and is himſelf compared to a Conflagration.

(*r*) *As when the Smoke.*] This Paſſage may be underſtood two ways, and both very remarkable. Firſt, by taking this Fire for a Fire really ſent from Heaven to puniſh a wicked City, of which there are terrible Inſtances in Holy Scripture. Thus *Homer* was acquainted with this great Truth, that God ſometimes puniſhes whole Cities, by darting on them his avenging Fires. The Second, by underſtanding by it ſimply the Fire which an Enemy ſets to a City which they take by Storm, as we ſee in the Prophet *Jeremiah*, the City of *Jeruſalem* crying out; *De excelſo miſit ignem in oſſibus meis*; *The Lord hath from above ſent fire into my Bones.* Lam. i. 13. For the Prophet ſpeaks of the burning of *Jeruſalem* by the *Chaldeans*, who burnt the City and Temple. And by this *Homer* owns that the Fire which Men ſet to a City, comes not from Men, but from God, who gives them up to their Fury.

diſmay'd

diſmay'd The *Trojans*, where he paſs'd, and ſacrific'd All that oppos'd him to his dire Revenge. (*s*) Old *Priam* from a lofty Turret ſaw The Hero clad in Duſt and Blood, purſuing His frighted Troops along the Plain, unable With rally'd Strength and Courage to reſiſt him; He ſaw, and heaving Sighs oppreſs'd his Boſom, At length deſcending, to the Guards he call'd:

" My Friends, ſaid he, throw open all the " Gates Till all our flying Troops return to " *Troy*: For ſee *Achilles* is at hand, and chaces " Our Men along the Plain, intent on Slaugh- " ter. But when the *Trojans* are come back, " and ſhelter'd Within our Walls, then with " firm Barriers guard The Paſſage, leſt this " Conqueror break in With thoſe who fly, " and ſpoil our lofty City.

Thus he: whilſt they obedient clear'd the Portal, And open'd a wide Paſſage, as a Refuge To the affrighted Squadrons as they fled; With them *Apollo*, fav'ring their Retreat, Return'd to *Troy*, for whoſe Defence he labour'd. The thick Battalions pour'd into the Town Cover'd with Sweat and Duſt, and ſpent with Thirſt And raging Heat: *Achilles* with his Spear Follow'd, diſperſing Wounds and Death around, Mad with Revenge, Inſatiable of Glory.

That Day the *Greeks* had ſack'd the Walls of

(*s*) *Old* Priam *from a lofty Turret.*] Here we ſee the Advantage *Homer* makes of the Order he cauſed *Hector* to give, that every body ſhould watch for the ſecurity of *Troy*, and that the old Men ſhould mount the Battlements to look to every thing that might happen.

Ilium,

Ilium, But (*t*) *Phœbus* animated brave *Agenor* To meet *Achilles'* Rage, inſpiring him With double Life and Vigour to ſuſtain The Hero, and engage him in the Combat: The God ſtood by him ſhelter'd by a Beech, And hid him in a Cloud from mortal View. He, when he ſaw *Achilles* juſt advancing, Felt his great Heart with ſtrong Emotions beat, (*u*) Such as diſturb the Waves when Storms ariſe, And ſtir the Deep: then ſighing thus debated Within himſelf; "Unhappy Man, diſ-
"tracted With various Doubts! Should I, op-
"preſs'd with Fear, Accompany the *Tro-*
"*jans* in their Flight, And take the common
"Rout, he'll ſoon o'ertake me, And kill me
"like a Coward. If I quit The Crowd, and
"fly along the Plains from *Troy*, To gain
"the Foreſt at the Foot of *Ida*, There I might
"hide me in the woody Covert, And when
"the Shades ariſe ſteal to the Stream, And
"waſh me from the Blood and Duſt, and
"then In ſecret to the Town retire with
"Safety. But wherefore do I dwell on vain
"Illuſions? Will he not ſpy me flying thro'
"the Plains, And reach me ſoon, for he is
"ſwift of Foot, Then ſlay me? for his Valour
"and his Strength All Mortals elſe exceeds.
"How much more gallant Should I be thought,
"to meet him in the Combat Here in the

(*t*) *But* Phœbus *animated brave* Agenor.] *Homer* makes *Apollo* do this, becauſe *Apollo* is the ſame with Deſtiny, and becauſe Deſtiny had refuſed to *Achilles* the Glory of taking *Troy*.

(*u*) *Such as diſturb the Waves.*] This is the Idea convey'd by the ſingle Word in the Text, πόρφυρε; which is borrow'd from the Sea, when the Winds begin to blacken the Waves.

"City's

" City's view? (*w*) He is not ſure Incapa-
" ble of Wounds; A Spear will pierce him:
" Nor has he many Souls to loſe in Battle,
" And he is ſaid to be of mortal Race; (*x*)
" the Favour of the Gods is all his Glory.

Thus he collecting all his Force and Courage, Reſolv'd to ſtand and meet the Son of *Peleus*. As when a Panther by ſome Hunter wounded, Forth of the Foreſt ruſhes on his Foe, And tho' he feels the Arrow in his Sides, And hears the Cry of numerous Dogs around him; Relents not of his Courage, but moves on To try the rough Encounter, and diſperſe His Foes, or leave his Carcaſs on the Plain: So ſcorning to retire, the valiant Son Of ſtout *Antenor*, to the Fight advanc'd, To try *Achilles'* Strength; his Shield he bore A mighty Orb before him, and his Spear Erect he wielded, then beſpake the Hero.

" In vain you think to ſack the Walls of
" *Troy*: But many Dangers and Fatigues re-
" main Before you triumph there: Thoſe Walls
" contain Numbers of valiant Chiefs, who will
" defend Their Fathers, Wives and Children

(*w*) *He is not ſure incapable of Wounds.*] The Fable of *Achilles* being vulnerable only in the Heel, and that all the reſt of his Body was incapable of a Wound, was not known in *Homer*'s time; nor had our Poet been over forward in giving in to a Fiction which wou'd have diſhonour'd his Hero.

(*x*) *The Favour of the Gods is all his Glory.*] But the Favours and Protection of *Jupiter* are a more certain Succour than any Man's own Strength. *Agenor* means, that ſince thoſe great Atchievements of *Achilles* proceed from none but *Jupiter*, *Jupiter* may likewiſe fortify him too, and give him the Strength neceſſary for vanquiſhing *Achilles*: for *Jupiter* favours whom he pleaſes.

" to

" to the laſt, And guard the Ramparts from " the bold Invader. You, tho' renown'd for " Valour and Succeſs, Shall never ſee that " Day, but find your Tomb Within theſe " Plains, for your laſt Hour draws near.

He ſpake, and threw his Spear with all his Force, Which not unactive ſmote *Achilles'* Leg Below the Knee; the Buskin with the Blow Reſounded, but repuls'd the maſſy Point, For by a God 'twas fram'd: Then *Peleus'* Son Ruſh'd on his Foe, but *Phœbus* interpoſing, Bore him away, and hid him in a Cloud. Himſelf, to ſave the *Trojans* and delude *Achilles*, took *Agenor's* Shape and Face, And fled before *Achilles*, who purſu'd him Along the Plain to *Xanthus'* Stream; he faulter'd, And often feign'd a Weakneſs in the Flight, As if he droop'd, to give *Achilles* hopes Of reaching him at laſt, and thus diverted By Stratagem his Fury from the *Trojans*.

(y) Whilſt ſtern *Achilles* chas'd him o'er the Field, The flying *Trojans*, glad of their Eſcape, All crouded to the Walls, and fill'd the Town; Such was their Fear, they ſtaid not till the Troops That lagg'd behind, came up, nor took the Numbers Of thoſe who fell, or thoſe who were return'd: But faſt as Fear and Strength to fly could drive them, Pour'd thro' the Gates, and skulk'd behind the Walls.

(y) *While ſtern* Achilles *chas'd him o'er the Field.*] By this Fiction *Homer* wou'd make his Reader ſenſible, how dearly Men often pay for their Obſtinacy and Vain-Glory. *Achilles*, by being too eager in the Purſuit of the falſe *Agenor*, gives time to a great number of *Trojans* to eſcape into the Town, and loſes an opportunity of making a great Slaughter among them, and perhaps too of entering himſelf into the Town with the Run-aways.

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